

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

APRIL, 1913

THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISTIC GOVERNMENT

BY BROOKS ADAMS

I

A MARKED peculiarity of the present generation of Americans is its impatience of prolonged demands on the attention, especially if the subject be tedious, and this trait has made Theodore Roosevelt's task as a 'Progressive' much more difficult than it would have been a hundred years or so ago. No one can imagine that such papers as Hamilton, Madison, and Jay wrote for the New York local newspapers, could be printed by our daily press, or, if they were, that any one would read them, — least of all the lawyers, — and yet it is clear that Theodore Roosevelt's idea is primarily constructive, much as General Washington's was in 1787. Mr. Roosevelt's trouble has been that his audience has demanded something akin to an emotional attack on the present distribution of property, while the opposition not only has refused to give him a hearing, but has met him by unfair, not to say ferocious, misrepresentation. Notwithstanding which I apprehend that, fundamentally, Mr. Roosevelt's position is sound. The capitalistic domination of society, which has prevailed for rather more than two generations, has broken down, and men of the capitalistic type have apparently the alternative before them

of adapting themselves to a new environment, or of being eliminated as every obsolete type has always been eliminated.

Were all other evidence lacking, the inference that radical changes are at hand might be deduced from the past. In the experience of the English-speaking race, about once in every three generations a social convulsion has occurred; and probably such catastrophes must continue to occur in order that laws and institutions may be adapted to physical growth. Human society is a living organism, working mechanically, like any other organism. It has members, a circulation, a nervous system, and a sort of skin or envelope, consisting of its laws and institutions. This skin, or envelope, however, does not expand automatically, as it would had Providence intended humanity to be peaceful, but is only fitted to new conditions by those painful and conscious efforts which we call revolutions. Usually these revolutions are warlike, but sometimes they are benign, as was the revolution over which General Washington, our first great 'Progressive,' presided, when the rotting Confederation, under his guidance, was converted into a relatively excellent administrative system by the adoption of the Constitution.

Taken for all in all, I conceive General Washington to have been the greatest man of the eighteenth century, but to me his greatness chiefly consists in that balance of mind which enabled him to recognize when an old order had passed away, and to perceive how a new order could be best introduced. Joseph Story was ten years old in 1789 when the Constitution was adopted; his earliest impressions, therefore, were of the Confederation, and I know no better description of the interval just subsequent to the peace of 1783, than is contained in a few lines in his dissenting opinion in the Charles River Bridge Case:—

‘In order to entertain a just view of this subject, we must go back to that period of general bankruptcy, and distress and difficulty (1785). . . . The union of the States was crumbling into ruins, under the old Confederation. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce were at their lowest ebb. There was infinite danger to all the States from local interests and jealousies, and from the apparent impossibility of a much longer adherence to that shadow of a government, the Continental Congress. And even four years afterwards, when every evil had been greatly aggravated, and civil war was added to other calamities, the Constitution of the United States was all but shipwrecked in passing through the state conventions.’¹

This crisis, according to my computation, was the normal one of the third generation. Between 1688 and 1765 the British Empire had physically outgrown its legal envelope, and the consequence was a revolution. The thirteen American colonies, which formed the western section of the imperial mass, split from the core and drifted into chaos, beyond the constraint of

existing law. Washington was, in his way, a large capitalist, but he was much more. He was not only a wealthy planter, but he was an engineer, a traveler, to an extent a manufacturer, a politician, and a soldier; and he saw that, as a conservative, he must be ‘Progressive’ and raise the law to a power high enough to constrain all these thirteen refractory units. For Washington understood that peace does not consist in talking platitudes at conferences, but in organizing a sovereignty strong enough to coerce its subjects.

The problem of constructing such a sovereignty was the problem which Washington solved, temporarily at least, without violence. He prevailed not only because of an intelligence and elevation of character which enabled him to comprehend, and to persuade others, that, to attain a common end, all must make sacrifices, but also because he was supported by a body of the most remarkable men whom America has ever produced; men who, although doubtless in a numerical minority, taking the country as a whole, by sheer weight of ability and energy achieved their purpose.

Yet even Washington and his adherents could not alter the limitations of the human mind. He could postpone, but he could not avert, the impact of conflicting social forces. In 1789 he compromised, but he did not determine the question of sovereignty. He eluded an impending conflict by introducing courts as political arbitrators, and the expedient worked more or less well until the tension reached a certain point. Then it broke down, and the question of sovereignty had to be settled in America, as elsewhere, on the field of battle. It was not decided until Appomattox. But the function of the courts in American life is a subject which should be considered apart.

¹ Charles River Bridge v. Warren Bridge, 11 Peters, 608, 609.

What is material, at present, is the phenomenon presented by the rise of the 'Progressives' with Mr. Roosevelt at their head, as interpreted in the light of history.

II

If the invention of gunpowder and printing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries presaged the Reformation of the sixteenth, and if the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth was the forerunner of political revolutions throughout the Western World, we may well, after the mechanical and economic cataclysm of the nineteenth, cease wondering that twentieth-century society should be 'Progressive,' and busy ourselves instead with considering how far the social equilibrium which Washington established has been impaired, and, if it has been fatally impaired, what provision we have made, or can make, for our future safety.

Never since man first walked erect have his relations toward nature been so changed within the same space of time as they have been since Washington was elected President and the Parisian mob stormed the Bastille. Washington found the task of a readjustment heavy enough, but the civilization he knew was simple. When Washington lived, the fund of energy at man's disposal had not very sensibly augmented since the fall of Rome. In the eighteenth, as in the fourth century, engineers had at command only animal power, and a little wind and water power, to which had been added, at the end of the Middle Ages, a low explosive. There was nothing in the daily life of his age which made the legal and administrative principles which had sufficed for Justinian insufficient for him. Twentieth-century society rests on a basis not different so much in degree, as in kind, from all

that has gone before. Through applied science infinite forces have been domesticated, and the action of these infinite forces upon finite minds has been to create a tension, together with a social acceleration and concentration, not only unparalleled, but, apparently, without limit. Meanwhile our laws and institutions have remained, in substance, constant. I doubt if we have developed a single important administrative principle which would be novel to Napoleon, were he to live again, and I am quite sure we have no legal principle younger than Justinian.

As a result, society has been squeezed, as it were, from its rigid eighteenth-century legal shell, and has passed into a fourth dimension of space, where it performs its most important functions beyond the cognizance of the law, which remains in a space of but three dimensions. Washington encountered a somewhat analogous problem when dealing with the thirteen petty independent states, which had escaped from England; but his problem was relatively rudimentary. Taking the theory of sovereignty as it stood, he had only to apply it to communities. It was mainly a question of concentrating a sufficient amount of energy to enforce order in sovereign social units. The whole social detail remained unchanged. Our conditions would seem to imply a very considerable extension and specialization of the principle of sovereignty, together with a commensurate increment of energy. Also, the twentieth-century American problem is still further complicated by the envelope in which this highly volatilized society is theoretically contained. To attain his object, Washington introduced a written organic law, which of all things is the most inflexible. No other modern nation has to consider such an impediment.

Moneyed capital I take to be stored

human energy, as a coal measure is stored solar energy; and moneyed capital, under the stress of modern life, has developed at once extreme fluidity, and an equivalent compressibility. Thus a small number of men can control it in enormous masses, and so it comes to pass that, in a community like the United States, a few men, or even, in certain emergencies, a single man, may become clothed with various of the attributes of sovereignty. Sovereign powers are powers so important that the community, in its corporate capacity, has, as society has centralized, usually found it necessary to monopolize them more or less absolutely, since their possession by private persons causes revolt. These powers, when vested in some official, as, for example, a king or emperor, have been held by him, in all Western countries at least, as a trust to be used for the common welfare. A breach of that trust has commonly been punished by deposition or death. It was upon a charge of breach of trust that Charles I, among other sovereigns, was tried and executed. In short, the relation of sovereign and subject has been based either upon consent and mutual obligation, or upon submission to a divine command; but, in either case, upon recognition of responsibility. Only the relation of master and slave implies the status of sovereign power vested in an unaccountable superior. Nevertheless, it is in a relation somewhat analogous to the latter, that the modern capitalist has been placed toward his fellow citizens, by the advances in applied science. An example or two will explain my meaning.

III

High among sovereign powers has always ranked the ownership and administration of highways. And it is

evident why this should have been so. Movement is life, and the stoppage of movement is death, and the movement of every people flows along its highways. An invader has only to cut the communications of the invaded to paralyze him, as he would paralyze an animal by cutting his arteries or tendons. Accordingly, in all ages and all lands, down to the nineteenth century, nations even partially centralized have, in their corporate capacity, owned and cared for their highways, either directly or through accountable agents; and they have paid for them by direct taxes, as the Romans did, or else by tolls levied upon traffic, as many mediæval governments preferred to do. Either method answers its purpose, provided that the government recognizes its responsibility; and no government ever recognized this responsibility more fully than did the autocratic government of ancient Rome. So the absolute régime of eighteenth-century France recognized this responsibility when Louis XVI undertook to remedy the abuse of unequal taxation for the maintenance of the highways, by abolishing the *corvée*.

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, the application, by science, of steam to locomotion, made railways a favorite speculation. Forthwith private capital acquired these highways, and because of the inelasticity of the old law, treated them as ordinary chattels, to be administered for the profit of the owner exclusively. It is true that railway companies posed as public agents when demanding the power to take private property; but when it came to charging for use of their ways, they claimed to be only private carriers, authorized to bargain as they pleased. Indeed, it came to be considered as a mark of efficient railroad management to extract the largest revenue possible from the peo-

ple, along the lines of least resistance; that is, by taxing most heavily those individuals and localities which could least resist. And the claim by the railroads that they might do this as a matter of right was long upheld by the courts,¹ nor have the judges even yet, after a generation of revolt and of legislation, altogether abandoned this doctrine.

The courts — reluctantly, it is true, and principally at the instigation of the railways themselves, who found the practice unprofitable — have latterly discountenanced discrimination as to persons, but they still uphold discrimination as to localities.² Now among abuses of sovereign power, this is one of the most galling, for of all taxes the transportation tax is perhaps that which is most searching, most insidious, and, when misused, most destructive. The price paid for transportation is not so essential to the public welfare as its equality; for neither persons nor localities can prosper when the necessities of life cost them more than they cost their competitors. In towns, no cup of water can be drunk, no crust of bread eaten, no garment worn, which has not paid the transportation tax, and the farmer's crops must rot upon his land, if other farmers pay enough less than he to exclude him from markets toward which they all stand in a position otherwise equal. Yet this formidable power has been usurped by private persons who have used it purely selfishly, as no legitimate sovereign could have used it, and by persons who have indignantly denounced all attempts to hold them accountable, as an infringement of their

constitutional rights. Obviously, capital cannot assume the position of an irresponsible sovereign, living in a sphere beyond the domain of law, without inviting the fate which has awaited all sovereigns who have denied or abused their trust.

The operation of the New York Clearing House is another example of the acquisition of sovereign power by irresponsible private persons. Primarily, of course, a clearing house is an innocent institution occupied with adjusting balances between banks, and has no relation to the volume of the currency. Furthermore, among all highly centralized nations, the regulation of the currency is one of the most jealously guarded of the prerogatives of sovereignty, because all values hinge upon the relation which the volume of the currency bears to the volume of trade. Yet, as everybody knows, in moments of financial panic, the handful of financiers who, directly or indirectly, govern the Clearing House, have it in their power either to expand or to contract the currency, by issuing or by withdrawing Clearing House certificates, more effectually perhaps than if they controlled the Treasury of the United States. Nor does this power, vast as it is, at all represent the supremacy which a few bankers enjoy over values, because of their facilities for manipulating the currency and, with the currency, credit, — facilities which are used or abused entirely beyond the reach of the law.

Bankers, at their conventions and through the press, are wont to denounce the American monetary system, and without doubt all that they say, and much more that they do not say, is true; and yet I should suppose that there can be little doubt that American financiers might, since the panic of 1893, have obtained from Congress, at most sessions, very reasonable legislation,

¹ *Fitchburg R. R. v. Gage*, 12 Gray, 393, and innumerable cases following it.

² See the decisions of the Commerce Court on the Long and Short-Haul Clause. *Atchison, T. & S. F. Ry. v. United States*, 191 Federal Rep., 856.

had they, first, agreed upon the reforms they demanded, and, secondly, manifested their readiness, as a condition precedent to such reforms, to submit to effective government supervision in those departments of their business which relate to the inflation or depression of values. They have shown little inclination to submit to restraint in these particulars, nor, perhaps, is their reluctance surprising, for the possession by a very small favored class of the unquestioned privilege, at recurring intervals, of subjecting the debtor class to such pressure as the creditor may think necessary, in order to force the debtor to surrender his property to the creditor at the creditor's price, is a wonder beside which Aladdin's lamp burns dim.

As I have already remarked, I apprehend that sovereignty is a variable quantity of administrative energy, which, in civilizations which we call advancing, tends to accumulate with a rapidity proportionate to the acceleration of movement. That is to say, the community, as it consolidates, finds it essential to its safety to withdraw, more or less completely, from individuals, and to monopolize, more or less strictly, itself, a great variety of functions. At one stage of civilization the head of the family administers justice, maintains an armed force for war or police, wages war, makes treaties of peace, coins money, and, not infrequently, wears a crown, usually of a form to indicate his importance in a hierarchy. At a later stage of civilization, companies of traders play a great part. Such aggregations of private and irresponsible adventurers have invaded and conquered empires, founded colonies, and administered justice to millions of human beings. In our own time, we have seen many of the functions of these and similar private companies assumed by the

sovereign. We have seen the East India Company absorbed by the British Parliament; we have seen railways, and telephone and telegraph companies, taken into possession, very generally, by the most progressive governments of the world; and now we have come to the necessity of dealing with the domestic-trade monopoly, because trade has fallen into monopoly through the centralization of capital in a constantly contracting circle of ownership.

IV

Among innumerable kinds of monopolies none have been more troublesome than trade monopolies, especially those which control the price of the necessities of life; for, so far as I know, no people, approximately free, has long endured such monopolies patiently. Nor could they well have done so without constraint by overpowering physical force, for the possession of a monopoly of a necessary of life by an individual, or by a small privileged class, is tantamount to investing a minority, contemptible alike in numbers and in physical force, with an arbitrary and unlimited power to tax the majority, not for public, but for private purposes. Therefore it has not infrequently happened that persistence in adhering to and in enforcing such monopolies has led, first, to attempts at regulation, and, these attempts failing, to confiscation, and sometimes to the proscription of the owners. An example of such a phenomenon occurs to me which, just now, seems apposite.

In the earlier Middle Ages, before gunpowder made fortified houses untenable when attacked by the sovereign, the highways were so dangerous that trade and manufactures could survive only in walled towns. An unarmed urban population had to buy its privi-

leges, and to pay for these a syndicate grew up in each town, which became responsible for the town ferm, or tax, and, in return, collected what part of the municipal expenses it could from the poorer inhabitants. These syndicates (called guilds), as a means of raising money, regulated trade and fixed prices, and they succeeded in fixing prices because they could prevent competition within the walls. Presently, complaints became rife of guild oppression, and the courts had to entertain these complaints from the outset, to keep some semblance of order; but at length the turmoil passed beyond the reach of the courts, and Parliament intervened. Parliament not only enacted a series of statutes regulating prices in towns, but supervised guild membership, requiring trading companies to receive new members upon what Parliament considered to be reasonable terms. Nevertheless, friction continued.

With advances in science, artillery improved, and, as artillery improved, the police strengthened until the king could arrest whom he pleased. Then the country grew safe and manufacturers migrated from the walled and heavily taxed towns to the cheap, open villages, and from thence undersold the guilds. As the area of competition broadened, so the guilds weakened, until, under Edward VI, being no longer able to defend themselves, they were ruthlessly and savagely plundered; and fifty years later the Court of King's Bench gravely held that a royal grant of a monopoly had always been bad at common law.¹

Though the Court's law proved to be good, since it has stood, its history was fantastic; for the trade-guild was the offspring of trade monopoly, and a trade monopoly had for centuries been granted habitually by the feudal

landlord to his tenants, and indeed was the only means by which an urban population could finance its military expenditure. Then, in due course, the Crown tried to establish its exclusive right to grant monopolies, and finally Parliament—or King, Lords, and Commons combined, being the whole nation in its corporate capacity—appropriated this monopoly of monopolies as its exclusive prerogative. And with Parliament this monopoly has ever since remained.

In fine, monopolies, or competition in trade, appear to be recurrent social phases which depend upon the ratio which the mass and the fluidity of capital, or, in other words, its energy, bears to the area within which competition is possible. In the Middle Ages, when the town walls bounded that area, or when, at most, it was restricted to a few lines of communication between defensible points garrisoned by the monopolists,—as were the Staple towns of England which carried on the wool trade with the British fortified counting-houses in Flanders,—a small quantity of sluggish capital sufficed. But as police improved, and the area of competition broadened faster than capital accumulated and quickened, the competitive phase dawned, whose advent is marked by *Darcy v. Allein*, decided in the year 1600. Finally, the issue between monopoly and free trade was fought out in the American Revolution, for the measure which precipitated hostilities was the effort of England to impose her monopoly of the Eastern trade upon America. The Boston Tea Party occurred on December 16, 1773. Then came the heyday of competition with the acceptance of the theories of Adam Smith, and the political domination in England, towards 1840, of the Manchester school of political economy.

About forty years since, in America

¹ *Darcy v. Allein*, 11 Rep. 84.

at least, the tide would appear once more to have turned. I fix the moment of flux, as I am apt to do, by a lawsuit. This suit was the *Morris Run Coal Company v. Barclay Coal Company*,¹ which is the first modern anti-monopoly litigation that I have met with in the United States. It was decided in Pennsylvania in 1871; and since 1871, while the area within which competition is possible has been kept constant by the tariff, capital has accumulated and has been concentrated and volatilized until, within this Republic, substantially all prices are fixed by a vast moneyed mass. This mass, obeying what amounts to being a single volition, has its heart in Wall Street, and pervades every corner of the Union. No matter what price is in question, whether it be the price of meat, or coal, or cotton cloth, or of railway transportation, or of insurance, or of discounts, the inquirer will find the price to be, in essence, a monopoly or fixed price; and if he will follow his investigation to the end, he will also find that the first cause in the complex chain of cause and effect which created the monopoly is that mysterious energy which is enthroned on the Hudson.

The presence of monopolistic prices in trade is not always a result of conscious agreement; more frequently, perhaps, it is automatic, and is an effect of the concentration of capital to a point where competition ceases, as when all the capital engaged in a trade belongs to a single owner. Supposing ownership to be enough restricted, combination is easier and more profitable than competition; therefore combination, conscious or unconscious, supplants competition. The inference from the evidence is that, in the United States, capital has reached, or is rapidly reaching, this point of concentration; and if this be true, competition cannot

be enforced by legislation. But, assuming that competition could still be enforced by law, the only effect would be to make the mass of capital more homogeneous by eliminating still further such of the weaker capitalists as have survived. Ultimately, all the present phenomena would be intensified; nor would free trade, probably, have more than a very transitory effect. In no department of trade is competition freer than in the Atlantic passenger service, and yet in no trade is there a stricter monopoly price.

The same acceleration of the social movement which has caused this centralization of capital has caused the centralization of another form of human energy, which is its negative: labor unions organize labor as a monopoly. Labor protests against the irresponsible sovereignty of capital, as men have always protested against irresponsible sovereignty, declaring that the capitalistic social system, as it now exists, is a form of slavery. Very logically, therefore, the abler and bolder labor agitators proclaim that labor levies actual war against society, and that in that war there can be no truce until irresponsible capital has capitulated. Also, in labor's methods of warfare the same phenomena appear as in the autocracy of capital. Labor attacks capitalistic society by methods beyond the purview of the law, and may, at any moment, shatter the social system; while, under our laws and institutions, society is helpless.

V

Few persons, I should imagine, who reflect on these phenomena, fail to admit to themselves, whatever they may say publicly, that present social conditions are unsatisfactory, and I take the cause of the stress to be that which I have stated. We have extended the

¹ 68 Pa. 173.

range of applied science until we daily use infinite forces, and those forces must, apparently, disrupt our society, unless we can raise the laws and institutions which hold society together to an energy and efficiency commensurate to them. How much vigor and ability would be required to accomplish such a work may be measured by the experience of Washington, who barely prevailed in his relatively simple task, surrounded by a generation of extraordinary men, and with the capitalistic class of America behind him. Without the capitalistic class he must have failed. Therefore one momentous problem of the future is the attitude which capital will assume in this emergency.

That some of the most sagacious of the capitalistic class have preserved that instinct of self-preservation which was so conspicuous among men of the type of Washington, is apparent from the position taken by the management of the United States Steel Corporation, and by the Republican minority of the Congressional committee which recently investigated that corporation; but whether such men very strongly influence the class to which they belong is not clear. If they do not, much improvement in existing conditions can hardly be anticipated.

If capital insists upon continuing to exercise sovereign powers, without accepting responsibility as for a trust, the revolt against society must probably continue, and can be dealt with, as all servile revolts must be dealt with, only by physical force. I doubt, however, if even the most ardent and optimistic of capitalists would care to speculate deeply upon the stability of any government that capital might organize, which rested on the fundamental principle that the American people must be ruled by an army. On the other hand, any government to

be effective must be strong. It is futile to talk of keeping peace in labor disputes by compulsory arbitration, if the government has not the power to command obedience to its arbitrators' decree; but a government able to constrain a couple of hundred thousand discontented railway employees to work against their will, will differ considerably from the one we have. Nor is it possible to imagine that labor will ever yield peaceful obedience to such constraint, unless capital makes equivalent concessions, — unless, perhaps, among other things, capital consents to erect tribunals which shall offer relief to any citizen who can show himself to be oppressed by the monopolistic price. In fine, a government, to promise stability in the future, must apparently be so much more powerful than any private interest, that all men will stand equal before its tribunals; and these tribunals must be flexible enough to reach those categories of activity which now lie beyond legal jurisdiction.

If it be objected to my argument that the American people are incapable of an effort so prodigious, I readily admit that this may be true, but I also contend that the objection is beside the issue. What the American people can or cannot do is a matter of opinion, but that social changes are imminent appears to be certain. Although these changes cannot be prevented, possibly they may, to a degree, be guided, as Washington guided the changes of 1789. To resist them perversely, as they were resisted at the Chicago Convention, can only make the catastrophe, when it comes, as overwhelming as was the last defeat of the Republican party.

Very largely because of the stubbornly reactionary attitude of the class which should be the most intelligent and flexible, the 'Progressives,'

with Mr. Roosevelt swept onward at their head, are drifting into a movement which evidently will be disintegrating and not constructive, and our society cannot be much further volatilized without resolving into chaos. Life is tolerable under any form of orderly government. Amid disorder it becomes intolerable. Also, amid disorder, capital perishes first. Therefore, if these premises be sound, capital has come to the parting of the ways. If it be true, as the ordinary phenomena of our daily life seem to demonstrate, that capitalists can no longer control our society as of old, while enjoying their old immunities, because, as society increases in complexity and gathers momentum, money, when expended in certain directions, is losing its purchasing power, then capitalists must seek some other than the present status if they are to maintain themselves.

Apparently the alternative offered is an absolute equality before the law, or social warfare beyond the law; and I should suppose that, as between the two, the warfare would be the more objectionable. Indeed, it might occur, even to some optimists, that capital would be fortunate were it able to secure its safety for another fifty years, on terms as favorable as these. There may be doubt, if it continue to tempt its fate as recklessly in the future as in the recent past, whether any equilibrium approximating to stability can be attained. There are plenty of dissolving societies to be observed in regions not far distant.

Accordingly, I incline to the opinion that the social problem of the immediate future resolves itself into the maintenance of order, and order is only another form of words for expressing the notion of competent sovereignty. But, I apprehend that, under modern conditions, no sovereignty can be com-

petent, which is not so powerful that all private interests, great and small, shall be equal before it. Privileged persons must cease from using the functions of the sovereign for the purpose of enriching themselves.

Furthermore, it is clear that, if so potent a sovereignty is to be created, it must be administered by men of a very different type from that which capitalists have selected to represent them in official positions for at least a generation back. What that type shall be is immaterial, provided it be a type which can command obedience. Personally, I shall think the rising generation lucky if it can find men of the type of Mr. Roosevelt to protect it, but, if capital objects to Mr. Roosevelt the field of choice is open. Capital has only to produce some champion who can do what Mr. Roosevelt appears to be able to do, but it must develop a certain minimum of energy at its peril. So much promises to be a mechanical necessity.

Nor is this all. I take it that a preliminary concession must be made. Before Mr. Roosevelt, or any one else, can even begin the work of construction, the ground must be so cleared that construction shall be possible, and Mr. Roosevelt's political instinct never guided him more truly than when it led him to lay his finger upon the anomalous position now held by our courts, as the most vulnerable spot in our social system. All the genius of Washington and Hamilton, Jefferson and Marshall, singly or combined, could they live again, would avail nothing to deal with a condition which is irreconcilable with the first principles of administration, unless we are to sacrifice the fundamental principle of order. I have conversed with few intelligent foreigners, who have observed our institutions attentively, to whom this proposition does not seem self-

evident, and it is for this reason that foreign nations have been indisposed to adopt our system. Many, or indeed probably most, conservative Americans would regard this thesis which I present as paradoxical, but I am dis-

posed to believe that, if they would but cast aside prejudice and calmly examine what is passing before their eyes in the light of history and universal experience, they would modify their opinion.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN WAR-TIME

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I

'THE hordes of Asia —' That phrase, fished out of what reminiscence I know not, kept running in my head as the Anatolian soldiers poured through the city. Where did they all come from? Every day, for three weeks and more, the crowded transports steamed down the Bosphorus, sometimes as many as seven or eight a day. Opposite each village the whistle blew, the men cheered, and the people on shore waved handkerchiefs and flags. When the transports came down after dark it was more picturesque. Bengal lights would answer each other between sea and land, and the cheering filled more of the silence. It somehow sounded younger, too. And it insensibly led one into sentimentalities — into imaginations of young wives and children, of old parents, of abandoned fields, of what other fields in Thrace and Macedonia.

The hordes from the Black Sea made no more than their distant impression, perhaps no less dramatic for being so; and for them Constantinople can have been simply a fugitive panorama of cypresses and minarets and waving

handkerchiefs. They passed by, without stopping, to the ports of the Sea of Marmora.

Other hordes, however, poured into the city so fast that no troop-train or barracks could hold them. Hundreds, even thousands of them camped every night under the mosaics of St. Sophia. At first they all wore the new hay-colored uniform of Young Turkey. Then older reservists began to appear in the dark-blue, piped with red, of Abdul Hamid's time. Meanwhile, conscripts and volunteers of all ages and types and costumes filled the streets. It took a more experienced eye than mine, generally, to pick out a Greek or an Armenian marching to war for the first time in the Turkish ranks. The fact is, that a Roumelian or seaboard Turk looks more European than an Anatolian Christian.

Nevertheless, the diversity of the empire was made sufficiently manifest to the most inexperienced eye. The Albanians were always a striking note. Hundreds of them flocked back from Roumania in their white skull-caps and close-fitting white clothes braided with black. They are leaner and often taller than the Turks, who incline to

be thick-bodied; fairer, too, as a rule, and keener-eyed.

Something like them are the Laz from the region of Trebizond, who are slighter and darker men, but no less fierce. They have the name of being able to ride farther in less time than any other tribe of Asia Minor. Their uniforms were a khaki adaptation of their tribal dress — zouave jackets, trousers surprisingly full at the waist and surprisingly tight about the leg, and pointed hoods with long flaps knotted into a sort of turban. This comfortable Laz hood, with slight variations of cut and color, has been adopted for the whole army. I shall always remember it as a sort of symbol of that winter war.

Certain swarthy individuals from the Persian or Russian frontiers also made memorable figures, in long, black, hairy, sleeveless cloaks and tall caps of black lamb's-wool tied about with some white rag. They gave one the impression that they might be very unpleasant customers to meet on a dark night. These gentlemen, none the less, wore in their caps, like a cockade, what might have seemed to the vulgar a paint-brush, but was in reality the tooth-brush of their country. Last of all the Syrians began to appear. They were very noticeably different from the broader, flatter, fairer Anatolian type. On their heads they wore the scarf of their people bound about with a thick black cord, and on cold days some of them even draped a *bournous* over their khaki.

Just such soldiers must have followed Attila and Tamerlane and the roving horseman who founded the house of Osman; and just such pack-animals as trotted across Galata Bridge, balking whenever they came to a crack of the draw. The shaggy ponies all wore a blue bead or two, around their necks or in their manes, against

the Evil Eye; and their high pack-saddles were decorated with beads or small shells or tufts of colored worsted. Nor can the songs the soldiers sang have changed much, I imagine, in six hundred years. Not that many of them sang, or betrayed their martial temper otherwise than by the dark dignity of bearing common to all men of the East. It was strange, to a Westerner, to see these proud and powerful-looking men stroll about hand in hand. Yet it went with the mildness and simplicity which are as characteristic of them as their fierceness. One of them showed me a shepherd's pipe in his cartridge-belt. That was the way to go to war, he said, — as to a wedding. Another played on a violin as he marched, a quaint little instrument like a *pochette* or *viole d'amour*, hanging by the neck from his hand. By way of contrast, I heard a regimental band march one day to the train to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.'

At the train no more emotion was visible than in the streets. The only utterance I happened to catch was from an old body who watched a regiment march into the station. 'Let them cut!' she said, half to herself and half to those about her, making a significant horizontal movement with her hand. 'Let them cut!' I heard of another who rebuked a girl for crying on a Bosphorus steamer after seeing off some member of her family. 'I have sent my husband and my son,' she said. 'Let them go. They will kill the unbelievers.'

I presume similar sentiments were often enough expressed by men. Why not, among so much ignorance and at a time of such resentment against the unbeliever? Yet I did not chance to hear anything of the sort. I was struck, on the contrary, by what seemed to me a distinctly new temper in Mohammedans. Nazim Pasha sounded the note of

it when he proclaimed that this was a political, not a holy war, and that non-combatants were to be treated with every consideration. If the proclamation was addressed partly to Europe, the fact remains that in no earlier war would a Turkish general have been capable of making it. It may be, too, that the disdain with which the Turk started out to fight his whilom vassals helped his tolerance. Nevertheless, as I somewhat doubtfully picked my way about Stamboul, the sense grew in me that the common people were, at last, capable of classifications less simple than their old one of the believing and the unbelieving.

It did not strike me, however, that even the uncommon people had much comprehension of the causes of the war. If they had I suppose there would have been no war. 'We have no peace because of this Roumelia,' said an intelligent young man to me. 'We must fight. If I die, what is it? My son at least will have peace.' Yet there was no particular enthusiasm, save such as the political parties manufactured. They organized a few picturesque demonstrations and encouraged roughs to break legation windows. But, except for the soldiers, — the omnipresent, the omnipassant hordes of Asia, — an outsider might never have guessed that anything unusual was in the air. Least of all would he have guessed it when he heard people exclaim, '*Mashallah!*' as the soldiers went by, and learned that they were saying, 'What God does will!' So far is it from Turkish nature to make a display of feeling. The nearest approach to outward enthusiasm I saw was on the day Montenegro declared war. Then smiles broke out on every face as the barefooted newsboys ran through Stamboul with their little extras. And the commonest phrase I heard that afternoon was, 'What will be, let be.'

II

Did any one dream, then, what was to be? One might have known. It was not a question of courage or endurance. Nobody, after the first surprise, doubted that. The famous hordes of Asia, — they were indeed just such soldiers as followed Attila and Tamerlane and the roving horseman who founded the house of Osman. That was the trouble with them. They had not learned that courage and endurance are not enough for modern warfare. All Europeans who have had dealings with the Turk know that he is the least businesslike of men. He is constitutionally averse to order, method, discipline, promptness, responsibility. Numbers and calculations are beyond him. It is impossible to imagine him as a banker, a financier, a partner in any enterprise requiring initiative or the higher organizing faculties. He simply has n't got them — or, at all events, he has never developed them. Moreover, there is about him a Hamlet-like indecision, which he shares with the rest of Asia. He waits until he is forced, and then he has usually waited too long for his own interest.

In spite of so many straws to show how the wind blew, the speed with which the allies succeeded in developing their campaign must have surprised the most turcophobe European. As for the Turks themselves, they have always had a fatalistic — a fatal — belief that they will one day quit Europe. Many times before and after the decisive battles, I heard the question uttered as to whether the destined day had come. But no Turk can have imagined that his army, victorious on a thousand fields, would be smashed to pieces at the first onslaught of an enemy inexperienced in war. And to have been beaten by the serfs of yesterday! But I, for one, have hardly yet the heart

to say they deserved it. I remember too well the face of a Bey in civil life whom I knew, and whom two weeks of the war had made haggard like a disease, and the look with which he said, when I expressed regret at the passing of some quaint Turkish custom, 'Everything passes in this world.' I quite understood the Turkish girls who went away in a body from a certain international school. 'We cannot bear the Bulgarians,' they said. 'They look at us —' One did not care, in those days, to meet one's Turkish friends. It was like intruding into a house of death. In this house of death, however, something more than life had been lost. And I pay my tribute to the dignity with which that great humiliation was borne.

I stood one day at a club window watching a regiment march through Pera. Two Turkish members stood near me. 'Fine-looking men!' exclaimed one — and he was right. 'How could soldiers like that have run away?' The other considered a moment. 'If we had not announced,' he said, 'that this was not a holy war, you would have seen!' I am inclined to believe there was something in his opinion. At the time, however, it reminded me of the young man who complained that Roumelia gave the Turks no peace. They were no quicker to understand the causes of their defeat than they had been to understand the causes of the war.

Not long afterwards, I spent an evening with some humble Albanians of my acquaintance. Being in a way foreigners, like myself, they could speak with more detachment of what had happened, although there was no doubt as to their loyalty to the empire. They asked my views as to the reason of the disaster. I tried, in very halting Turkish, to explain how the Turk had been distanced in the art of war and many

other arts, and how war no longer required courage alone, but other qualities which the Turk does not seem to possess. I evidently failed to make my idea intelligible. Having listened with the utmost politeness, my auditors proceeded to give me their own view of the case.

The one who presented it most eloquently had been himself a soldier in the Turkish army. It was under the old régime, too, when men served seven and nine years. He attributed the universal rout of the Turks not to the incompetence, but to the cupidity, of their officers. He believed like his companions, and I doubt if anything will ever shake their belief, that the officers, from Nazim Pasha down, had been bribed by the allies. What other possible explanation could there be of the fact that soldiers starved amid plenty, and that Mohammedans — saving my presence! — ran from Christians? As for the European ingenuities that I made so much of, the ships, the guns, the railroads, the telephones, the automobiles, the aeroplanes, why should the Turks break their heads learning to make them when they could buy them ready-made from Europe? After all, what you need in war is a heart, and not to be afraid to die. My Albanian then went on to criticize, none too kindly, the Young Turk officer. In his day, he said, most of the officers rose from the ranks. They had been soldiers themselves, they understood the soldiers, and they could bear hardship like soldiers. The Young Turks, however, had changed all that. The ranked officers had been removed to make room for young *mekteblis*, schoolmen, who knew nothing of their men or of war. They knew how to wear a collar perhaps, or how to turn up their moustaches à la *Guillaume*, but not how to sleep on the ground; and when the Bulgarians fired they ran away.

III

The crowning bitterness was the attitude of Europe. In the beginning Europe had loudly announced that she would tolerate no change in the status quo. How then did Europe come to acquiesce so quickly in the accomplished fact? Why did Germany, the friend of Abdul Hamid, and England, the friend of Kiamil Pasha, and France, the friend of everybody, raise no finger to help? I am not the one to suggest that Europe should have done otherwise. There is a logic of events which sometimes breaks through diplomatic twaddle — a just logic, drawing into a common destiny those who share common traditions and speak a common tongue. I make no doubt that Austria-Hungary, to mention only one example, will one day prove it to her cost. Nevertheless, I am able to see that there is a Turkish point of view, and that it must seem very hard, having been helped so often, not to be helped once more.

I remember, apropos of that point of view, an old lady who watched a cheering transport steam down the Bosphorus. Long after the armistice had been signed they continued to bring their hordes.

‘Poor things! Poor things!’ exclaimed my old lady. ‘The lions! You would think they were going to a wedding!’ And then turning to me she asked, ‘Can you tell me, *Effendim*, why it is that all Europe is against us? Have we done no good in six hundred years?’

It was a very profound question the old lady asked me. I made no pretense of answering it then, nor can I hope to answer it now. Yet it has remained insistently in the back of my mind ever since. I might, to be sure, have said what so many other people are saying: —

‘Madam, most certainly you have done no good in six hundred years. It is solely because of the evil you have done that you enjoy any renown in the world. You have done nothing but burn, pillage, massacre, defile, and destroy. Your horsemen have stamped out civilization wherever they have trod, and what you were in the beginning you are now. Your conqueror, the Bulgarian, has advanced more in one generation than you have in twenty. You still cling to the forms of a bloody and barbaric religion, but for what it teaches of truth and humanity you have no ear. You make one justice for yourself, and one for the owner of the land you have robbed. Your word has become a by-word among the nations. And you are too proud or too lazy to learn. You fear and try to imitate the West; but of the toil, the patience, the thoroughness, the perseverance, that are the secret of the West, you have no inkling. You will not work yourself, and you will not let others work — unless for your pocket. You have no industry, no science, no art, no literature worth the name. You are incapable of building a road or a ship. You take everything from others — only to spoil it, like those territories where you are now at war, like this city which was once the glory of the world. You have no shadow of right to this city or to those territories. The graves of your ancestors are not there. You took them by the sword and you have slowly ruined them, like everything else that comes into your hand. It is only just that you should lose them by the sword. For your sword was the one thing you knew how to use, and now even that has rusted in your hand. You are rotten through and through. That is why Europe is against you. Go back to your tents in Asia and see if you will be capable of learning something in another six hundred years.’

So might I have answered my old lady — had my Turkish been good enough. But I should scarcely have convinced her. Nor should I quite have convinced myself. For while it is a simple and often very refreshing disposal of a man to damn him up and down, it is not one which really disposes of him. He still remains there, solid and unexplained. So while my reason tells me how incompetent a man the Turk is from most Western points of view, it reminds me that other men have been incompetent as well, and even subject to violent inconsistencies of character; that this man is a being in evolution with reasons for becoming what he is, to whom Dame Nature may not have given her last touch.

In this liberal disposition my reason is no doubt quickened, I must confess, by the fact that I am at heart a friend of the Turk. It may be merely association. I have known him many years. But there is about him something which I cannot help liking — a simplicity, a manliness, a dignity. I like his fondness for water, and flowers, and green meadows, and spreading trees. I like his love of children. I like his perfect manners. I like his sobriety. I like his patience. I like the way he faces death. One of the things I like most about him is what has been most his undoing — his lack of any commercial instinct. I like, too, what no one has much noticed, the artistic side of him. I do not know Turkish enough to appreciate his literature, and his religion forbids him — or he imagines it does — to engage in the plastic arts. But in architecture and certain forms of decoration he has created a school of his own. It is not only that the Turkish quarter of any Anatolian town is more picturesque than the others; the old palace of the Sultans in Constantinople, certain old houses I have seen, the mosques, the theological schools,

the tombs, the fountains, of the Turks, are an achievement which deserves a more serious study than has been given it. You may tell me that these things are not Turkish, because they were modeled after Byzantine originals or because Greeks and Persians had much to do with building them. But I shall answer that every architecture was derived from another, in days not so near our own, and that, after all, it was the Turk who created the opportunity for the foreign artist and ordered what he wanted.

I have, therefore, as little patience as possible with the Gladstonian view of the unspeakable Turk. When war ceases, when murders take place no more in happier lands, when the last riot is quelled, and the last Negro lynched, it will be time to discuss whether the Turk is by nature more or less bloody than other men. In the meantime I beg to point out that he is, as a matter of fact, the most peaceable, with the possible exception of the Armenian, of the various tribes of his empire. Kurd, Laz, Arab, and Albanian, are all quicker with their blades. To his more positive qualities, I am by no means alone in testifying. If I had time for chapter and verse I might quote foreign officers in the Turkish service and a whole literature of travel — to which Pierre Loti has contributed his share. But I admit that this is a matter in which Pierre Loti may be as unsafe a guide as Mr. Gladstone. Neither leads one any nearer to understanding the strange case of the Turk: why, individually so honest, he is corporately so corrupt; why some strange infection seizes him as soon as he begins to rise in the world; why he can never keep a thing going; what it is that apparently makes him incapable of what we glibly call progress.

To understand him at all, I think, one needs to take a long view of history.

For some reason the Turk has lagged in his development. He is to all intents and purposes a mediæval man. And it is not fair to judge him by the standards of the twentieth century.

It would be rather strange, and the world would be much poorer than it is, if humanity had marched from the beginning in a single phalanx — if the world had been one great India, or one great Egypt, or one great Greece. The Turk, then, as I have no need of insisting, is a mediæval man. And one reason why he is so must be that he has a much shorter heritage of civilization than the countries of the West. He is a new man, as well as a mediæval one. In Europe and in Asia alike, he is a parvenu, who came on the scene long after every one else. It is only verbally that the American is a newer man, for in the thirteenth century, when the warlike Turkish nomads first began to make themselves known, the different states which have contributed to form America were already well established, while India, China, and Japan had long before reached a high degree of civilization.

It seems to me that this fact may well account for much of the backwardness of the Turk. He has a much thinner deposit of heredity in his brain-cells. It is conceivable, too, that another matter of heredity may enter into it. Whether civil life originated in Asia or not, it is certain that, of existing civilizations, the Oriental are older than the Occidental. Perhaps, therefore, the Asiatic formed the habit of pride and self-sufficiency. Then, as successive tides of emigration rolled away, Asia was gradually drained of everything that was not the fine flower of conservatism. He who believed that whatever is best, stayed at home. The others went in search of new worlds, and found them not only in the field of empire, but in those of science and art. This

continual skimming of the adventurous element can only have confirmed Asia in the habit of mind so perfectly expressed by the Book of Ecclesiastes. And the Turk, who was one of the last adventurers to emerge from Asia, impelled by what obscure causes we know not, must have a profound racial bent toward the belief that everything is vanity and vexation of spirit. He asks himself what is the use, and lets life slip by.

Many people have held that there is something in Islam which automatically arrests the development of those who profess it. I cannot think, myself, that this thesis has been sufficiently proved. While no one can deny that religion, and particularly that Islam, is a great cohesive force, it seems to me that people make religions, not that religions make people. The principles at the root of all aspiring life — call it moral, ethical, or religious, as you will — exist in every religion. And organized religion has everywhere been responsible for much of the fanaticism and disorder of the world. For the rest, I find much in Mohammedanism to admire. There is a nobility in its stern monotheism, disdaining every semblance of trinitarian subtleties. Its daily services impress me as being a simpler and more dignified expression of worship than our self-conscious Sunday mornings with their rustling pews and operatic choirs. Then the democracy of Islam and much of what it inculcates with regard to family and civil life are worthy of all respect, to say nothing of the hygienic principles which it succeeded in impressing at a very early stage upon a primitive people. At the same time there can be no doubt that Mohammedanism suffers from the fact that it was designed, all too definitely, for a primitive people. Men at a higher stage of evolution than were the Arabs of the seventh century

require no religious sanctions to keep themselves clean. For them the social system of Islam, with its degrading estimate of woman, is distinctly anti-social. And many of them must find the Prophet's persuasions to the future life a little vulgar.

The question is, whether they will be able to modernize Islam. It will be harder than modernizing Christianity, for the reason that Islam is a far minuter system. Is there not something moving in the spectacle of a people committed to an order which can never prevail? Even for this one little ironic circumstance it can never prevail, in our hurrying modern world, because it takes too much time to be a good Mohammedan. But the whole order is based on a conception which the modern world does not admit. The word Islam means resignation, submission to the will of God. And there can be no doubt that the mind of Islam is saturated with that spirit. Why does one man succeed and another fail? It is the will of God. Why do some recover from illness and others die? It is the will of God. Why do empires rise and fall? It is the will of God. Any man who literally believes such a doctrine is lost.

It would be an interesting experiment to see what two generations, say, of education might do for the Turks. By education I mean no more than the three Rs, enough history and geography to know that Turkey is neither the largest nor the most ancient empire in the world, and some fundamental scientific notions. It is incredible how large a proportion of Turks are illiterate, and what fantastic views of the world and their place in it the common people hold. To nothing more than this ignorance must be laid a great part of Turkey's troubles. But another part is due to the character of the empire which it befell the Turk to conquer. If

he had happened, like ourselves, into a remote and practically empty land, he might have developed a civilization of his own. Or if he had conquered a country inhabited by a single race, he would have had a better chance. Or if, again, he had appeared on the scene a few centuries earlier, before Europe had had time to get so far ahead of him, and before an increasing ease of communication made it increasingly difficult for one race to absorb another, he might have succeeded in assimilating the different peoples that came under his sway.

Why the conquerors did not exterminate or forcibly convert the conquered Christians has always been a question with me. It may have been a real humanity on the part of the early sultans, who without doubt were remarkable men, and perhaps wished their own wild followers to acquire the culture of the Greeks. Or it may have been a politic deference to new European neighbors. In any case, I am inclined to believe that it was, from the Turkish point of view, a mistake. For the Turk has never been able to complete his conquest. On the contrary, by recognizing the religious independence of his subjects, he gave them weapons to win their political independence. And beset by enemies, within and without, he has never had time to learn the lessons of peace. More than that, he has never been made to feel their need. He walked into a ready-made empire. He consequently proceeded to enjoy a ready-made greatness. It happened that the strategic position of the empire maintained the illusion. He has rarely had to stand or fall by the consequences of his own acts. For the past hundred years the greatness of the Turkish Empire has been more than ever a fiction, maintained solely by the jealousies of covetous neighbors. If England, if France,

if Germany, were to be left to-morrow without a bayonet or a battleship, they would still be great powers, by the greatness of their economic, their intellectual, their artistic life. But Turkey has no other greatness than can be measured by bayonets and kilometres. The Turk has played the rôle of a great power without the ability to govern one village. Forever protected against the consequences of his own folly, how should he learn to govern a village? He has not stood on his own feet. But now, stripped of his most distant and most disparate provinces, enlightened by humiliation as to the real quality of his greatness, he may, perhaps, if it is not too late, begin at last to live and learn.

IV

After the hordes of Asia that went so proudly away, it was a very different horde that began very soon to trickle back. No bands accompanied them this time, and if any of them had violins or shepherds' pipes they lost them in the fields of Thrace. It was pitiful to see how silently, how almost secretly, those broken men came back. One would occasionally meet companies of them on the bridge or in the vicinity of a barracks, in their gray ulsters and pointed gray hoods, shuffling along so muddy, so ragged, so shoeless, so gaunt and bowed, that it was impossible to believe they were the same men. Most of them, however, came in the night. Two or three pictures are stamped in my memory as characteristic of those melancholy times. The first I happened to see when I moved into town for the winter, a few days after Kirk Kilissé. When I landed at dusk from a Bosphorus steamer, with more luggage than would be convenient to carry, I found to my relief that the vicinity of the wharf was crowded with cabs — scores of them. But not

one would take a fare. They had all been commandeered for ambulance-service. Near the first ones stood a group of women, Turkish and Christian, silently waiting. Some of them were crying. Another time, coming home late from a dinner party, I passed a barracks which had been turned into a hospital. At the entrance stood a quantity of cabs, all full of hooded figures that were strangely silent and strangely lax in their attitudes. No such thing as a stretcher was visible. Up the long flight of stone steps two soldiers were helping a third. His arms were on their shoulders and each of them had an arm about him. One foot he could not use. In the flare of a gas-jet at the top of the steps a sentry stood in his big gray coat, watching. The three slowly made their way to him and disappeared within the doorway.

After Lule Burgas there was scarcely a barracks, or a guard-house, or a mosque, or a school, or a club, or an empty house, that was not turned into an impromptu hospital.

In the face of so great an emergency, every one, Mohammedan or Christian, native or foreigner, took some part in relief work. A number of Turkish ladies of high rank and the wives of the ambassadors had already organized sewing-circles. Madame Bompard, I believe, the French ambassadress, was the first to call the ladies of her colony together to work for the wounded. Mrs. Rockhill gave up her passage for America in order to lend her services. Although our embassy is much smaller than the others, a room was found for a workshop, a sailor from the dispatch boat *Scorpion* cut out, after models furnished by the Turkish hospitals, and the Singer Company lent sewing-machines to any, indeed, who wanted them for this humanitarian use. America had a further share in these operations in that the coarse cotton used in

most of the work is known in this part of the world as American cloth. And shall I add that the wives of the British ambassador and of the Belgian and Swedish ministers are Americans? Lady Lowther organized activities of another but no less useful kind, to provide for the families of poor soldiers and for the refugees. In the German embassy a full-fledged hospital was installed by order of the Emperor. At the same time courses in bandaging and nursing were opened in various Turkish and European hospitals. And Red Cross missions came from abroad in such numbers that after the first rush of wounded was over it became a question to know what to do with the Red Cross.

There is also a Turkish humane society, which is really the same as the Red Cross, but which the Turks, more umbrageous than the Japanese with regard to the Christian symbol, call the Red Crescent. Foreign doctors and orderlies wore the Turkish device on their caps or sleeves, and at first a small red crescent was embroidered, by request, on every one of the thousands of pieces of hospital linen contributed by foreigners. It is a pity that a work so purely humanitarian should in so unimportant a detail as a name arouse the latent hostility between two religious systems. Is it too late to suggest that some badge be devised which will be equally acceptable to all the races and religions of the world? To this wholly unnecessary cause must be attributed much of the friction that took place between the two organizations. But I think it was only in irresponsible quarters that the Red Cross symbol was misunderstood. At a dinner given by the Prefect of Constantinople, in honor of the visiting missions, it was an interesting thing, for Turkey, to see the hall decorated with alternate crescents and crosses.

This relief work marked a date in Turkish feminism, in that Turkish women, for the first time, acted as nurses in hospitals. They covered their hair, as our own Scripture recommends that a woman should do, but they went unveiled. Women also served in humbler capacities, and something like organized work was done by them in the way of preparing supplies for the sick. A lady who attended nursing lectures at a hospital in Stamboul told me that her companions, many of whom were of the lower classes, went to the hospital as they would to the public bath, with food for the day tied up in a painted handkerchief. There they squatted on the floor and smoked as they sewed, resenting it a little when a German nurse in charge suggested more stitches and fewer cigarettes.

The barracks and guard-houses allotted to some of the missions were Augean stables which required Herculean efforts to clean them out. It was the more curiously characteristic because even the lower-class Turk is always cleanly. His ritual ablutions make him more agreeable at close quarters than Europeans of the same degree. I have one infallible way of picking out Christian from Turkish soldiers—by their nails. The Turk's are sure to be clean. And in his house he has certain delicacies undreamed of by us. He will not wear his street shoes indoors. He will not eat without washing his hands before and after the meal. He considers it unclean, as after all it is, to wash his hands or his body in standing water. Yet vermin he regards as a necessary evil, while corporate cleanliness, like anything else requiring organization and perseverance, seems to be entirely beyond him.

Of the Turk, as patient, I heard nothing but praise. I take the more pleasure in saying it because I have hinted that, in other capacities, the Turk does

not always strike a foreign critic as perfect. I had it again and again, from one source after another, that the soldiers made perfect patients, docile and uncomplaining, in many ways like great children, but touchingly grateful for what was done for them. It has become quite a habit for one of them who can write to send a letter to the Turkish papers in the name of his ward, expressing thanks to the doctors and nurses. It must be a new and strange thing for most of the men to have women not of their families caring for them. They take a natural interest in their nurses, expressing a particular curiosity with regard to their *état civil*, and wishing them young, rich, and handsome husbands when they do not happen to be already provided with such. But I have heard of no case of rudeness that could not be explained by the patient's condition. On the contrary, an English nurse told me that she found an innate dignity and fineness about the men which she would never expect from the same class of patients in her own country.

I am not very fond of going to stare at sick people, but I happened for one reason or another to visit several hospitals, and I brought away my own very distinct, if very hasty, impressions. I remember most vividly a hospital installed in a building which, in times of peace, is an art school. Opposite the door of one ward, by an irony of which the soldiers in the beds could hardly be aware, stood a Winged Victory of Samothrace. Samothrace itself had a few days before been taken by the Greeks. The Victory was veiled, partly, I suppose, to keep her clean, and partly out of deference to Mohammedan susceptibilities; but there she stood, muffled and mutilated, above the beds of thirty or forty broken men of Asia. I shall always remember the look in their eyes, mute

and humble and grateful and uncomprehending, as we passed from bed to bed giving them sweets and cigarettes. The heads that showed above the thick colored quilts were covered with white skull-caps, for an Oriental cannot live without something on his head. It is a point both of etiquette and of religion.

Those who were further on the way to recovery prowled mildly about in baggy white pajamas and quilted coats of more color than length. They had an admirable indifference as to who saw them. A great many had a left hand tied up in a sling — a hand, I suppose, which some Bulgarian had seen sticking, with a gun-barrel, out of a trench in Thrace. Some limped painfully or went on crutches. But it was not often because of a bullet. There have been a vast number of cases of gangrene, simply from ill-fitting shoes or from putties too tightly bound, which hands were too weak or too numb to undo. There have been fewer resulting amputations than would be the case in other countries. Not a few of the soldiers refused to have their legs cut off. Life would be of no further use to them, they said. I heard of one who would not go maimed into the presence of Allah. He preferred to die. And he did, without a word, without a groan, waiting silently till the poison reached his heart.

A European nurse told me that in all her long experience she had never seen men die like these ignorant Turkish peasants — so simply, so bravely, so quietly. They really believe, I suppose. In any case, they are of Islam, resigned to the will of God. After death they must lie in a place with no door or window open, for as short a time as possible. A priest performs for them the last ritual ablution, and then they are hurried silently away to a shallow grave.

BOOK-PUBLISHING AND ITS PRESENT TENDENCIES

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

NOT very long ago a bookseller, whose name is known in this country, I think, wherever books are sold, told me that he was very much surprised at the lack of growth in volume of the trade in books. His remark was apropos of the number of novels sold, his statement being that, while the number of new novels published in any year was constantly increasing, by leaps and bounds, the total number of such novels sold, as far as his experience was concerned, was no greater than when the number of separate novels issued was less; the combined sale of the thousand or so new novels published in a recent year being very little greater than the combined sale of the much smaller number of novels issued ten or a dozen years ago.

This fact, if it is one, and statements of similar purport from other booksellers throughout the country, from time to time, have tended to confirm the opinion of my informant, would seem to show that the book-reading public is a more or less constant one in point of numbers; and perhaps, also, it would show that this public, even for works of fiction, does not grow in proportion to the general growth of the population, and especially that its growth is not nearly commensurate with the growth of the population in education and wealth, with the accompanying increase in leisure and general culture.

What was said in regard to the sale of works of fiction is, I am afraid, even more true of the sale of serious books,

such as volumes of essays, the lighter works of travel, and new volumes of poetry, and the like; works which are generally referred to as volumes of general literature, the sale of which, so far as information generally received from the booksellers is to be relied upon, seems actually to have decreased in recent years rather than to have enjoyed that increased sale which would have been so natural in view of the continued wide prosperity throughout the country. And this becomes the more surprising when the much larger number of books of general literature issued by the publishers in recent years is considered.

The number of books published in the United States has, in fact, increased very greatly in the last ten years or so. In the year 1901, which was an active one in the publishing world, about eight thousand volumes were produced, whereas in 1910 the much greater number of thirteen thousand new publications was issued, and the prospects for the current year indicate an even larger number of new volumes. The increase in number of books published is more or less uniform in all departments of literature, but it is especially notable, as might have been expected, in view of the present unrest and the discontent in existing conditions, that a very great increase has occurred in the number of books issued in the last few years on socialism and its allied subjects, while the growth of the spirit of humanitarianism in the country may be traced in the considerable number

of new books which are being issued, devoted to social betterment and philanthropic studies and kindred topics.

These two classes of books are among the most interesting signs of the times, the books on socialistic subjects showing how widely the criticism of our existing system has entered into the thought of our times, and how many persons must be devoting their efforts to attempts at the solution of the problems of the present unrest. And, on the other hand, the growth in the number and importance of volumes issued in what may be called works of social betterment, show conclusively the growth of the spirit of social service, looking toward the betterment of conditions for all classes of the community.

Some cynic has suggested that 'The printed part, tho' far too large, is less than that which yet unprinted waits the press.' As a matter of fact, the number of books that appear in print is usually only about two per cent of the total number of manuscripts submitted to the publishers for examination, so that the large total in the number of volumes issued indicates very clearly a larger number of persons who are interested and occupied in the writing of books. If the above rule holds good, it is possible by considering the number of books published in any subject, or group of subjects, to get some general idea of the total number of manuscripts submitted on the subject, and its consequent growth or decline in public esteem.

If we turn to the reason for the failure to secure, for the much larger number of volumes annually published, that increase in sale which would seem only natural under the circumstances, and without which both authors and publishers must fail to receive the reward of their labors, it is to be found, I think, in the problems of distribution

as applied to books; the distribution problem being the greatest of all problems of modern times, and the one which is engaging the attention of all who have to do with the supplying of the needs of the community, whether of staple articles or of those wanted merely for the public's amusement and gratification.

Publishers of books of general literature (miscellaneous publishers, as these houses are termed in the trade) have shown in recent years a tendency to enlarge the scope of their operations so as to include the publication of magazines, of books on medical or legal subjects, and especially of school and college text-books, all of which are branches of the publishing business heretofore largely monopolized by publishers dealing solely with works of one of these classes. This tendency is becoming constantly more marked, so that we hear of one publisher who, up to a few years ago, had issued books of general literature only, who now has an estimated business of more than a million dollars a year in elementary school books. Another has recently supplied some millions of Readers to the grade schools; and a third has developed so large a 'subscription' trade in connection with the sale of his magazines, that this department of his business alone has far surpassed his general publishing in importance and in the amount of business transacted. In fact, among the larger publishers of the country, that is, those who carry on the business of book-publishing in its original meaning, and as it is still understood by the general public, there now remain only a few who confine their publications to books in general literature, which are offered for sale solely through the booksellers.

The reasons for this change in the methods and policies of the large publishers of the day are many, and perhaps

no two observers would agree as to the causes which have brought it about. Those who hold it to be a natural evolution showing the tendency of all business to develop in bigness until the proportions of a 'trust' are reached, may defend it on the same grounds on which they justify the enormous growth, in recent years, of general stores where every known want of the average buyer may be satisfied. The minority may still deplore the passing of the publisher with a small list of the higher classes of works in general literature and better titles, just as the individual purchaser of articles of general merchandise misses the special merchant, dealing in a single class of wares, whose existence has been made precarious by the competition of the modern dry-goods emporium, where anything from a needle to an elephant may be purchased.

The publication of books of general literature is by far the most interesting part of the publishing business, and the fact that our miscellaneous publishers are taking up other branches of the work can only mean that the publication of works in general literature has become the less profitable branch of the business. The discovery, among the manuscripts submitted to the publisher, of a new work of value and importance, and the finding of promise in the work of a new author, are among the keenest of all pleasures; and after many years of experience I can still say that it is the sort of pleasure that never fails to produce its thrill of satisfaction; and the zest continues without diminution, so that the search is just as keen and as anxious after many years as when the first manuscript submitted to me came into my hands.

Publishers, because of their having added the more profitable branches of publishing above referred to, to their

publishing of books of general literature, need not necessarily be accused of merely mercenary motives if, by taking this step, they enable themselves to continue the publication of books of poetry or art, which, as I have shown, bring to them greatly both pleasure and satisfaction, and the knowledge that the influence of such books is of benefit to the community, even if little comes in the way of monetary returns from such ventures. The profits from the sale of school-books or magazines could not be better employed than in 'mothering' the publication of works of real and lasting value in general literature.

The indifference of the public to the new books of the day (not fiction) is commonly blamed for the changes in publishing methods. The assertion is not seldom heard that the audience, as evidenced by the sales of such books, is smaller than it was twenty years or more ago. But this indifference of the public may be more apparent than real. Certainly it is idle to blame the public while ignoring the principal factors which have brought about the present situation. The publisher and the bookseller alike must confess that the lack of sales of works of literature is primarily due to the inadequacy of present methods of distribution. Practically the sole means for the bringing of such works to the attention of the public is still the booksellers' shops, with shelves and tables already overcrowded by the enormous output of the day's fiction.

The outpouring of novels is so great that a recent authority states that the life of a 'best-seller' novel is now little longer than a month, as compared with a period of popularity extending over several years, when the vogue of the 'best-seller' first became a feature in book-publishing. Moreover, the bookseller's shop, unfortunately for the

publisher and for the author of such books as those to which I am referring, has never been a resort for the general public; and, if I am not mistaken, the number of books in general literature (not fiction) sold by the booksellers, does not increase year by year. Certainly the number of all books sold by the booksellers does not increase in proportion to the increase in the growth of population and the much greater increase in the education, culture, and buying power of the people.

No publisher has yet been clever enough to solve the great modern problem of distribution of his books. It was Dr. Edward Everett Hale, if I mistake not, who pointed out some years ago that no book of general literature had ever been adequately distributed or *published* (in the literal sense), and the difficulties of distribution, and especially the costs of distribution, have greatly increased since then. To have published a worthy and distinguished book is, as I have already pointed out, a matter of high satisfaction to a publisher of the right sort, critics of publishers and publishing methods to the contrary notwithstanding; yet, to know, or to feel morally certain, that thousands of his fellow citizens would value the work as greatly as the publisher himself appreciates it, must be a matter for despair if no effective or practical means exists for bringing it to their attention.

Some years ago the publisher's task was a happier and easier one, for then there were, in considerable numbers, among the general public, book-lovers whose chief delight consisted in the discovery of the new author and the new book of merit. The discoverer would tell all his friends of his 'find,' to the great advantage of the publisher and author. Many a dinner-table in those days was made pleasant by such bookish talk. It is, alas, very rare to-

day. The late Goldwin Smith, the last time the writer saw him in New York, remarked that he had not heard a book mentioned at a dinner-table for several years.

The publishers themselves are largely to blame for the disappearance of the book-taster, as a class, by having adopted for their wares the slogan of modern 'efficient' business: 'Take the goods to the customer' — a method which results in my receiving twenty or so circular letters a day, which go into the waste-paper basket unread, and has so filled our blanket newspapers with advertisements that my eyes have become trained until I think I can say that I never see the advertisements in my morning newspaper. Perhaps this is a peculiarity of mine, but I suspect it is becoming general with the public. At least on one occasion lately, an author complained to me that his book was never advertised. In reply I pointed out to him an advertisement of the book in question in the newspaper in his hand, which he confessed to have been reading on his way to my office.

The publisher who discovers or invents a new method which shall be both practical and effective for the distribution of books of general literature, will confer a boon upon the author, whose book will then be sold to all possible purchasers; upon the public, many individuals of which would gladly buy some books, now on the publishers' shelves, of which, under the present methods, they will never learn; and especially upon the publishers themselves, whose profits increase greatly as increasing numbers of copies of a work are sold, and whose lack of profits on publications of these classes is due almost entirely to their failure to find practical methods for the distribution of such books.

Complaint is frequently made of the prices at which publishers sell their

books, and the lack of sale is often laid to this fact of the alleged excessive selling-price. Publishers themselves are the first to recognize the theoretical justice of these complaints. The book of 350 12mo pages, *after the plates are paid for by the sale of the first edition*, costs the publisher, for manufacture and author's royalty, usually less than fifty cents. The price to the public is a dollar and a half or thereabouts. The publisher's difficulty in reducing the price at retail lies in the fact that the majority of such books published under present methods do not sell beyond the first editions, the costs of which include a large initial outlay for the printing plates. If modern 'efficient' business methods are used for the purpose of 'bringing the goods to the customer,' the situation is not improved, for then the profits even of the second and subsequent editions may be inadequate for systematic and sustained advertising of commodities, such as books, which are still, in these days of cheap magazines and Sunday supplements, *caviare* to the majority of the public. A high-class automobile which sells to the public at five thousand dollars, costs, I am credibly informed, less than a thousand dollars to manufacture. A quart of milk costs three cents or thereabouts on the farm; the customer pays ten cents for it. In each of these cases the methods of distribution are as inadequate, or nearly so, as are the methods of distribution of books, and the costs of distribution are an even greater percentage of the price the public pays than is the case with books.

This question of distribution is one which I think is of fully as great importance to the public as to either the publisher or the author. It has been well said that 'among the most satisfying of all pleasures is the pleasure of reading'; and as Henry Ward Beecher said, 'Books are the windows through

which the soul looks out. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life. A little library, growing larger each year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books.' The public may, moreover, well take a greater interest in the sale of books because of their educational value, which is of great importance to a nation growing with such rapidity as our own, and made up of so great a proportion of foreign peoples, unfamiliar with our ideas of liberty and order. In such a country as our own, the dissemination of knowledge and information regarding good books may well be regarded as educational work of the highest value and importance.

Especially is the distribution of good books important to a nation approaching the limit of its free land, foreseeing a time when its material resources will no longer be considered inexhaustible, and with a constantly growing discontent and criticism of existing conditions, an unrest only too likely to lead to social and political experiments of doubtful value. The American people, in this time of rapid change, needs nothing else so much as the calm judgment that comes from a knowledge of the best literature, so that I make no excuse for asking the public to take a hand and give the publishers their aid in solving the problem of efficient book-distribution, a problem which has so far seemed too difficult for the publishers and booksellers themselves to solve.

But if this question of the better distribution of books in general literature is important to the public, and of great concern to the publisher, to the author it is vital. The publishers are able to turn their energies, as we have seen, to the publication of other classes of books or of magazines, and the public, in large part, has hitherto displayed an

indifference in regard to the matter which may not disappear until the American people shall find itself without a literature representing the current life and thought of the people. But the author is more intimately affected, because, under the present conditions, many books of high quality either fail of publication entirely, or return very little or nothing to their creators. Indeed, the author's royalties from the sales of books of this class, which often represent months or years of painstaking effort, are sometimes so small as barely to pay the actual cost of the paper and typewriting of the manuscript which is submitted to the publisher for approval.

The way out of the difficulties in which the publishers of works in general literature find themselves, lies, I feel sure, in the direction of issuing such works at lower prices. In both France and Germany new books are sold for much less than with us, and while in Great Britain new books are as dear as they are here, many more books are successfully published in cheap editions than is the case here. Such experiments, however, as have as yet been made in publishing new books (apart from fiction) in this country at low prices, have not been successful, because, in my judgment, the present methods of distribution, inadequate at best, are particularly ill-adapted to render efficient service on the more economical basis demanded by the lower prices. That a very large public exists, however, which will purchase new books, well printed and bound, and at low prices, I have no doubt. Many of the books which appear every year, and have now but a small sale, are well calculated to give pleasure and delight to thousands if offered at a moderate price, and if a means of distribution for them could be found at a moderate cost.

If, then, means can be found by which books will attain the wide sale which so many of them thoroughly deserve, the author, instead of doing his work merely for the satisfaction which it gives him to publish his thoughts and ideas, — in itself a not inconsiderable reward it is true, — may also obtain some pecuniary reward in return for his labors. Even here it cannot be gainsaid that the laborer is worthy of his hire. But given the possibility of a successful trial of the experiment, the author, if he is to reap the increased harvest, must be far-sighted enough to recognize that one of the necessary conditions is a reduction of the present nominally heavy rates of royalty. The successful experiments in the publishing of cheap editions of books abroad are usually with those books which are either out of copyright, and consequently pay no royalties to authors, or for which a very low rate of royalty can be arranged. From the author's point of view, it will probably be better for him to reduce the rate of percentage of his royalties — under which he now gets, as I have shown, little or nothing — to a rate which perhaps is much less nominally, but which, with a much larger sale of his books at low prices, would produce an income far greater than he enjoys at present.

This question of the percentage of the author's royalties is certainly one of the greatest of the factors militating against the production of books at low prices to the public. At present the author's royalties on books, as most people know, range from ten per cent to twenty per cent of their retail price, which is equivalent to from twenty to thirty-three per cent of the price received by the publisher from the retail bookseller. These royalties thus form no small part of the prime cost of the book; in fact, they usually represent

the greater part of the total net profits obtained from the publication of any work in general literature. Indeed, popular belief among authors to the contrary notwithstanding, the author's share of the profits is usually about twice as large as that of the publisher, while, in the case of novels, the royalty often absorbs the entire profit obtained from the publication of a popular work written by a well-known author, and consequently commanding the highest rate of royalty.

Authors generally look with suspicion upon any request on the part of the publisher for a lower rate of royalty for the publication of cheap editions, and I have known perfectly reasonable requests of the kind to be absolutely refused, with the result that the public has been deprived of cheap editions of books which it would purchase in considerable quantities, merely because of the author's failure to understand the plain logic of the situation. It would seem sufficiently evident that, the current rate of royalty being based on a relatively high price, if a book is offered at a low price, the rate of royalty to the author must be reduced also. Yet I have in mind at the moment a work for which a very considerable demand exists in a cheap edition, and for which in the high-priced edition there is practically no sale, but which cannot be published in the cheap edition that the public demands because of the refusal of the author to reduce the royalty below the original rate of twenty per cent, as provided in the agreement for the publication of the expensive edition of the work.

In this connection it seems worth while to offer a protest against the unfounded criticism of publishers and publishing methods which has been so rife in recent years, and which has its origin almost entirely in the failure to obtain adequate sales for books of the

classes we have been considering, as a result of the want of confidence on the part of the authors in the good faith or business judgment of publishers, so that authors very often approach the question of arranging with publishers for the publication of their books in an attitude of suspicion, or, at any rate, failing to grasp the actual facts of the situation.

A publisher of high standing, doing a large business through a long period of time, undoubtedly has built up a machinery and acquired a reputation which are of the greatest possible value to the work of any author, and are almost indispensable for a new author seeking for the first time the presentation of his book to the public. Moreover, in intrusting to a publisher the publication of a book, the author really should exercise more discrimination than in the selection of a banker to take care of his funds, for the depositor in a bank knows as well as the banker himself the precise amount he is intrusting to the care of another, while the author intrusts to the publisher the unknown earning capacity of his books, and the author must consequently rely entirely upon the publisher's good faith and honesty to see that the sums due him are properly and faithfully paid over. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, it is not an uncommon experience with nearly all of the older publishers to have authors endeavor to drive hard bargains with them for the publication of their works, on the plea that some unknown, new, and possibly impecunious publisher has offered a rate of royalty on the publication of a work which, from the established publisher's point of view, is impossible of payment with pecuniary profit to himself. With some authors, to paraphrase Byron's words, it would almost seem as if 'Death to the publisher to them is sport.'

I remember in this connection being

offered, a number of years ago, a work, and having just such a proposition from another publisher quoted to me. Needless to say, I felt obliged to refuse to meet this unwise competition even although I knew that the publisher who was quoted as having made the rate could not possibly fulfill his obligations under such an agreement. The book was one which I much desired to publish, and the sequel to the story is that I finally bought it at the sale of the publisher's effects when he went into bankruptcy some months afterwards.

Possibly we may find some help in the solution of the publisher's present difficulties of distribution in a very interesting experiment which is being tried by a firm of booksellers in Great Britain, where they evidently also have difficulties of distribution to confront, although, because of the better book-selling facilities, not to anything like the same extent as in this country. These booksellers have made, or attempted to make, a card catalogue of the book-reading population, classifying the book-buying public according to the subjects in which the individuals comprising this public are interested; and whenever a work comes into their book-shop which is likely to interest persons in this classified list, they are communicated with by postcard, giving a description of the book and author. Thousands of such cards are mailed daily. Unfortunately, such an experiment would be almost impossible of trial in this country with its many large cities scattered over a much greater expanse of territory, all of which are centres of interest and influence to their surrounding populations, and are, in addition, much more shifting and unstable than similar communities in the Old World.

Some aid might be asked of the postal authorities, which now discriminate against books, and hinder their

distribution, by charging eight cents a pound postage on books, while carrying magazines through the mails at the rate of one cent a pound. All arguments in favor of the low rate on magazines are equally applicable to the transportation of books at similar schedules; and in particular, the educational value of books is much higher, if for no other reason than because the reading of books inculcates the habit of continued thought and application of the mind, both qualities which we are in some danger of losing entirely through a too constant perusal of scrappy and highly flavored periodical literature.

Yet after all is said, the real solution of the problem lies with the reading public itself. Good books will be published only if the public calls for and demands them, and their prices will depend upon the extent to which the public seeks them out and assists in their distribution, for in this way only can the cost of making them known to their readers be lowered.

Current fiction has been purposely excluded in the survey of present conditions in the publishing of works in general literature, because the writer feels that not only the publication, but the author's part as well, of the new novel of the day has become highly commercialized. It is said that many of our journals are edited strictly with a view to increasing the receipts from the advertising pages, with what truth I do not know; but it is certain that much of the current fiction is written with a view to supplying just the sort of thrills the public demands. Indeed, I am told that the author of a long series of 'best-sellers,' immediately after a new work of his appears, sits in solemn conclave with his publishers and their editors and advisers, wherein the subject and scenes of his next effort are outlined and voted on, with a keen regard to the supposed dreams and desires of the

rising generation of readers. Novels of merit and value, representing honest work and the real convictions of their authors, still from time to time make their appearance, but it is seldom indeed that one of these finds its way into the ranks of the 'six best-sellers.' Their appeal is to that part of the public which still discriminates in its reading,

a smaller percentage of the whole, I fear, at present, than in any recent period of our history. One is reminded of the remark of one of our best critics, himself an author of many books well known to lovers of the best literature: 'I should consider myself disgraced if I had written a book which in these days had sold one hundred thousand copies.'

WHY IT WAS W-ON-THE-EYES

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'I WONDER why the children's sign for little old Webster should be W-on-the-eyes,' Miss Evans speculated. 'There's nothing peculiar about his eyes, except perhaps that they're the brightest pair in school.'

Miss Evans was the new oral teacher in the Lomax Schools for deaf and blind children, and she was speaking about Charlie Webster, one of the small deaf mutes in her class.

That was his sign, W, made in the manual alphabet, with the hand placed against the eyes. Everybody in the deaf department at Lomax had his or her special sign, thus saving the time and trouble of spelling out the whole name on the fingers.

Clarence Chester, the big deaf boy who had finished school, but still stayed on working in the shoe-shop, was the one who made up the signs for the new pupils and teachers. He was rather proud of his talents in this direction, and took the pains of an artist over every sign. They were usually composed of the initial letter of the person's last name placed somewhere on

the body, to indicate either some physical peculiarity, or else the position held by that person in the school. Mr. Lincoln, for instance, who was the superintendent, had L-on-the-forehead, to show that he was the head of the whole school, and no one else, of course, could have L as high up as that — not even Mrs. Lincoln. She had to be contented with L-on-the-cheek. So, in the same way, Miss Thompson, who was the trained nurse, had T-on-the-wrist, because it was her business to feel the children's pulses.

When Miss Stedman, the new matron for the deaf boys, came, she should have had S-on-the-chest, as Clarence made a habit of placing all the matrons' initials on their chests; but unfortunately, S in the manual alphabet is made by doubling up the fist, and Clarence explained to her that if a boy hits himself on the chest with his fist he is sure to hit that middle button of his shirt, and make a bruise. He had to make this rather complicated explanation in writing because Miss Stedman was new to the

sign-language and finger-spelling, and he had received his education at Lomax before articulation was taken up there, and was therefore, of course, a mute. So, on account of the button, S-on-the-chest had to be abandoned. But Clarence looked at Miss Stedman, and, for all that they called her a matron, she was very young and small, and had delicately rosy cheeks, so he smiled a little, and then made the letter S and the sign for pretty. And Miss Stedman went away quite satisfied, and showed every one her sign, being innocently unaware that every time she did so she was saying that she was pretty. When her education in the sign-language had progressed sufficiently for her to discover the real meaning of her sign she was overcome with confusion, and begged Clarence to change it. But he said he never — (*never!* NEVER! made vehemently with his hand) — changed a sign after it was once given; besides, by that time all Miss Stedman's little deaf boys had got hold of it and no power on earth could have detached it from their fingers.

But, to go back to Charlie Webster, as Miss Evans remarked, there was nothing peculiar about his eyes, and therefore why his sign should be W-on-the-eyes, caused some small curiosity, but not enough to make any of the teachers or matrons take the trouble to look into the matter. Among themselves, of course, they did not speak of him as W-on-the-eyes: they called him Webster, or Charlie Webster, or most of all, perhaps, 'little old Webster,' because he was only nine, and everybody on the place adored him.

They may have adored him for that enchanting smile of his, a smile which curved his ridiculously eager little mouth, flooded from his dancing eyes, and generally radiated from the whole expressive little face of him. Or, perhaps, it was because he was so affec-

tionate; or again it might have been because he was so handsome, so alert and gay, and always, moreover, appeared to be having such a good time. Whatever came little old Webster's way seemed always to be the most exciting and delightful thing that had ever happened to him, and whether it was a game to be played, a lesson to be learned, or a person to be loved, he did it with all his might, and with all his heart. Perhaps, after all, the real reason for the world's adoring him was that old classical one for the lamb's devotion to Mary, — he loved the world.

Another thing which sorted him out somewhat from among the other sixty or seventy deaf boys of the school was his fondness for the blind children. It is impossible to imagine any two sets of persons so absolutely shut off from one another as blind people and deaf mutes. It is only through the sense of feeling that they can meet; and for the most part at Lomax, sixty blind children, and more than a hundred deaf ones, move about through the same buildings, eat in the same dining-room, and, to some extent, play in the same grounds, with almost no intercourse or knowledge of one another. They move upon different planes. The deaf child's plane is made up of things seen, the blind child's of things heard. It is only in things touched that their paths ever cross, and surely only the economy and lack of imagination of the past could have crowded two such alien classes into one establishment. But little old Webster had built a bridge of his own over these almost insurmountable barriers, and through the medium of touch had carried his adventures in friendship even into the country of the blind.

Some of the blind boys knew the manual alphabet and could talk to him on their fingers, and by feeling of his hands could understand what he said to them; but with most he had to be

satisfied with merely putting his arm about their shoulders and grunting a soft little inarticulate 'Ough, ough!' which was no word at all, of course, merely an engaging little expression of his friendship and general good feeling. The blind children recognized him by these little grunts, and accepted things from him which they would never have tolerated from any of the other 'dummies,' as they called the deaf mutes. Webster was their passionate champion on all occasions. Once, when a deaf boy threw a stone which by accident hit one of the blind boys on the forehead, inflicting a bad cut, Webster flew into a wild fury of rage, and attacked the deaf boy with all the passion of his nine years. Afterwards, he tore up to the hospital where his blind friend was having the cut dressed, and snuggling his face against him grunted many soft 'oughs, oughs,' of sympathy. But the little deaf boy he had thrashed had to come to the hospital to be tied up as well, for little old Webster was no saint, and once he set out to fight, he did it, as he did everything else, with all his heart.

'I declare,' Miss Stedman announced wearily one evening in the officers' dining-room, 'if Charlie Webster keeps on I shall just *have* to report him to Mr. Lincoln. He's been fighting this whole blessed afternoon — just one boy right after another.'

'Oh,' cried Miss Thompson, the trained nurse, 'then *that* was the reason there were so many of the little deaf boys up in the hospital this afternoon with sprained thumbs, and black eyes, and so on!'

'Exactly,' Miss Stedman confirmed her, 'that was Webster's doing, — the little scamp! It's because of his shirts. Whenever his mother sends him a new shirt, and he puts it on, he has to fight almost every boy in his dormitory.'

'But why? What's the matter with

his shirts?' Miss Evans, the oral teacher, demanded.

'Oh, they're the funniest looking things! I don't see what his mother can be thinking of. They look as though they'd been made up hind-side before, and the sleeves are never put in right, and are always too tight for him. Of course, the other children laugh at every fresh one, and that just sends him almost crazy, and he flies at one boy after another. He knows, himself, that the shirts are n't right, but he just *will* wear them in spite of everything. I tried once to get him to put on one from the school supply, and, goodness! I thought he was going to fight me!'

It was at this time that Miss Evans asked why Webster's sign was W-on-the-eyes. Miss Stedman said she thought Chester must have given him that because he was so good to the blind children. That explanation satisfied Miss Evans, but was not, as it happened, the right one.

Little old Webster came to Lomax when he was only seven, two years before they began to teach articulation and lip-reading to the children there. His education began therefore with the manual method, and by the time he was nine there was hardly a sign that he did not know, or a word that he could not spell with his flying fingers. But he was a little person who craved many forms of self-expression, and he often looked very curiously, and very wistfully, at hearing people when they talked together with their lips. The year he was nine, which was the year of this story, they began the oral instruction at Lomax, Miss Evans being engaged for this purpose, and being given by Clarence Chester the sign of E-on-the-lips, to show that she was the person who taught the children to speak. She had to face some opposition in getting the new method established. The older children found it harder than the

familiar signs, and, for the most part, shut their minds persistently against any attempt to make them speak.

Many of the teachers, also, were opposed to the oral form of instruction. There was Miss Flyn, for instance. She had taught deaf children for ten years with the sign-language, and did not see any reason for abandoning it now. And, for all her plumpness, and soft sweetness of face, Miss Eliza Flyn was a firm lady, once her mind was thoroughly made up. Her argument was that though articulation and lip-reading might be a wonderful thing for a few brilliant children, the average deaf child trained in a state school could never get much benefit from it. 'Lip-readers are born and not made,' she maintained stoutly. 'It's as much a gift as an ear for music, or being able to write poetry.'

'Any deaf child with the proper amount of brains, and normal sight, can be taught to articulate and read the lips,' Miss Evans returned, with equal stoutness, for she was 'pure oral,' and could almost have found it in her heart to wish that the sign-language might be wiped off the face of the earth. There she and Miss Flyn came to a polite deadlock of opinion in the matter.

But whatever others might think, little old Webster apparently had no doubts of the advantage of the oral method. As soon as he found out what it was all about, he flung himself into the new study with even more than his usual zest and enthusiasm. Watching Miss Evans's lips with a passionate attention, his brown eyes as eager and as dumb and wistful as a little dog's, he attempted the sounds over and over, his unaccustomed lips twisting themselves into all sorts of grotesque positions, in his effort to gain control over them. He always shook his head sharply at his failures, fiercely rebuking himself, and immediately making a

VOL. III - NO. 4

fresh attack upon the word or element, working persistently until Miss Evans's nod and smile at length rewarded him, upon which his whole little face would light up, and he would heave a weary but triumphant sigh. His zeal almost frightened Miss Evans, and while she constantly spurred all the other children on to using their lips instead of their eager little fingers, Webster she tried to check, fearing that his enthusiasm might even make him ill.

Early in the school term, when he had not been in Miss Evans's class much above a month, little old Webster received a postcard from his father saying that his parents expected to come to Lomax to see him in a week or so. Webster almost burst with delighted expectancy. He showed the card to every deaf child who could read, and interpreted it in signs and finger-spelling to those who could not; he permitted his blind friends to feel it all over with their delicate inquiring fingers, and gave every teacher and officer the high privilege of reading, —

DEAR LITTLE CHARLIE: —

Your mother and I expect to come to Lomax to see you Friday of next week.

Your loving father,

CHARLES WEBSTER,

while he stood by with those dancing eyes of his, which frequently said more than speaking people's lips. He carried the card in triumph to Miss Evans, and when she had read it he made the sign for mother, and she nodded and said that was nice, taking care of course to speak rather than sign. But his little eager face clouded over, and there appeared on it that shut-in and baffled expression which it sometimes wore when he failed to make himself understood. He repeated the sign and put his hand to his lips pleadingly. Then she realized what he wanted.

'Why, bless his heart, he wants me

to teach him to say mother!' she exclaimed delightedly, and sitting down on the veranda steps, for it was out of school hours, she then and there set to work drilling him in the desired word, saying it repeatedly, and placing his hand against her throat that he might feel the vibrations of sound. At last, watching her lips intently, making repeated efforts doomed to failure, shaking his head angrily at himself each time, and renewing the attempt manfully, he did achieve the coveted word. To be sure it was not very distinctly said at first, and was broken into two soft little syllables, thus, 'mo-ther'; but his little face shone with the triumph of it. And then in gratitude he said, 'Thank you' very politely to Miss Evans, having learned those two words before in his articulation. He said them in his best voice, carefully placing one small conscientious finger on the side of his nose, which gave him a most comically serious expression, but was done to be sure that he had succeeded in putting the proper vibration into his 'Thank you.'

'Such foolishness!' Miss Eliza Flyn snorted, passing along the veranda at this moment. 'What's the good of one word? And he'll forget it anyway by to-morrow!'

But little old Webster held manfully to that hard-won word which his love had bought. Every morning when he entered the class-room he said, 'Mother' to Miss Evans with his enchanting smile, so that she began to be afraid that he had confused the meaning of the word, and was calling her mother. On the day, however, that she permitted him to tear the leaf from the school calendar, — a daily much-desired privilege, — she was reassured on this point, for having torn off the proper date he turned up the other leaves swiftly until he came to the day on which his parents were expected, and

putting his finger on the number he said, 'Mo-ther, mo-ther,' and then in quaint fashion he pointed to the calendar leaf, and then to himself, and locking his forefingers together, first in one direction and then in the other, he made the little sign for friend, meaning that he was friends with that day because it would bring him his mother.

He said the word repeatedly, in school and out. He even said it in his sleep. The night before his mother was to come, when Miss Stedman paid her regular visit to the dormitory where all the little deaf boys were asleep, Webster sat suddenly bolt upright in his bed, his eyes wide-open, but unseeing with sleep, and cried out, 'Mother!'

'Goodness!' Miss Stedman commented to herself. 'I'll be glad when his mother does come! He'll go crazy if he does n't get that word off his tongue soon.'

The next day, — the great, the miraculous day, — little old Webster was in a veritable humming-bird quiver of excitement. He jumped in his seat each time the door opened, and when, at length, Miss Flyn actually came to announce that his father and mother had really arrived he leaped up with a face of such transcendent joy, that his departure left Miss Evans's class-room almost as dark as if the sun had passed under a cloud. So much of pure happiness went with him that, with a smile on her lips, Miss Evans let her fancy follow him on his triumphant way, and for fully three minutes, while she pictured the surprise in store for the waiting mother, she permitted her 'pure oral' class to tell each other over and over on their fingers that 'E. F.' (Miss Flyn's sign) had come to take W-on-the-eyes to see his father and mother, before she awoke to the fact and sternly recalled their runaway language from their fingers to their lips.

In the meantime, gripping Miss

Flyn's hand tight, little old Webster went on tiptoe down the passageway leading to the reception-room. Miss Flyn could feel the vibration of excitement in his fingers as they rested in hers, and her own sympathetic heart went a beat or two faster in consequence. But almost at the reception-room door he dropped her hand suddenly and stopped dead, his face gone a despairing white, and a lost, agonized look in his eyes. For a moment, he stared about him in passionate bewilderment, then, bursting into a storm of tears, he turned to run back to Miss Evans's room. But Miss Flyn caught him firmly and, forcing him to look at her, signed, 'What is it?' He made the sign for mother, and then passed his open hand despairingly across his forehead in the sign for forgotten, and Miss Flyn realized that through over-excitement or some trick of a tired brain, his precious word had all at once slipped from him. He looked up at her, and old 'signer' though she was, she could not resist the appeal of his tragic little face. Stooping down, she pronounced the lost word, placing his hand against her throat. Remembrance rushed into his eyes, and his face lit like a flame. 'Mo-ther! Mo-ther!' he cried, and putting both hands tight against his mouth as if to hold the word in place, he fled down the hall and into the reception-room and flung himself upon a woman who sat very still, her waiting, listening face turned toward the door.

'Mo-ther! Mo-ther!' he cried, his arms tight about her neck.

She gave a sharp, an almost hysterical cry.

'Charlie!' she screamed. 'Is that Charlie? Is that my deaf baby talking?'

She tore his arms from about her neck, and held him away from her, while her eager, trembling fingers went to his lips and felt them move once more, framing the wonderful word.

'It is Charlie! It is my little deaf and dumb baby talking!' she cried. And then she went into a wild babble of mother words, — 'My baby! My lamb! My darling, precious baby!' — crying and kissing him, while the tears ran down from her eyes. And little old Webster, his word now safely delivered to the one person in all the world to whom it belonged, relapsed once more into his old soft, inarticulate grunting of 'Ough, ough!' nuzzling his face close against hers, and laughing gleefully over the splendid surprise he had prepared for her.

And after one astounded, comprehending look, Miss Flyn turned, and, racing down the hallway, burst into Miss Evans's class-room and caught that teacher by the arm.

'Little old Webster's mother is blind!' she cried. 'She's *stone blind*! She's never seen Webster in all her life. — She's never heard him speak until this minute! They've never been able to say *one word* to each other. — She's blind, I tell you! And *that's* why Webster's sign is W-on-the-eyes, — Clarence Chester must have known, — and that's why he's always so good to the blind children, and why he fought every boy who laughed at the funny way his shirts were made — he knew his mother could n't see to make them right! And — and —' Miss Flyn choked, — 'and *that's* why he's nearly killed himself trying to learn to speak. There's never been any way they could talk to each other except by feeling! She's had to wait nine years to hear him say Mother! And — and,' Miss Flyn wound up unsteadily, 'you need n't preach to me any more about articulation for — I'm converted!'

And with that she went out and banged the door behind her, and all the children's fingers flew up, to ask Miss Evans in excited signs what E. F. was crying about.

THE RELIGION OF AMERICA

(TO A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY IN THE UNITED STATES)

BY WILLIAM BARRY

YOUR last letter from across the Atlantic, my dear Father, cannot but stir in any reflecting mind a world of thought; and in one like myself — a student now of things American for more than half a century — reflections have not been wanting. I envy you indeed. My own acquaintance with sights and scenes among which you have spent years is that of the passing tourist. But you, for a long spell, have been watching at its chief centres how that multitudinous life ebbs and flows. Day after day you come into close touch with all sorts and conditions of men. You have journeyed over the land from Boston to Seattle and San Francisco. You call America ‘To-morrow,’ and this old grandmotherly Europe of ours ‘Yesterday.’ With a smile you observe that in the grammar of Humanity the past tense broods over London, Berlin, and even the Third French Republic; while the future lightens and sparkles out West, away beyond Chicago, far, of course, from New York, which is but a doormat whereon immigrants wipe their feet as they go by the custom-house.

Yet I have an advantage, you tell me, denied to those who are caught in such mighty currents — I enjoy the privilege of distance, which is perspective. Literature and history teach me what America has been. Can I help you to forecast what America will be? Have we grounds, you inquire, to hope

that this great new people may contribute to the future (which will surely be theirs) any saving element whereby life shall grow richer and civilization more desirable? That is your question. I turn it my own way, and I ask, ‘What is the Religion of America?’ In the true answer to that query lies the secret of to-morrow. How does the mind of the people judge concerning God, conscience, and immortality? Is it still, in any sense, Christian?

It is impossible, you say, and I must agree, for those who have not lived on both sides of the Great Water to realize how completely America is detached, as a whole, from the Eastern World to which Europe belongs. The divergence increases with some vast multiple of the distance. A fresh order of society is forming on a scale never hitherto known, with a hundred millions for its present figure, in a democracy where opinion, at least, is free. You survey this illimitable chaos of beliefs, no-beliefs, parties, professions, sects, syndicates, trusts, platforms, and it is like a glimpse of the countless glowing lines in the solar spectrum, too dazzling for the eyes of man. Who would not feel overcome at the vision? Is there any way to master its dimensions? Has it a law of development within it? Or one so enormous in range, so deep and high, that our mental instruments cannot detect its drift or anticipate its motions? Well, I

answer, we are only minor prophets, for whom the age to come will have many a surprise. But one thing seems clear — the American types of character must go on diverging from those which even now public opinion in the United States condemns and rejects as outworn. Reversion to the social ideas prevailing in Europe is simply not conceivable with Americans. You, my dear Father, dwelling in the midst of this onward-looking race, know well that there is not a power on earth which can persuade them to look back. Europe lives by custom and tradition, America by prophecy and adventure. This is what the New World means by progress. It has jettisoned most of the objects for which men fought three centuries ago. What has it kept? Freedom and hope. From your side of the Ocean we appear to be the ancients, literary and picturesque, as the Greeks and Romans appear to us.

Now, as I see the American idea — let me term it so — it stands for the average man, the common school, equal opportunities, and the fine old English proverb, 'Turn about is fair play.' The common school, I say again, not the 'Bible Commonwealth,' devised by Puritans, or the peculiar divine election and reprobation that Jonathan Edwards reckoned to be a doctrine 'exceedingly pleasant, bright, and sweet.' Calvin, transplanted to New England, flourished for a time like the aloe, then withered and died. Of all the Puritan convictions, which one is now alive in the great multitude of their descendants? Not the conviction of sin, or any strong beliefs concerning the world to come as it was imaged by the Pilgrim Fathers; quite another view has taken hold upon them, if they do not fling the whole subject aside; but, in any case, the reaction is complete and trenchant. Liberty for a man to make of himself what

he can and will, everywhere, under all dispensations, is the shape that Non-conformity puts on. That is the American version of Burke's celebrated phrase, 'The dissidence of Dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion.'

Moreover, independence from the first carried with it a principle which may be summed up as 'free association.' This it was that shattered the Bible Commonwealth. Sects multiplied as they had begun; doctrines broadened or changed into the clean contrary. The stern disciple of Calvin had a Universalist grandson. From Edwards to Emerson we follow an undoubted pedigree, but how entire is the transformation! 'Cast behind you,' exclaims the sage of Concord, addressing youthful ministers, 'all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity.' He spoke to 'a decaying church and a wasting unbelief.' He said, 'The Puritans in England and America found in the Christ of the Catholic Church, and in the dogmas inherited from Rome, scope for their austere piety and their longings for civil freedom. But their creed is passing away, and none arises in its room.' His conclusion or his premise, — for we may take it either way, — was that 'miracles, prophecy, poetry, the ideal life, the holy life, exist as ancient history merely; they are not in the belief nor in the aspiration of society.'

Emerson delivered his mournful witness at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Sunday evening, July 15, 1838. It records a fact beyond question: the Sabbath rule of Puritanism over men's minds had come to its last hour. Churches might cling to it, story-tellers perceive a sombre kind of romance in it; but the shafts of light from Emerson's *Essays* were not more eloquent than Hawthorne's *Twice-told Tales* in proclaiming that Jonathan Edwards

could never be the prophet of modern America. The Pilgrim Fathers and their Commonwealth sank into an episode now rounded off, not opening into the wide-ranging national procession, or guiding it any more. But 'the dissenter, the theorist, the aspirant,' required no prompting from Concord to embark on seas of adventure; they were already afloat, — often, it must be admitted, in crazy vessels. Reform, now as always after the sixteenth century in Protestant lands, implied the breaking up of larger societies into innumerable small ones, the 'coming out' from Babylon to march towards a distant New Jerusalem, through many a wilderness where souls perished by the way in thousands, a forlorn hope.

But in that crisis or judgment of all things, it was still the average man whom its leaders kept in view. Those leaders might be fanatics or impostors, or a mixture of both; among them we shall scarcely discern the tokens of intellectual greatness, and no name shines with a lustre comparable to the glory of some latter-day seers in Europe. Dreamers wild enough we watch as they struggle in convulsive nightmares; but they dream no poetic dreams. From a stranger, Swedenborg, they have won the ideas, and on his pattern they have shaped the mythology, which they offer as a substitute or supplement to the Hebrew-English Bible. Mark, I say, that name.

Swedenborg is the predestined destroyer of Puritanism, who discloses to men wearied of its terrible dogmas a new heaven and a new earth, prosaic, solid, near at hand, to be reached by experiment or by deliberately sought ecstasy. He is the father of Mormons, Spiritualists, Second Adventists; the direct guide of Thomas Lake Harris; the ancestor, several times removed, of Mrs. Eddy and her Christian Science. Swedenborg occupies in the develop-

ment of these modern religions a place corresponding to that of Bacon as regards the Inductive Method. He is at once popular and scientific in appearance; he makes a boast of his experimental triumphs which others who are competent will not allow; and he does, in truth, help to ruin older false interpretations of the universe, though failing to establish any of his own. Nevertheless, one principle — and that essentially Baconian — this ghost-seer, as Kant named him, did so blazon forth as to make it a central illumination by which Americans, the leaders and the led, were sure that they could not go astray.

To Swedenborg are applicable the curiously exact words of Hawthorne touching this entire movement: 'If he profess to tread a step or two across the boundaries of the spiritual world, yet he carries with him the laws of our actual life, and extends them over his preternatural conquests.' There was to be no gulf, and only a thin veil easily swept aside, between this world and the next. When an American authoress depicted *The Gates Ajar*, by which angels came to earth and souls went to Paradise, it seemed no more trouble to make that little journey than to enter a neighbor's garden. America lay on both sides of the veil, — again let me quote Hawthorne, — 'a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight.'

You recognize the picture, my dear friend, do you not? How unlike our crime-laden, storm-tossed Europe! My charming American friends often tell me that I am a pessimist, and wonder that I should be. I wonder at them. But every new company of religious pilgrims starting from East to West in the United States goes out not merely

to discover but to found Utopia. The sect is always a business concern, the propheta promotor of some 'trust,' and the temple a scene of smart money-changing. Observe, I do not say that the temple is nothing else. Reform, thrown into articles and loudly proclaimed, determines what these believers shall eat, drink, avoid, acquire, and give up. They may be Socialists with Fourier, Shakers with Anne Lee's disciples, Mormons in the grasp of Brigham Young, dwellers at Oneida Creek with Noyes, enthusiasts that follow T. L. Harris from Mountain Cove to Santa Rosa; but their intent is ever to set up a Commonwealth on the idea of Perfection. New England has inoculated its descendants with a fever for migration in quest of this Eldorado, where heaven and earth shall be one. They are prospecting for the Garden of Eden.

Before they reach its angel-guarded gates Swedenborg intercepts them once more. He whispers to each new Adam and Eve the secret long ago consigned to Platonic Dialogues which only scholars read, of 'heavenly counterparts,' or marriages made in heaven. I am not speaking figuratively; you may track the amazing doctrine and its consequences along the path of Latter-Day Saints, in the life and writings of Harris or Laurence Oliphant, in the *Pantagamy* of Noyes; and, as I am persuaded, it lies below the facility and multiplication of American divorce, a sub-conscious but powerful instinct, vulgarized into the 'elective affinities' which we laugh at and loathe. 'The more intelligent,' said Emerson, 'are growing uneasy on the subject of marriage; they wish to see the character also represented in that covenant.' Yes, and Salt Lake City, Oneida, and Reno, have replied to the gentle 'Oversoul' with a vengeance, by new-forming or getting rid of the 'cove-

nant' as a step toward improving the 'character.' Utah gloried in its polygamy; the 'sealing' of hapless young maidens to dead Joseph Smith might scandalize Gentiles, but it went on for a generation. T. L. Harris, whom his disciple and victim, Laurence Oliphant, depicted under the features of Masollam, a dull profligate, taught in appearance the strange doctrine of 'married celibacy'; but who shall say what this new ordering of the most sacred of human relations involved? The Mormon creed was plain and simple. 'God's service,' they said, 'is the enjoyment of life.' Americans, we know well, did not as a people follow after Brigham Young, or Harris, or Noyes, any more than they shut themselves up at Mount Lebanon with the Shakers, or trooped out with Ripley to Brook Farm. But is it doing vast numbers of them an injustice to believe that they, too, consider enjoyment the first and greatest of the Commandments? The old religion preached self-sacrifice; what could a new one oppose to it but self-indulgence?

Respect for law is an English principle, and it was carried over to Massachusetts with English law-books. Yet the sects which have sprung up in America display anarchic tendencies not to be mistaken. The average man wants to feel himself free; the average woman has opportunities of living her own life denied to most of her European sisters, but they are both eminently sociable, and the club or the hotel brings them together. Add now some reform to propagate, some universal liberty or prohibition to be spread 'from Maine to Oregon,' as the saying runs, — a crusade against slavery, or whiskey, or in favor of a vegetarian diet, or to get ready for the Millennium, — your club turns into the semblance of a church, your hotel becomes a pulpit, and your dining-room

the meeting-place of souls. But the most remarkable instances of free association in the United States, from a native religious point of view, I take to be Mormonism, Spiritualism, and Christian Science.

These are genuine products of the American soil and climate. At once original, daring, commonplace, and attractive to fugitives from the established religions, they may offer to us elements, or even inchoate and rudimentary forms, of the idea which we are seeking. Repulsive forms, if you will, impostures disguised as superstitions, trading on ignorance and credulity; symptoms in fact of a disease widely contagious; 'a delusive show of spirituality, yet imbued throughout with a cold and dead materialism.' I grant all that and more; but, as Aristotle shrewdly observes, a man may get light on his ruling passions and motives even from his bad dreams; and here we can study dreams that, as they move and stir the dreamers, 'confront peace, security, and all settled laws, to unsettle them.'

Where shall we look for the future? Not in faint shadows of the once all-venturing Puritans; therefore outside, among explorers, or on their track. The American idea lives elsewhere than in Baptists, Methodists, or any of the earlier Calvin-descended Churches; for it quitted them long ago. I hear it in a word of Emerson's, 'America is the home of man.' It babbles a kind of foolish fairy tale when the Mormon declares that his Continent was peopled from the lost Ten Tribes; and that America is the true land of Israel. It plays a game of blind man's buff with spirit-rapping and table-turning, with dark séances, with mediums, trances, frantic beatings at the door of the tomb. It goes about staggering amid delusions, calling on those who have 'passed over' to answer its questions.

It dances ghostly 'Pentecostal' dances after the fashion of Red Indians, falling back upon customs that are only to be found on this side of the world among the dervishes of Islam, who scream themselves into ecstasy by repeating the name of Allah. In regard to marriage, as we have seen, it substitutes for monogamy the most varied forms; sets up as a model the wigwam or the harem; and tolerates something not unlike Free Love by its criminal readiness in granting divorce.

This American spirit has made trial of Socialism under many schemes, all ending in failure; but still it struggles to reconcile the laws of production and distribution with even-handed justice, although its vision is confused by the immense respect which it has always felt for success, whether clean or unclean. It makes laws in the interest of good morals, severely prohibiting the use of alcohol and tobacco; yet again, it breaks laws by appealing to the Higher, or the Unwritten Law; and it is so entangled in casuistics that because of a comma misplaced it will allow a murderer to go free. It is soft even to sentimentalism, but permits Judge Lynch to work his will in ways that are not to be described. Its 'Bird of Freedom' is a jest and an inspiration to Lowell, who treats it as a comic symbol, yet would have died rather than give up a feather from that eagle's wing. It is emphatically the 'spirit of the crowd,' liable to sudden enthusiasms, unreasoning panics, to run mad about a celebrity one week and to forget him the week after. It feels hot under the slightest breath of criticism, but can be humored like a child with a little judicious management. It is lofty, forgiving, good-natured, alert, curious, and does not suspect irony. Its age is youth; its ambition is to have a world made in its image and likeness; its trial passed into a more perilous phase when the Civil

War ended by establishing democracy. And we, though strangers, look on at the vast theatre, the high stage, and the throng of actors engaged in working out this drama, with hope and fellow-feeling. For it is our play, too, since the future of mankind hangs upon it.

Have I been drawing a chimera, the monster of my own imagination? I think not; the lines upon which I have gone may be studied in a library of books, and are visible wherever we turn amid American scenes. You have felt it as well as I, my dear friend. But you will surely be struck with a sense of the contradictions that my sketch brings out. If they cannot be resolved, the 'New Thought' of which we hear so much will defeat itself. To take a crucial instance: Reform has been the chief motive in those never-ending secessions whereby the elder Christian communities were broken into fragments. But now comes Christian Science, native to the States if ever anything was, and it declares evil to be non-existent, therefore not in need of reform. By one stroke it makes an end of the reformer and his task. Yet, in this dilemma, the true American feels a secret, an irresistible longing to agree with both sides. He would have had slavery abolished by men like Garrison, and pain decreed to be a mere phantom by women like Mrs. Eddy. He cannot give up any doctrine that seems to favor universal happiness. Logic does not trouble him, for, as I said, he goes by sentiment. His theories are nothing but his feelings, thrown into abstract terms by way of a platform whence he can address the world.

At this point Shakerism puts in a claim to our attention. It is not a growing sect; but its principles, more than forty years ago, were declared by Hepworth Dixon to be 'found in the creed of every new American Church.'

Let us inquire what these principles are. They lay down that the Church of the future will be an American Church and a new dispensation, the Old Law having had its day. That intercourse between heaven and earth is restored, and that God is the only King and Governor. That the sin of Adam is atoned, man made free from all errors except his personal misdeeds, and salvation assured to the whole race. That earth is heaven 'now soiled and stained, but to be restored by love and labor to its primeval condition.' With Swedenborg, the 'uniquely gifted, uniquely dangerous' precursor of Millenarian sects, the brethren hold that the general Resurrection is already passed, the 'Second Advent' here; and they conclude that the regenerate should not marry or give in marriage, that women may be priests, that every one must labor with hands for the goods which all are to enjoy. They see the heavens open and angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder.

Anne Lee, the female Swedenborg, was English, not American. But the ecstatic revivals to which Shakerism owes its converts; the divine rule of God-given elders and elderesses; the community of goods, and Family of Love, are deeply rooted in old and extreme aberrations from a more sober — shall we call it a less unworldly? — form of the Puritan faith. 'No soldiers, no police, no judges'; but also no houses of temptation to vice; no gambling, because no speculation; but 'order, temperance, frugality, worship'; these are features of a Utopia dear to the American heart in its Sabbath moments, when it muses on the dreams of its youth. They express a more severe judgment on the popular religion, which builds and adorns fashionable churches with gifts from Wall Street millionaires, than earthquake or

tornado would be. Mount Lebanon is a sign lifted up, pointing to the 'consummation of the age,' and to the need of monasticism, even in New York State.

A sect, however, as the name declares, cuts itself away from the people at large, and whether Mormon or Shaker, it cannot look forward to making proselytes of all Americans. There was room about the year 1848 — a period marked 'stormy' on both sides of the Atlantic — for some great religious manifestation which, while it appealed to the general desire of novelty, should be free from articles, set ministries, church-buildings, and even the inspired Bible. A new heaven and a new earth were in request. But could not some way be found, like printing or stock-jobbing, accessible to every one who chose, by which religion might become at once private and universal, as literature was, or business, or politics?

Two considerations must be kept in view. The Puritans had revolted from Catholic tradition because they would not allow any priest, as they said, to stand between man and his Maker. By similar reasoning they had put down the invocation of Saints and Angels, in order to leave a clear space before the Great White Throne for suppliants who would draw nigh to it. The consequences we all know. Heaven receded to an immeasurable distance; this lower world rounded itself into a perfect whole; and intercourse with departed saints was no more. Religion was thus violently broken into parts which lay utterly separate — the Here and the Hereafter — while death forbade every attempt by prayer to bridge over the gulf between dearest friends, however they might yearn for one another. The solemn old services of Dirge and Requiem had been swept away; and nothing had taken their place. It is true, indeed, that while Heaven was shut,

'Satan's invisible world' opened its ponderous jaws and sent forth its denizens to meet ancient crones in the forests at midnight, if the records of Salem and other witch-haunted towns in New England may be trusted. The Communion of Saints was a lost article of the creed. But the communion of devils was, on Cotton Mather's showing, a judicially ascertained fact. Witches, executed by the hundred, may be looked on, in short, as pioneers of Spiritualism, and its earliest martyrs in the New World.

They were destined to have their revenge. If instead of witch we write 'medium,' how significant will be the change! Yet in essentials the new science and the old superstition are at one. I call Spiritualism a science, for it professed to yield its results by experiments which could be repeated, tested, and compared on the accepted laws of evidence; to attain 'a world of spirit that took shape and form and practical intelligibility, in ordinary rooms and under very nearly ordinary circumstances.' It said, 'Seeing is believing, handling is proof.' It did not require you to take the medium on trust. It had no priesthood, no dogmas; for its central statement, that the living could have intercourse with the dead, was not a truth to be received on the word of another, but a challenge which whoso would might verify. Moreover, though some have questioned if the name of religion can rightly be attached to Spiritualism, it does without doubt bring its adepts back from doctrines of the lecture-room or abstract theory to that primitive condition of thought in which religion finds a main beginning. For religion is the problem of the 'next world,' call it how you will. And Spiritualism undertakes to solve the problem by the scientific method, exactly as the chemist answers our inquiry, — for instance, 'Does radium exist?' —

by putting a sample of the thing sought into our hands. Neither the chemist nor the medium is a priest, any more than the class or the inquirer can be termed disciples. Experiment, in both cases, remains the ground of affirmation.

Now, then, we have arrived at an idea which, as it rose and overspread the civilized world, was seen to be peculiarly American. Inspired by Mesmer and 'animal magnetism,' starting with vulgar phenomena of raps and table-turning, noised abroad by Universalist preachers and Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, with 'sensitives' and clairvoyants to furnish daily evidence of its marvels, Spiritualism ran its wildfire course, outstripping every other propaganda by the numbers who took up its practices. Any one could begin anywhere. 'Probably,' said the late Frank Podmore, 'no body of earnest men and women ever presented a more unlovely picture of the Hereafter. Yet in spite, or perhaps because, of the concreteness of its ideals, and the parochial limitations of its chief prophets, the new ideas had sufficient motive-power to overrun the American continent.'

They did not reveal a spiritual life as conceived by any previous form of Christianity; angels and demons were alike absent from the trance communications of the medium; and concerning the Supreme there was absolute silence. Neither heaven nor hell came into the scenery of a universe as matter of fact as Broadway or State Street at high noon. All the sensitive beheld was 'a practicable and imminent millennium, freed from the fear of death, and continuing, on the gray level, through indefinite generations.' Taking the witnesses at their own value, without heeding the professional charlatan or the liar detected in the very act of imposture, we feel dumbfounded when

Franklin, Washington, and Bacon deliver by the lips of entranced subjects the silliest of lectures, in which not one new fact such as science lights upon every day is added to our knowledge. We cannot be astonished that hard-headed rationalizers like Professor Münsterberg flatly declare, 'The facts as they are claimed do not exist, and never will exist.' Yet I would remind the eminent professor that science — physical merely, and not metaphysical — should be cautious in prophesying a universal negative. Science is quite incapable of determining *a priori* that departed spirits are and ever will be unable to 'enter into communication with living men by mediums and by incarnation.' How can the 'scientist' possibly know? Let him lay his hand on his lips when it is a question of what must or must not be, outside the law of contradiction.

You and I, my dear friend, are agreed as Catholics in holding Spiritualism to be exceedingly dangerous, where it happens not to be false or delusive. But you will readily grant that so virulent a disease, attaching itself to American religion, is symptomatic of much. These fungous growths on the once flourishing and stately cedars of Puritan theology betokened that its life was decaying at the roots. Its magic ring was broken. All its dogmas were melting into the 'anæmic optimism' of an afterworld in which no difference appeared between good and evil. For the 'spirits' never hinted at a Day of Judgment; neither did they confirm Swedenborg's vision of many penal abodes, or 'hells,' to be finally transformed into heavens.

Characteristic of the later religious developments in America, from Shakerism to Christian Science, is this denial of sin, which Theodore Parker had done worse than deny, defining it in a scandalous epigram as a 'falling up-

wards.' But do not these phenomena bear testimony to the law of reaction as 'equal and opposite?' The witch supplants the minister; Apollyon is chained, in Hawthorne's deeply biting parable, to the modern fast train on the Celestial Railroad; all men are saved, instead of most being foredoomed to perdition; and Satan is abolished by universal suffrage. 'Is there nothing to fear in God?' The last of the Puritans throws down the question as a defiance. But from every quarter these 'new theologians' reply with a great shout, 'No, there is nothing.' Sin and pain and death are hallucinations, scattered by the advent of a science which rests on the senses and reaches beyond them.

Yet, even if a malignant disease, the movement known as Spiritualism announced a religious revolution, — the new birth of ideas long extinct among Reformed Christians. Again, whether it was 'salvation by electricity,' as in earlier stages, or by 'telepathy,' as in our day, it insisted on carrying science over the border into a living and not a dead cosmos, greatly to the indignation of comfortable settlers on this side of the tomb. Life has always been a puzzle and an offense to the system of Materialism; but life beyond the grave, in any account of it, would totally derange the snug proportions of which unbelieving physical science had been so proud. It remains true, nevertheless, that by ridiculous, uncouth, and provoking methods the spirit-rapper blundered, so to speak, into a vast realm of obscure yet undeniable phenomena, where psychic research has laid bare operations and processes altogether strange to official biology. Man was recognized as living at once in two worlds — the world of matter analyzed by chemistry and the world of spirit transcending matter, shaping it to ends which neither chemist nor phys-

icist could grasp. The story of our kind was not, therefore, a by-product of atoms at play among themselves, but a chapter in the Book of Life which is wide as the universe. Atoms and ether do not by combination produce that real thing named by us the soul. On the contrary, it is the spirit — Mind and Will, existing from before all ages — that employs atoms and ether as its instruments, the vehicles of its message to other spirits, by laws which it has framed itself. Spiritualism was a rebellion against death, as physical science conceived of it. The rebels have won. Personality, miracles, foreknowledge, action of mind at a distance, faith-healing, — 'science' has been compelled to admit all these things and more also; — a life outside earthly conditions has been revealed, justifying religion, which would not give up believing in it during the heyday of agnostic incredulity.

Spiritualism, then, has stumbled upon facts by crude experiments. But it has not dealt, as a popular religion, with 'problems of space and time, of knowing and being, of evil and good, of will and law.' It makes no attempt to be a theology. It is, like the American genius that gave it birth, something practical, without literary culture, or a sense of art, or metaphysical subtlety, or any very deep elements of worship. The fact to which it bears witness, we may say in the language of William James, is this, that 'the conscious person is continuous with a wider self through which saving experiences come'; but also, we must add, experiences the reverse of saving.

These dark regions of the sky, modern America passes over rapidly; and in Christian Science it has invented a system that positively denies them. The wheel has come full circle from its old Puritan standpoint. Universal optimism finds a prophet and a poet of genu-

ine fervor in Walt Whitman, who proclaimed that the religion of Americans is America, that the common life is the best life, that 'there is no imperfection in the present, and can be none in the future.' To him, 'Men and women, life and death, and all things, are divinely good.'

'The religion of Americans is America.' For the millions who never darken the door of a church there seems to be no other. Movements of reform, so widespread as to embrace the Continent, proceed on a determination not to rest until the evils that they combat are banished from the United States, which ought to be the world's Holy Land. The so-called New Thought is American by origin, deliberately suppresses reference to evil, and instead of the Lord's Prayer says, 'Youth, health, vigor,' at break of day. Such 'concrete therapeutics' are natural to a young and self-confident people, whose principle has been pithily summed up by R. W. Trine: 'One need remain in hell no longer than one chooses.' Mindcure is American; Mrs. Eddy could have flourished nowhere else than among a people who adore financial success and suffer from chronic indigestion. All these varieties of religious experience may be resolved into Pantheism; but they derive their language and not a little of their power from Emerson, who was a New Englander to the core. American ideals furnish to all such evangelists an object and an inspiration. They have none of them been transplanted from the Old World or the Christian Gospels.

Let me bind these divers threads together. Americans once believed with shuddering in man's total depravity, from which only the small number of the elect were redeemed. They now believe that man is by nature good, by destiny perfect, and quite capable of saving himself. But in a sort of 'ideal

America' they recognize the motive power of this more humane life toward which they ought ceaselessly to be tending. The Commonwealth is their goal, business their way to heaven, progress their duty, free competition their method. Mystery, obedience, self-denial are repugnant to them. But they admire self-discipline when it rejects what is beneath man's dignity, or, in deference to a fine idea, practices temperance. They are a breed of heroes rather than ascetics; Western not Eastern; not contemplatives, nor cloistered, nor exactly humble in their thoughts before God or man. If there is to be election, they are the elect: in any case leaders of a New Israel to the Land of Promise. For, as Whitman sings, 'Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God' — meaning the average American of these States. Whitman is very bold.

However, when the true democracy dawns, it will acknowledge the 'essential sacredness of every one,' or, as was said of old, that we are all God's children. And so we shall be not an average but a comradeship. In very rude or even brutal forms of association this divine germ may be perceived under heaps of dross. When Emerson cultivates it, the name is friendship and the atmosphere love. Nothing more severe has been charged upon Puritanism than that it made a religion of hatred. Those who left its precincts to become Unitarians or Universalists founded their new beliefs on kindness, which they judged to be the Highest Law. Herein they were eminently American and democratic. I am saying no word in support of the doctrines at which they arrived as religious teachers. But this Law of Kindness it certainly was that gave its death-blow to the Puritan theology.

In like manner the American insists on freedom, and his marching song of

the Republic declares, not less truly than passionately, that it is worth dying for. But this freedom can be no other than the individual's choice to live a moral, an heroic life. He has broken out of the cast-iron system that made him a marionette pulled by strings of predestination. He is progressive because he is free. He will build up, as I said, and not be thrust onwards blindly into the New Jerusalem. Civilization becomes an enterprise, and the future an object, to this adventurer, simply for the reason that he can create them as he will. The Divine Power is his Friend, not his Fate; and his belief in human nature as something of intrinsic value, to be made perfect hereafter, is the free acceptance of a Divine Idea which it is man's duty to realize. Thus civilization and Religion are but different facets of the same glory.

With pure metaphysical speculation the American does not concern himself. He is more English than the Englishman by his inability to feel an interest in problems which the Greek or the German philosopher spent his life in brooding over. At length a name has been found for this deliberate suppression of metaphysics; and the late William James taught us to call it Pragmatism. On such a showing, Religion must produce the evidence not only of facts, but of new and peculiar facts, — of a cosmic order beyond the reach of physical science, but experienced, and not merely inferred. Faith and prayer, mind-cure and the phenomena of spiritualism, the 'subliminal self,' — what is the explanation of our interest in all this but that we cannot live by physics or metaphysics alone? that the spirit demands its own world, peopled by conscious beings with whom it may hold communion? At certain points the invisible realm of spirits touches ours, pouring into it the energy

from which proceed revelations, miracles of healing, inspirations to follow the dictates of holiness laid down in the Gospels by Jesus. Life rather than thought, action far more than theory, is the word for Americans. And whereas the Pilgrim Fathers divided heaven from earth by a gulf which death alone could pass, their descendants are learning in ways most unexpected that we attain to life everlasting by the Communion of Saints. The earthly and the heavenly Commonwealths make up together the American ideal.

So it seems to me, my dear Father, as I view, not without good-will, the strange story of religious development which has reversed the principles of Puritan theocracy and rejected its leading doctrines. Often, indeed, it has gone to the other extreme. To be 'moonstruck with optimism' I cannot reckon sound philosophy. But, if there is a world beyond the reaches of earth-bound sense, its action, miraculous and illuminating, was surely not confined to Israel or the period of the New Testament. Religion is present fact as well as past history. The Communion of Saints either did not exist at any time, or it exists now. All that was ever in the Church must be with us under living forms at this moment, not in the shape of abstract ideas, but of objects, institutions, personalities, accessible to our prayers and answering them by the gift of powers not to be gained otherwise. The supernatural order, in short, is a universe and we are in it, not isolated or left to ourselves as lonely souls astray in the midst of a godless machinery. Those powers do overcome the world; they reveal here and now in every man who will look within, a vital force, a consciousness, on which time, space, and material conditions have only a limited influence. And here is our freedom; for 'where is the spirit, there is liberty.'

Our name for the Communion of Saints, as I need not remind you, my dear Father, is the Catholic Church. We have always held that in its three stages, militant, suffering, triumphant, it is united by prayer of invocation and intercession, by graces asked and given, by the Holy Sacrifice. We never would allow, even in fallen man, total depravity of will or intellect. We have in our Religious Orders that scheme of a perfect life which Mount Lebanon has attempted, and which the Socialist cannot achieve. Dreams outside Catholicism become realities within it. And when the uninstructed crowd makes objection to it, from the distance of Puritan prejudice, scientific conceit, or spiritualist reverie, I would answer in the words of Hawthorne,

‘The great Church smiles calmly upon its critics, and for all response says, “Look at me!” and if you still murmur for the loss of your shadowy perspective, there comes no reply save “Look at me!” in endless repetition, as the one thing to be said. And after looking many times, with long intervals between, you discover that the cathedral has gradually extended itself over the whole compass of your idea; it covers all the site of your visionary temple, and has room for its cloudy pinnacles beneath the dome.’

Such, my dear Father, is the homage of New England to the old religion, as its pilgrim and finest representative in literature stands before St. Peter’s shrine. Is it not a prophecy of things to be?

EMOTION AND ETYMOLOGY

BY YOSHIO MARKINO

IN Japan we call *words* ‘Kotoba’ or ‘Koto-no-Ha.’ Its literal meaning is, the leaves of Idea. Indeed, our idea is like the trunk of tree, while the words are like the leaves. As the botanist judges what tree it is by seeing its leaves, so we judge what idea one has by hearing the words.

There are great differences between the richness and poorness of words in the different countries. Japan is certainly richer in her words than England. Just for an example, we have more than nine words for the word ‘I.’ The Emperor alone calls himself ‘Chin,’ and all his subjects call themselves ‘Watakushi,’ ‘Washi,’ ‘Ore,’

‘Boku,’ ‘Sessha,’ ‘Soregashi,’ ‘Ware,’ ‘Yo,’ etcetera, according to the circumstances. The second or third person changes as much as the first person, ‘I,’ and all the verbs accordingly. When I started to learn the English, first time, I asked my American teacher, ‘What shall I call myself before the Emperor?’ He said, ‘I.’

‘Then what shall I say before my parents?’—‘I.’

‘What shall I say before my men friends? And before my women friends?’—‘I.’

I was quite astonished and said, ‘How simple, but how rude is the English language!’

However, to-day I am living in England and using only the English language to express my ideas, and I do not find her poverty of words even though the stock of the English vocabularies in my head is much poorer than the English people's. And why? Because I can put my own feeling in them. I think words are just like pictures. If you draw a line without any idea, it is no more than a simple line, but if you draw a line with the feeling of tree, it will look like tree, and if you draw it with the feeling of water, it will look like water. With our own emotion, we can make that single word, 'I,' into modestness, haughtiness, or anything.

Then the resource of conveying our emotion to each other does not depend upon the wealth of words only. It is our imagination and our sympathy which communicates our emotion. The more sympathy we have to each other, the less important are our words.

We have a saying in Japan, 'Lovers always talk nonsense.' Indeed their conversation must sound nonsensical to the third person, but, don't you know, they are communicating emotions to unmeasurable extent between themselves? It is not always necessary to be in the sexual love, but the fraternal or paternal love often conveys its deep emotion with some poor words, or even with quite wrong words.

When I was in Japan, I had a boy friend called Junji Nonoyama. My brother took us both to the nearest large town, called Nagoya. We came back by foot in midnight. It was raining hard. We arrived at Junji's house. Junji knocked the door. His sister came to the door and said, 'Why have you not stayed in a hotel instead of coming back so late in such a dreadful night?'

Junji said, 'Oh, because it is so wet and so late.'

His sister welcomed him, saying, 'I see, I see, I quite understand you.'

After we left there my brother said, 'What has she seen in Junji's argument? It is most illogical to say he has come back because it is wet and late!'

I said, 'Ah, but it was their delightful fraternal love which they understood each other. His sister must have appreciated Junji's devotion toward her.'

I was in my early teens then, but since this incident I began to wonder that where there is sympathy there must be some emotion communicating to each other deeply, quite apart from their words. There is another example. When I was seven or eight, my aunt came to my house. She had four daughters. She was talking with my sister about her second daughter. But all through her conversation she was calling the second daughter by the name of the third daughter. My sister, too, was talking in the same way. After my aunt had gone I told my sister how they were mistaken about the girl's name. She was quite amazed, as if she was awakened for the first time then.

When the people become the slaves of emotion, they often commit accidental comedy. One of my father's friends married a woman who looked like the Japanese toy tigers. The villagers nicknamed her, 'Toy-tiger wife.' But of course no friend would dare say that to her or her husband. One day, some friend visited on them, and the husband and that friend began the game of 'go' (a Japanese draughts, far more complicated than that of English). The 'go' players were getting more and more excited, and the friend became almost unconscious of his surrounding. Each time when he played, he shouted, 'Here is the toy-tiger wife!' And the husband joined him: 'Now let me see the toy-tiger wife!'

'Don't you see the toy-tiger wife?'

'Oh, you toy-tiger wife.'

'Now then, what will you do with your toy-tiger wife?'

'Better get rid of this toy-tiger wife.'

All the time the wife was listening to this in the next room. When the game was over, the wife came out and jilted the husband. There was a great trouble. However, all those incidents which I have given above were between the friends or families. But suppose you are among your enemies! The matter differs a great deal.

Here comes in the necessity of the right words and good rhetoric. Even your most thoughtful words often bring you an unexpected result. For the emotion has life, while the words are dead things and very often you cannot represent the living emotion with the dead words, and your enemies are always watching to take advantage.

Once upon a time, there was a very loyal and truthful subject in China. All the other officers in the Court were jealous of him, and accused him to the Emperor as a traitor. The Emperor believed that accusation and banished him to the boundary of the country.

Afterwards the Emperor began to recollect his goodness and summoned him to take the former position. He was overcome with the happy emotion, and sent a poetry to the Emperor:

The straight root reaches to the ninth spring beneath the earth,
And it has no curve whatever.
No one knows it in this world except the Dragon
in the ground.

The poor man meant that he is always straight and righteous even where nobody can see. Only the Emperor who has power in heaven as well as in earth can see it. But the surrounding officers of the Emperor took it as a great insult to him. 'For,' they said, 'the dragon in the ground must have meant the death of the Emperor.' So they executed him into death.

In Japan, Yoritomo, the first Shogun, had a hunting near Fuji mountain. There was a rumor that he was assassinated.

His wife was much grieved with this rumor. Noriyori, the younger brother of the Shogun, said, 'Be in ease, for here am I, Noriyori.' It was merely his sympathetic emotion toward his sister-in-law. But the Shogun took it as a rebellious word and demanded him to commit harakiri.

In Japan or in China, there have been innumerable disasters through the insufficient words for the emotion, which fell into the enemy's hands. Therefore our first lesson for the children is to be careful of our words. Some three thousand years ago, there was a boy King called Sei, in China. His uncle Shuko was Regent for him. One day this boy King cut a leaf of the tree into the shape of 'kei' (the sign to appoint a mayor). He gave it to his boy friend and playfully said, 'I shall appoint you as a governor.' Shuko bowed down before his young nephew King and asked in most cordial way, 'In what state will your Majesty appoint this subject as the governor?' The boy King said, 'I was only joking.' Whereupon Shuko said, 'The King shall have no vain word whatever,' and he made the King obliged to make that boy into a governor of some state. Shuko threatened the boy King and made him into a machine. Poor boy King! He could freely express his emotion no more. He must have lessened all his pleasure in this world.

If such is the life of a king, it is worse to be a king than to be a prisoner. However, that description of Shuko's has been worshiped by some Japanese and Chinese. There are quite many people who are over-cautious even when they are among their most sympathetic friends. They are frightened to utter a single word in fear that 'it might make the listeners misunderstand.' These people are evidently trying to make the world deadly dull. It is all through their lack of sense and

wisdom as well as sympathy, and I simply get sick of them!

On the other hand, look at the law courts of to-day. Some solicitors, especially young, inexperienced ones, often play upon the words unnecessarily. They leave the main fact far behind and go on fighting with words. Thus they spend the precious time and money in vain. And after going round and round with words they only have to come back to the main point at the end. Of course, there are too many awful liars in this world, and, to some certain degree, the fighting of words may be necessary to find out the truth. But the real resource to find out the truth must be by one's wisdom and sympathy, not by unnecessary and insincere words. By saying 'sympathy' I do not mean to agree foolishly with the false statement. I mean sympathy combined with wisdom to judge one's real feeling.

Here I am using the two words 'sympathy' and 'wisdom,' for which I feel I need to give you the explanation with an example. Suppose there is a man who has never tasted champagne and you want to convince him what is champagne, you shall have to describe the taste of champagne with other things which he has already tasted. If his mental power is strong, he may be able to imagine something as near to champagne as possible. But surely he shall not know exactly what champagne is until he puts the champagne in his mouth and tastes it. On the other hand, suppose one has already tasted champagne. You need no explanation at all. If you say only 'champagne' he would make a glad eye upon you and reply, 'Oh, yes!' The words between you and him are simple, but the emotion will communicate each other quite fully. Now, 'wisdom' is that power to understand what is champagne *after tasting it*, and 'sympathy' is that power to imagine what champagne is by

listening to your description. Therefore if one has neither 'wisdom' nor 'sympathy' he is no more than a dead stone; the case is absolutely hopeless for you to convince anything to him.

And also there are many people who have already tasted champagne, yet when you describe champagne, they try to ignore everything. These people are what I call 'insincere' or 'awful liars,' and you often find them among the very poor lawyers. We must get rid of them.

As I said before, words are the leaves of the trunk called Idea, and our urgent duty is to find out what kind of tree it is. Even if there is a deformed, imperfect leaf, the genuine botanist can tell what tree it is. So the genuine people ought to be able to find out one's true idea with his imperfect words.

Hitherto I have been discussing how to find out the third person's emotion and idea by their words, especially in the case where the third person is very poor in rhetoric. Now let me talk how we ourselves should express our feeling with our words.

It is just like to lift up things with your hand. Suppose there is a chair. If you get hold of the end of one of its feet, you may not be able to lift it up, though you use all your strength. But if you find out the centre of gravity, you can lift it up quite easily with your one finger. So with our feelings. If you don't know which part of your feeling you should pick up in your words you would never be able to communicate your feeling to the other. The more words you use, the more you get into muddle! It is exactly same thing as you get hold of the wrong part of the chair. As you need to find out the centre of gravity to lift up the chair, so you need to find out the important pitch or gist to express your feelings.

Perhaps one or two words may be sufficient to express your whole feelings

in that way. By saying this, I do not mean to ignore the beautiful rhetoric with abundant words.

On the summer day, when the trees are covered with abundant beautiful leaves, we are delighted to look at them. So with our words. If every word of ours is quite sincere to our emotion, the richer is our vocabulary, the more we can win the hearts. The ancient Chinese Odes are the best examples to prove this. Confucius said to his scholars, 'Read the Odes, for they give you the lessons of the human emotion as well as the vocabularies.' It is my habit to read them before I go to bed almost every night, and their sincere emotion, expressed by rich vocabularies, soothes my weary mind, which is so often worn-out in this troublesome world. I can only express my feeling with one of the Odes itself: 'I always think of those ancient people in order to lessen my own burdens.' Let us hope that we may some day express our own emotions as the Odes have done. However, the human natures are not always so beautiful as the trees, which are always natural to their nature. It is often that some people have too much superfluous words which only kill their real emotions, and sometimes they have quite false words. By the way, have you ever seen the trees get any false leaves? Ah, how far inferior are those people than the trees! If one should have too much superfluous words or false words I would prefer that he would be rather imperfect in his words. This is the main reason why there are many girls who love the foreigners more than their own countrymen. For when the foreigners cannot master the different languages, their imperfect words sound very innocent and that attracts the girls' hearts very much. But beware, girls! You may find them out quite humbug when they begin to speak your words perfectly.

Now about the superfluosness of words, I have something to say. There is some difference between the public speech and private conversation. Just the right words for the public speech may become too much superfluous for the private conversation. Too much exciting gesture and too many emphasized words are absolutely unnecessary to convey our emotion among a few people. You would not shoot partridges with the twelve-inch gun, would you? In Japan we call those manners *vulgar*, and surely they are either insincere persons or fools. Fortunately most English people have no faults of such bad manners. But I have noticed that too often among the Continental people. They are simply disgusting. The best resource of friend-making is to express our emotion in proper way; and to express our emotion, we need to study the rhetoric and elocution, but above all these knowledges we most urgently need our sincerity and sympathy. And nothing could be nobler than to be natural to our own natures.

Just while I was writing this chapter I received a cutting from some English paper published in Japan. It was such a good example to prove my logic, therefore I quote it here.¹

'... by Mr. Yoshio "Markino," a gentleman who does not seem to know how to spell his own name, and whose contributions to English journals and periodicals written in a pidgin-English which is supposed to be "quaint" are becoming somewhat wearisome... The style is a pose, for it is difficult to believe that Mr. Markino cannot write more accurate English after his long residence in America and England, and the constant use of the language not

¹ In this article the writer has attacked my article about the late Mikado which appeared in the *Daily Mail*. As this chapter is exclusively devoted to the Emotion and Etymology only, I shall give my explanation about this attack elsewhere if needed. — THE AUTHOR.

only in every-day life, but in literary work The real fact is that Mr. Markino finds that the English public or the periodicals like these essays in broken English, and he supplies them with what they want.'

Readers, notice what this writer declares definitely: *The real fact is that Mr. Markino is so and so.* How does he know my inner heart? And how dare he declare it in such a decided way? The real fact is just reverse. I am not a slave of either the publishers or public. You may realize what I really mean if you see my paintings. There has been loud cry among the publishers and public that I should not paint any other way than the Japanese style. From the business point of view, I would get ten times better result only if I 'posed' and painted Japanese style. But I cannot do so. I am doing just what I am really feeling. So with my writing. It is merely unexpected coincidence that the English public like my own English. But suppose the English public hate my writing, do I change my style? No, never! In fact, there are some among my most intimate English friends who love me, but hate my English. One of them told me the other day that he would correct my writings into the pure English if I could n't write better, for the sake to avoid that ugliness. But I refused. Now let me tell you whether I am 'posing' or not.

There is some great reason why my English is not progressing quick enough — quite apart from my stupidity on the language. It is true that I have been in America and England long enough to speak English perfectly. But, first of all, remember that I am an artist, and I have not had the chances enough of 'the constant use of the language in every-day life' as that writer imagines. For instance, while I was staying at a lodging-house in Ox-

ford, to illustrate a book, I used to go out to find out the subjects, and then paint them in my room. My landlady used to bring my meals to my room, and I only nodded my head to her. Only the place where I might have had a chance to talk was a tobacco-shop where I used to buy the tobacco every day. But in three or four days' time, my tobacconist began to know what tobacco I wanted. No sooner I entered into his shop than he took out a package of my tobacco and handed it to me. I left the money on the counter and came out with this single word, 'Good-day!' After three months I finished my works there and came back to London. At Paddington Station a few friends were waiting me on the platform. I talked with them about five minutes and my jaws were too tired to talk any more. More or less in the same way I have spent all my life in England until quite recently. Beside this fact, as I have so often said, I hate reading book. Who could expect me to improve my English, then? Fancy, the writer accuses me that I 'pose.' 'Pose' for what? Suppose if that writer were the Chinese Emperor and I the poet, he would kill me. Suppose if he were the Shogun Yoritomo and I his brother, he would demand me to do harakiri!

The writer so foolishly says, 'a gentleman who does not seem to know how to spell his own name.' I suppose he expects me to spell my name Makino, after the rule of 'the Roman spelling association' which is existing among the foreigners in Japan, and some Japanese who are in contact with them. Poor man! I dare say that 'Roman spelling' rule may be useful for the foreigners in Japan as long as they cannot write the real Japanese characters. By the way, most foreigners in Japan cannot write Japanese characters, though they are staying

there longer than I in England, therefore they use that Roman spelling rule to write Japanese. Only I don't sneer at them and say they 'pose.' But do you ever expect all the nations in the world would follow after that rule? I hope you are a little wiser to keep on your own common sense!

For instance, look at Esperanto! Its own idea is most splendid. But what is the use to learn the Esperanto for one's self as long as the whole world would not learn it? I sincerely advise you that you need to learn those practical languages more urgently. If you learned French you would have a great convenience in France, and if you learned German you would have a great convenience in Germany. But where can you get much convenience by learning the Esperanto except with those small numbers of people who have learned it? This world has many languages already, and the Esperanto speakers have added one more new language to the world instead of reducing many languages into one. I must tell you that the Roman spelling in Japan is far more limited and far more local than the Esperanto. The Great Britain has forty-five or forty-six millions population and still larger numbers in her colonies, and how many of them have been in Japan? And among those comparatively smallest number who were in Japan, how many understand the Roman spelling, which is so inconvenient that neither English nor Japanese can read without studying? And it is also so imperfect that many Japanese words are impossible to be spelled in its way.

I am not surprised if there are not quite one hundred people in this country who can read the Roman spelling. Could I possibly be such a fool to spell my name for the sake of a very few people and give a great inconvenience to so many millions people, as well as to

myself? To tell you the truth, I used to spell my name Makino when I arrived to England. Once I went to a bootshop in Knightsbridge and bought a pair of boots. The shopman said he would send them to my lodging in Milner Street on the same day. I waited two days. No boots came to me. I went to the shop again and inquired about them. The shopman said, 'We have delivered them to your address on the same day, but a housemaid said to our deliverer that there was not a gentleman called Mr. Mayking. Here are the undelivered boots for you, sir.'

Another time some stranger was calling me, 'Mr. May-kino, Mr. Maykino.' I did not answer him because it sounded so different from my real name, and I thought he was calling somebody else. Every time when I met with strangers, I had to explain them that my name was not May-kino. And at last I have invented a new spelling of my name as *Markino*. Since then, everybody calls my name as nearest to the Japanese pronunciation as possible, and I have had no more trouble. So you see, I am spelling my name for the practical purpose of my daily life in England.

It is not only about the spelling of my name that the third-class brains are playing fool upon. They are always sticking to their own poor logic and giving all sorts of trouble about trifle matters on our daily busy life. Here is a Japanese proverb for such a person like that writer: 'There is no medicine to cure such a fool as you.'

In England there are more serious and more sincere reviewers than that writer, and they often ask me, 'Some parts of your books are written with better English than the other parts. Are you really not posing sometimes?'

For this question I have a very sincere answer. I must confess you that I have a friend who is always looking

after my writings. She would not correct my own English. But I asked her that when I talk about my philosophy or anything which I really mean very serious, I do not want the reader to laugh over my imperfect English, therefore she should correct them into better English. At first, she shook her head and refused to do so, saying it would be 'pity.' At last she has consented to do it. That is why those serious articles of mine are always in better English; and about other lighter articles, she passes them as they are. Then I have a handicap with the printers. They make my 'to' into 'so' and 'is' into 'as,' etcetera. It seems to me they make more mistakes with my writing than that of English writers. One of the staff of my publishers told me that it could not be helped. Because when the English writers write books, the printers know they should be correct English, therefore the printers arrange the 'types' with their sense. But when they print my writing they don't know what words will come next. Therefore even when they made a mistake themselves, they might think it was my mistake, and the publishers had no control over that matter.

Here let me add that even my lady collaborator often gets into the same 'muddle' with the printers when she corrects the proofs of my manuscripts; and once I touched the proofs myself after she passed them. My publishers were furious, and said to me, 'Whatever for have you made such a mess on the proofs? The printers were grumbling very much.' I said 'Amen' in my desperation.

However, my English will never become the English English. Why? Because I am my father's son, after all. My father was a great scholar of the ancient Chinese classics. He used to lecture those classics to his young pupils all day long, and even in his leisure

time he used to sing out the ancient Chinese poetries in the gardens or in the rooms, whenever he felt the emotion in his heart, and I used to listen to him since I was in cradle. Even when I was such a little baby and could not understand what that meant, I used to imitate his recitation, and no sooner I began to pick up the meaning of words, than he has taught me all the ancient Chinese literatures. Naturally to express my emotion in the way of the ancient Chinese rhetoric has become my own instinct. As such has been my case, I am afraid that I may be one-sided, but I cannot help thinking even the quite fair-minded critic would choose the ancient Chinese literature as the highest in the world.

When I was a little boy, I used to swallow the Chinese words in whole, and they came out exactly as they were when I expressed my emotion. To-day my mind is fully grown-up and has the power to digest them. I mean I do not mock after the Chinese literature. The style of my writing is entirely my own, but it is fact that I get all the nourishments from the Chinese literature. Since I came to England I have learned the English vocabulary and idioms. But I can never satisfy myself to follow after the English colloquial. I feel I cannot convey my own emotion enough to you by doing in that way; I could not be more than a parrot then. Therefore, I construct my sentences in my own way, then I fill them up with the English words which I know. I believe this is the only resource to express my emotion truthfully, and I have faith in it. At the present stage, I know my writing is very imperfect, but I have a great confidence to succeed to establish my own new style. Here is a Japanese saying for those impatient people: 'Wait until I finish up my work and don't criticize while it is half done.'

THE LATE RETURN

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

His eyes reflect the blue of seas
That circle coasts remote and lone;
His lips are salt with spray from these;
His tempered voice betrays the tone
Of alien tongues; and in his ears
Insistent cadences he hears
Of alien creeds now made his own.

Pale stars have met above his head
To plot his peace; and they have driven
The hostile comet, vengeance-bred,
Staggering, spent, across the heaven.
Then, knowing what the days prepare,
They lift their lights in patience where
Familiar valleys wait his tread.

Star-led, he loiters toward his dream,
Though weary of the dream, until
At last he sees fair hills that seem
To rim his village, and his will
Grows unto her who lingers there,
Where silent sun and kindly air
Brood on the bower by the stream.

He bows his head beside the door
And speaks in accents of his youth:
'O love, whom I would cherish more
Than youth could cherish! all my truth
Comes home to thee. Forget the years,
The sad novitiate of tears;
Accept, at last, my tardy ruth.

'I bring thee peace and not alarm;
I lose the world for thee. Be thou

THE LATE RETURN

Set as a seal upon my arm,
Bound for a frontlet on my brow,
My sign of faith, my shield to save,
My amulet against the grave.
Lo, thou hast loved, but I love now!’

He lifts his eyes to meet her face,
Her sad brown eyes, her wistful cheek,
For which his hunger grows apace,
Which he has crossed those hills to seek.
No vision rises to assuage;
The thrush has pined within its cage,
The hearth is cold, and void the place.

From some dim corner far within
A sudden answer rises shrill,
And peering through her elf-locks thin
An aged crone leans o’er the sill.
‘You seek,’ she croaks, ‘a bird that’s fled.
Her flowers rot, her thrush is dead.
Here is no treasure you can win.

‘She loved, for years, a worthless wight
Who fled long since this quiet spot.
She wept by day, she watched by night;
She wove her shroud and faltered not.
One day the lightning shattered through
The loom on which the garment grew.
“Not death but life, then, is my lot,”

‘I heard her murmur. She has sped
Beyond these hills in search of life.
Mayhap she has found death instead;
Perchance she is a happy wife.
I know and reck not of her fate.
I starve and shiver here, and wait
But to be gathered to the dead.’

‘She loved him ever? Tell me this.’
The old crone answered, ‘Stark awake,
At night, she cried out for his kiss.

I heard her weeping. Curses take
 The man who robbed me, first, of rest,
 And then of her who served me best!
 She closed the casement as she spake.

The little hills that rim his home,
 How high they seem! for he has turned
 To cross them, unappeased, and roam
 Adrift from stars that erstwhile burned
 Above the place he fancied hers.
 There is no prophet wind that stirs
 To tell him whither she has come.

The little stars that serve the moon,
 They weep for silence they must keep:
 They may not bring him, late or soon,
 To share her waking or her sleep.
 'Yet God will intervene,' they say;
 'Earth narrows for them, day by day.
 Who soweth love, he love shall reap.'

TWO OF THE NEWEST POETS

BY ROBERT SHAFER

WHEN, a few weeks ago, I picked up a copy of *Fires* at my bookseller's, I said something to myself which all the reviewers have not hesitated to say in public. I sighed as I reflected that decadence was once more dead and buried.

Of course, decadence has been publicly buried in the dust of forgotten vagaries every time during the past two or three years that another poem by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson or Mr. John Masefield has appeared; and we

are all properly joyful at the funerals. But, after all, the new poetic dispensation is probably a mixed blessing, and certainly there have been some few estimable people who have decried this fresh outburst of virility and rude strength. Those who have come to love phrases in themselves, those who have lived and dreamed in an atmosphere of winged and scintillant words, who have become craftsmen, or, in the real sense of the term, *artists* in literature, cannot but feel a half sad regret at

this latest development of English poetry. How different it is from some of that delicately tinted enamel-work produced by a few men, and at least one woman, in the nineties.

I read a little poem of Michael Field's to a friend some time ago:—

I dance and dance! Another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels his feet directly shift:
I can't outdance him though I try;
He dances nimbler than I.
I toss my head, and so does he;
What tricks he dares to play on me!
I touch the ivy in my hair;
Ivy he has and finger there.
The spiteful thing to mock me so!
I will outdance him! Ho, ho, ho!

And then one by Mr. Arthur Symons:

The charm of rouge on fragile cheeks,
Pearl-powder, and, about the eyes,
The dark and lustrous Eastern dyes;
The floating odor that bespeaks
A scented boudoir and the doubtful night
Of alcoves curtained close against the light.

Gracile and creamy-white and rose,
Complexioned like the flower of dawn,
Her fleeting colors are as those
That, from an April sky withdrawn,
Faded in a fragrant mist of tears away
When weeping noon leads on the altered day.

My friend is very 'modern' and he likes his poetry to 'prove something,' but he could not help acknowledging the sheer beauty of these exquisitely worked-out pastels, conceived though they were in the days when decadence was in flower and dilettantes were bold. He was forced to admit that in all the qualities of mere workmanship this poetry of the nineties was immeasurably superior to anything and everything in, for example, *The Everlasting Mercy*; and yet he, a young poet of no inconsiderable talent himself, preferred the latter poem! And I think he was right, at least right to a considerable extent. Still, consider the brutal ugliness of this passage from *The Everlasting Mercy*, in which Saul Kane tells

something of the fight between himself and Billy Myers, the poacher:—

From the beginning of the bout
My luck was gone, my hand was out.
Right from the start Bill called the play,
But I was quick and kept away
Till the fourth round, when work got mixed,
And then I knew Bill had me fixed.
My hand was out, why, Heaven knows;
Bill punched me when and where he chose.
Through two more rounds we quartered wide,
And all the time my hands seemed tied;
Bill punched me when and where he pleased.
The cheering from my backers eased,
But every punch I heard a yell
Of 'That's the style, Bill, give him hell.'
No one for me, but Jimmy's light
'Straight left! Straight left!' and 'Watch his
right.'

This clumsiness of technique, these uncouth, wretched lines, this rude, colloquial speech, we are hailing with pleasure as the first evidence of really modern English poetry. Mr. Masfield's chief offense against conventionality lies in the realistic speech he employs. While Mr. Gibson's language is simple to the point of baldness, it is not colloquial — his chief offenses are metrical, his verse is irregular to the point of anarchy. Into this question of technique we need scarcely go; and besides, the reviewers and academic critics have already said concerning it the few obvious things that reviewers and academic critics are always able to say. No one is holding up this poetry as exactly a model of beauty, and it seems clear that it is to be regarded simply as a series of experiments, the groping footsteps of a fresh and novel movement that is yet but in its infancy. The important thing, and, I am sure, the thing which has made this poetry so amazingly popular, is the spirit which is behind it and in it, and which has caused it to be brought forth. Beyond considering technical faults in verse, the academic critics have not deigned to notice Mr. Masfield or Mr. Gibson, and for this there is sufficient reason.

A search for the spirit and meaning of poetry would be quite beyond the province of the professors of literature — that peculiar province of theirs of which no one envies them the possession.

After the passing of the 'great figures' of the Victorian era, a number of slighter, if more companionable, beings filled the English stage, such as it was, in the nineties — some of them to the pious horror of the middle classes and the journalists of the lower classes. These younger poets were sooner or later divided into some six or seven then already faintly discernible groups. Several groups emerged from that company of enthusiastic young men who were accustomed to gather together at the Cheshire Cheese and discuss their poetry over mugs of ale and long clay pipes, and who styled themselves the Rhymers' Club.

In their number was Mr. W. B. Yeats, who was later to become the most conspicuous member of that vital and highly interesting movement which we now call the Irish Renaissance. There, too, was Lionel Johnson, fastidious, learned, and somewhat aloof in his nature, who also allied himself with the Irish movement. Ernest Dowson and Mr. Arthur Symonds, writing verse of a peculiarly French character, and with temperaments distinctly more Gallic than Anglo-Saxon, were among the Rhymers, forming already a group that was clearly and precisely marked off, and not the less important for its smallness.

Writing at the same time was Michael Field, obviously following the graceful models of later Hellenic literature. Closely allied to her work is that of Mr. T. Sturge Moore, art critic and Greek idyllist of our own day. Clearly Tennysonian, however, was the verse of Mr. Robert Bridges, and later of Mr. Alfred Noyes; while that of Mr. Wil-

liam Watson, has been rather Wordsworthian in character. Francis Thompson was plainly distinct from these, and in the rich decoration and involution of his poetry seemed to indicate a modified return to the Elizabethan spirit. He has been somewhat unworthily followed by Mr. Darrell Figgis. The note of manliness and virility was sounded most loudly by W. E. Henley, and most clearly by John Davidson, in this supposedly decadent age. Simple poetry about country folk of the lower classes has been written, most exquisitely by Professor A. E. Housman, and with less success by Mr. Thomas Hardy.

It is upon some such immediate background as this hastily sketched one that we must view the work of Mr. Masfield and the later work of Mr. Gibson. The question straightway arises, however, as to whether this is a real background, and the better one knows *The Everlasting Mercy* and *Dauber*, *Daily Bread* and *Fires*, the more insistent does this question become.

At first I fancied that some resemblances could be pointed out between Mr. Hardy's Wessex poetry and Mr. Housman's *Shropshire Lad* and this new poetry. Resemblances there are, of course, but they proved delusive. They are of the superficial kind that usually suffice for the academic grouping of 'schools' and the tracing of 'origins' and 'sources,' but the real meanings underlying the two are essentially different.

I afterwards thought that some connection might be shown between the virility of Davidson's work and that of the latest poetry, for virility is, at first sight, the most evident characteristic of Mr. Masfield's verse. But note how contradictory the two conceptions really are. Davidson was all for the established order, and the keynote to his position is to be found in

that most excellent monologue of his, 'Thirty Bob a Week.' One must be a man in spite of things as they are, and the way of doing it lies just in

The power of some to be a boss,
And the bally power of others to be bossed.

One must still 'be a man,' the newest poets are assuring us, but the consummation will come in an entirely different way, not through 'brave and meek' acquiescence, but only by heretical efforts at *changing* the established order. Says Saul Kane to the Parson in *The Everlasting Mercy*, —

The English Church both is and was
A subsidy of Caiaphas.
I don't believe in Prayer nor Bible,
They're lies all through, and you're a libel,
A libel on the Devil's plan
When first he miscreated man.
You mumble through a formal code
To get which martyrs burned and glowed.
I look on martyrs as mistakes,
But still they burned for it at stakes;
Your only fire's the jolly fire
Where you can guzzle port with Squire,
And back and praise his damned opinions
About his temporal dominions.
You let him give the man who digs
A filthy hut unfit for pigs,
Without a well, without a drain,
With mossy thatch that lets in rain,
Without a 'lotment, 'less he rent it,
And never meat, unless he scent it,
But weekly doles of 'leven shilling
To make a grown man strong and willing,
To do the hardest work on earth
And feed his wife when she gives birth,
And feed his little children's bones.
I tell you, man, the Devil groans.
With all your main and all your might
You back what is against what's right.

Could any cart-tail orator of the socialist persuasion have spoken more effectively about the existing abuses of landlordism?

But there is more than incidental socialism here; behind it all there is that surging, insistent 'life-song of humanity' which our own Walt Whitman sang so well, whether or not he sang it in poetry.

All life moving to one measure —
Daily bread, daily bread —
Bread of life, and bread of labor,
Bread of bitterness and sorrow,
Hand-to-mouth, and no to-morrow,
Dearth for housemate, death for neighbor.

'Yet, when all the babes are fed,
Love, are there not crumbs to treasure?'

There is the keynote to this poetry of all humanity, more plainly expressed by Mr. Gibson, but none the less implicit in Mr. Masfield.

If we are to find anywhere in contemporary literature a parallel for this poetry I think that we shall have to go to France. How often one has to go to France! I wonder if any one has ever realized the full extent of the French leadership of the modern world. It was there, at any rate, that, in 1908, *La Vie Unanime* was published by L'Abbaye. The author of the poem, M. Jules Romains, immediately became prominent, and a formal 'movement' was inaugurated, *l'école unanime*, which has been considerably influenced by Whitman. The work of M. Charles Vildrac will most repay reading in this connection. He is a lover of life in all its manifestations, and finds inspiration in whatsoever he sees or hears — a poor woman walking along a country road, a sailor left to drown after shipwreck, a bit of ground covered with the waste products of industrialism — all these are grist for his poetic mill. M. Vildrac has called his latest book *Livre d'Amour*, because he 'is aware that he has brought love and imagination to bear on human wretchedness, meanness, and pain.'

Certain critics, gifted with the usual amount of discernment, have called the work of Mr. Masfield and Mr. Gibson 'futurist poetry.' This may do well enough, but let no one confuse it with M. F.-T. Marinetti and *Le Futurisme*. Perhaps our English poetry is an indication pointing toward

the *credo* of M. Marinetti, but it is at best no more than that, and bears a much closer resemblance to *Unanisme*, especially as manifested in M. Vildrac's poetry.

Up to this moment I have coupled Mr. Masfield and Mr. Gibson as one does Klaw and Erlanger. It has been more convenient to do so, but one must not suppose that they are a syndicate. For all I know they may never have met each other personally in the gay whirl of London life; and, though so similar in spirit, certainly their individualities are very distinct.

Mr. Masfield must be set down as fundamentally pessimistic. There are bright spots in his work, of course, and many of them, but through it all there runs a dark thread, and at times the sinister aspects of life among the poor seem to have overpowered him. This is specially true of *The Widow in the Bye Street* and *Dauber*, his latest long narrative poem. This pessimistic outlook is evident not alone in Mr. Masfield's poetical work, but also in his plays, as any one will know who has read *The Tragedy of Nan*, which ends with a murder, a ptomaine poisoning, and a suicide.

Indeed, one cannot help but feel that Mr. Masfield, with his vivid sensitiveness to human suffering and misery, has let himself be carried away into, if not real untruthfulness, at least a certain misrepresentation. For we all know that the great mass of common working-folk do live; somehow or other they manage to get along, and even have the time and inclination for a considerable amount of loving, and hating, and marrying, and having children — especially having children, one sometimes thinks. And yet — and yet! — if their life really seemed to them the thing Mr. Masfield makes it out to be, I cannot help suspecting that they would all of them, long ere this,

have rushed to the river and drowned themselves, even as did Mr. Max Beerbohm's odd thousands of Oxford undergraduates. Do not suppose that I am presuming exactly to condemn this pessimism, I wish merely to point the thing out with sufficient clearness. It seems, indeed, to possess certain fine and manly qualities — it has the elements of true impressiveness clinging darkly around it, and it has the supreme merit of being unmistakably sincere. Mr. Masfield's poetry is the work of a man who has known thoroughly that whereof he writes. We may not like it altogether, but we cannot fail of recognizing the noble truthfulness and deep seriousness of *The Everlasting Mercy* and of *Dauber*. That exaltation of the dime-novel genre which he gave us in *The Widow in the Bye Street* is a thing to forget rather than to censure.

Mr. Masfield's best work was done in *The Everlasting Mercy* and in a few short ballads of the sea which were published in London several years ago; these smaller poems have lately been reprinted with some additions in the American edition of *Dauber*, under the general title, *The Story of a Round-House*. In *The Everlasting Mercy*, Mr. Masfield gave us a representation of vital, red-blooded life that is palpitating with actual energy from start to finish, in its glories and in its debasement, in its spiritual exaltation as well as in its drunken frenzies. Saul Kane, reeling drunk, stripped naked, and ringing the fire-bell at dead of night as a herald of the coming of the devil to claim his own among the villagers, makes an image never to be forgotten, hardly to be surpassed in all its rude vigor and native strength. It is not quite enough to say that Mr. Masfield is the poet of Life: he is at the same time more, and less, than that — he is the poet of Common Life.

In Mr. Gibson we find a sensitive social conscience, and a sympathy with common people that is undoubtedly real; but it has scarcely resulted in pessimism, or in sentimentalism. His outlook is broader and more philosophic, and the result of a more conscious purpose.

Snug in my easy-chair,
I stirred the fire to flame.
Fantastically fair,
The flickering fancies came,
Born of heart's desire:
Amber woodland streaming;
Topaz islands dreaming,
Sunset cities gleaming,
Spire on burning spire;
Ruddy-windowed taverns;
Sunshine-spilling wines;
Crystal-lighted caverns
Of Golconda's mines;
Summers, unreturning;
Passion's crater yearning;
Troy, the ever-burning;
Shelley's lustral pyre;
Dragon-eyes, unsleeping;
Witches' caldrons leaping;
Golden galleys sweeping
Out from sea-walled Tyre:
Fancies, fugitive and fair,
Flashed with singing through the air;
Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
I shut my eyes to heat and light,
And saw, in sudden night,
Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

Mr. Gibson's early poetry was intricate, decorative, exquisite, in a word, conventional. But the time came when he perceived that if his art was ever to be real it must concern itself directly with life. Accordingly he descended into mines, and climbed the tortuous stairs of evilly built tenements, talked to men starving for lack of work, and to wives and mothers with husbands lost in the fishing-boats at sea — he viewed intimately all that misery and wretched slavery which has been begotten by modern commerce upon modern science, that foul monster over which its arrogant parents cannot much

longer afford to shrug their shoulders indifferently.

From this searching of the heart of life there came forth the poet of To-day, and of To-morrow too, I think. And the first expression of this new force came to us in America in *Daily Bread*, a series of seventeen diminutive poetic dramas dealing with simple themes from the life of working-folk, in diction purged of all surplusage, plain to the point of austerity. A single one, 'The Night-Shift' may be taken as typical. A coal-miner dies, imprisoned in the depths of the earth, while his wife is yet ill from childbirth. The effect of the continual tapping of the rescuers' picks as it is overheard in the clairvoyant mind of the young mother is scarcely to be paralleled for the intensity of the horror which it evokes — it is 'appalling and sublime,' as an English critic has said. Still, impressive as many of these dramas are, it is in their cumulative effect that they are chiefly powerful.

And the same thing may be said of *Fires*, Mr. Gibson's latest volume, which contains twenty-one narrative poems. All of these narrative poems deal with ordinary or exceptional moments in the life of the so-called common people, but there is a certain broadening of the field of vision. Attention is no longer concentrated exclusively upon the tragical aspects of life which are produced by modern industrialism; there are also studies of the purely emotional life of working-folk, so that we get a larger and more truthful picture. Mr. Gibson is often interested in mental states which result from intense emotional experiences, as we can see from 'The Lodestar,' 'Devil's Edge,' and 'The Lilac Tree,' and he is singularly successful in dealing with these difficult themes. In *Fires*, as in *Daily Bread*, the fundamental note is human sympathy with the whole of life.

With Mr. Gibson this sympathy is a very tender, intimate, and wholly comprehending thing, perhaps the least bit aloof, but none the less real and true.

Though writing with fundamentally similar purposes, and actuated by the same underlying spirit, the work of Mr. Masfield and Mr. Gibson has many obvious differences. Mr. Gibson has undeniably the finer, more delicate, more sensitive, in a word more poetic, mind. Mr. Masfield's song is rather a shout — the shout of one who has but just come from that of which he speaks, with the rudeness and exhilaration of actuality yet clinging about him. At the same time that there is more of the observer in him, there is in Mr. Gibson more of the power of true poetic transformation. There is much in the quality of Mr. Masfield's work that in certain minds compels immediate enthusiasm, but I suspect that, in the long run, Mr. Gibson will be sincerely liked where Mr. Masfield will be merely endured.

Of course, both men have cut loose from the trammels of convention, and so have antagonized those pious souls who can see only technical experiments in their work, without being able to penetrate to the living, burning spirit which animates them. But

the few men in the world who do their own thinking without being ashamed of the horrid fact will recognize the truth of the assertion that here we have a new thing in English poetry, the first poetic expression of a movement which bids fair to sweep over the whole Western World, and the seriousness and extent of which we scarcely realize, even though we are daily presented with fresh evidence of its strength and growth. I mean, of course, the socialist conception of life and government. We may view this movement with uncomprehending horror, as most of us do, or with clear-sighted recognition of its defects and strength, as Robert Louis Stevenson did a number of years ago; but however we look at it we cannot escape the fact of its ceaseless spread and growth; and the appearance of this new poetry is but another indication of its deep-rooted vitality.

As I turn over again the pages of *Le Contrat Social*, I seem to see that moment in the dim future when the ethics of the ant-hill and the bee-hive will be applied for a time to struggling, suffering Western humanity, and there appears for an instant a sardonic smile upon the face of that kindly, well-meaning blunderer, Jean Jacques.

BOTH SIDES OF THE SERVANT QUESTION

BY ANNIE WINSOR ALLEN

I

No matter how many girls spurn housework, homes will still exist. No matter how many women slink discouraged into hotels and boarding-houses, the best of families will always live in separate homes. No matter how many men remain unmarried, the majority will always have wives and children. Even the millennium itself will not be without the family. Hotels and boarding-houses, even, are merely megatherianized homes; and no matter how much sensible coöperation in washing and sewing, cooking and the care of children and sick folk, may be compassed, even those millenniares will still have beds to be made, floors to be swept, doors to be tended, clothes to be sorted, buttons to be sewn on, papers to be burned, dishes to be washed, errands to be run, and windows to be locked. Folks may live without concerts and trolley-cars and books, but they cannot live without sleeping, dressing, and eating, sickness, visitors, and children; nor can they live without that perpetual disorder which has to be perpetually cleared up, and that perpetual disintegration of the material universe which has to be perpetually swept up. Domestic work there will always be. The family itself may do it, or they may pay some one else to do it, or they may do part and pay some one else to do part; but done it must be.

For a family ranging from two to not more than six, living in a house

which occupies not more than one thousand square feet of ground space, all the household work may be done after a fashion by one woman who is in reasonable health. It often is so done. From half-past five in the morning till half-past nine or ten or eleven at night, she is cooking something, or washing something or somebody; she is clearing or cleaning up, or sewing, and in the odd moments she is tending children or invalids, or the door or the table. She is never free to leave the house, even if she gets time to read a newspaper. A woman will do all this for her own, if she must, and many women do it well; here and there an exceptionally gifted woman, exceptionally placed, prefers to do it all herself and does it well; but few women will prefer to do it and certainly no one would be hired to do it. On the other hand, two together can do this same work for a family of even ten or twelve and yet have time for rest and recreation. The simple fact is that the work is not hard, but incessant. This secular character makes two workers necessary, if there is to be any rest but sleep. If only one worker is forthcoming from the household, then the other must be hired. If the family circumstances make no helper possible, then the size of the house must be the very least possible, and food and clothing must be reduced to the utmost simplicity.

If, beyond this, the mistress of the house wants time for rest and time for other exacting occupations, then she must secure another helper to take

some or all of her share of the household work. Also, if she wishes to have either cooking or cleaning done extra well or elaborately, she must get still another helper, or two others. If she chooses to have more than four living rooms, if she wants a separate sleeping-room for each member of the family, and guest-rooms in addition, or if she chooses to have her rooms average more than fourteen feet square, then also she must secure more than two servants to keep these rooms in order. It is all a matter to be decided by arithmetic. From 24 hours subtract 8 for sleep, 2 for meals, and 14 for work; how much is left for pleasure? If it takes three quarters of an hour to sweep and dust one room 14×15 , how long will it take to do four such rooms, and how long to do eight rooms which are twice as large? The resultant fact which emerges conspicuously from all such arithmetic is that almost every home is the better for having two to keep it, or else it keeps some one and must sometimes keep itself.

More than this. The unchangeable thing about housework is, that it lasts from the waking-hour of the family until all the family has gone to sleep, and even continues during the night if someone is sick or a thunderstorm comes up. The business of the housemistress is to care for the house and the family. This care can have no cessation. She may delegate its various activities, but her responsibility lasts from midnight to midnight, — the most intimate, the most necessary, of all services. In any other branch of continuous service, such as telephoning, two operators would be provided, but there is no possibility of providing two mothers. The best that can be done is to provide one aide or more.

In the purely natural household the mother's aides are her boys and girls,

who, as fast as they grow old enough, share this service for the common good. In very simple conditions she does not need more responsible assistance because she has no interests or duties outside her home. In a complex community, however, a mother, no matter how simple her interests, has many things to take her away from home, even if nothing more than shopping. Then she must have a responsible person to leave in charge.

Because of its incessant needs, then, almost every family of more than two members is the better for having one 'servant,' — some responsible person, that is, — to help in the family service, to serve the mistress of the house, and share her activity. (Not because that service is disagreeable to her or difficult in any part, but because there is too much for one person.) This servant may be a half-grown daughter or a young grandmother, a maiden sister or a homeless friend, or a handy boy, or a husband, or even an accommodating neighbor. Or it may be a paid person without any previous interest in the family.

II

On taking a paid helper into the household, we step outside purely natural conditions. What was a labor of love and mutual service is now done for pay, and yet it remains within the domestic atmosphere. An employee has been engaged at a definite wage to work under direction, according to the needs of the employer, as she would do in a factory. She is to render mostly personal service, as she would do in a store or a telephone central. But this personal service is private service, like that of a clerk in an office. Yet unlike factory-hand, saleswoman, telephone girl, or stenographer, she is rendering a service which brings in no money gain to her employer. Hers is

not a commercial service. She is helping her employer, not to get a living, but to live. She aids, not production, but consumption, for the home is that famous thing, the ultimate consumer. This brings her work into the same class with that of the doctor, the clergyman, the teacher, and the nurse, and like them she can have no fixed hours of work agreed upon beforehand and held to rigidly. Like a trained nurse or a governess, she is not paid wholly in cash. Her wage is paid partly in board and lodging, so that in one aspect she is a boarder and presents thus a double problem. On the other hand, she is unlike the sick nurse in that the need of her is continuous, not fitful; and unlike a governess, in that she is doing what is a family necessity, not a family preference. Her service is an integral part of the daily family life. Domestic service is consequently unlike any other service.

Of course, all useful occupation is of two sorts, personal and commercial, — the sort which gives direct assistance to the life of others, like housing, feeding, tending, and teaching; and the sort which gives indirect assistance to that same personal life, — manufacturing, transportation, and sale. The one sort consumes money; the other makes it. Homes are not money-making establishments. They are money-users. Their work is personal: it is life-making, not money-making. If life is not worth living, money is not worth making; and as a man's home is, so is his life. The nearer you get to a good home, the closer you are to the fountain of life. For this reason, good domestic service is more necessary to life and happiness than is good commercial service. Whether you are paid for keeping house or do it for love, does not matter. The service is equally valuable and indispensable.

Domestic service is not only indis-

pensable, it is personally exacting. It requires a higher grade of personal character than any corresponding grade of work. All forms of personal service require this same quality of character, although such different kinds of skill and knowledge. Engineer, architect, lawyer, minister, teacher, nurse (sick or child's), governess, coachman, cook, maid, housekeeper, housewife or homemaker, father and mother, all need the same qualities of fidelity, patience, kindness, devotion, honesty, and good manners. To be a good father is more creditable than to be a good business man, for it takes, not more talent but more intelligence and more kinds of virtue. To be a satisfactory domestic cook requires in the same way more all-round personal excellence and more varied good sense than to be a skilled milliner. A thoroughly valuable child's nurse must have much more admirable personal qualities than a saleswoman needs.

Of course, these excellent moral qualities are not unwelcome in any occupation, but some can get along without them while to others they are essential. For instance, a marvelously perfect glass-cutter may be a liar, a drunkard, and a thief, but no one could be any of these three and be a valuable school-teacher, or doctor, or engineer, or coachman. So with all reputable domestic service. It does not demand remarkable talent in any one direction, but it must have a high grade of character and of general intelligence. To establish the full success of a home, every one who lives beneath its roof must share in general the same moral standards and the same notions of refinement.

These occupations of personal service requiring, first and foremost, good character, are also those which place the largest burden of trust. People who enter them need a clear sense of honor,

and such occupations enlist a special degree of personal devotion and loyalty. Who else gets and gives such devotion and loyalty as the good family doctor and the beloved family nurse? So in the old feudal days, domestic service was held to be highly honorable, and so it is in these days wherever servant and served are equal to the opportunity. This is not a conspicuous or showy service. It is done in secret, almost, but it is one which wins rich rewards in appreciation and lifelong grateful mutual affection from those who have known and enjoyed its excellence.

The workers cannot be watched, and the limit of authority cannot be defined; no definition of mutual service and obligation, can be made; no fixed contract can be drawn up. For the home is a place where things cannot be regulated by rule and schedule. It is a place of adjustment, like the joint in a suspension bridge. Weather, health, railroad schedules, business appointments, and social engagements, must be taken as fixed; the home must vary to meet them, and must be always ready to dry wet shoes, run for the doctor, have dinner late or no dinner at all, and to provide extra dishes or fresh beds, without a murmur. In short, the house is maintained for the advantage of the family.

III

How bewilderingly true this is may be appreciated by considering even briefly, from either the legal or the personal point of view, the mutual relations of mistress and maid as to work, hours, pay, health, or pleasure; and by then remembering that every mistress and every maid has to consider all those parts of the service from both points of view, all the time. No wonder bewilderment arises. If we do not follow the right method by instinct and cus-

tom, but depend upon thought, we are lost.

Besides obeying the general spirit of the common law in all the intimacy of household intercourse, mistress and maid have four special legal relations:

1. *Employer and Employee.*—This relation is a matter of contract. Both sides must live up to the agreement which they make in the beginning. The mistress must not ask that anything shall be done by the maid, of a wholly different sort from the work agreed upon. The maid must not refuse to do any work of the kind originally agreed upon. Of course, originally, the mistress has a perfect right to propose any kind of work so long as it is not criminal. It is for the girl to decide whether she cares to accept the proposal.

A reasonable cause for complaint on either side is something of which complaint has already been made and in which no improvement followed, or else something so objectionable that no one needs to be told that it is unendurable. But to allow a thing to go on for some time and then suddenly to complain and break the contract is not reasonable. Therefore all complaints, great or small, should be made promptly. This is a legal duty of both sides.

2. *Principal and Agent.*—An agent is one who acts in another's place during the absence of that other. The position is therefore one of trust, and requires good judgment. An agent must behave as nearly as possible in the way in which the principal would behave under the circumstances, and must consider always the advantage of the principal. How much independent power of decision belongs to the agent, depends upon the directions which he receives.

Many times a day every domestic

servant acts as an agent. It is a position which demands a strong sense of honor. She should be faithful to her mistress's interests, saving money for her, caring for her property, and behaving courteously as her representative.

3. *Bailor and Bailee.* — A bailor is one who gives some article which he owns into the possession of another, in order that that other may do some work upon it.

The bailee is required to use all proper care in handling the goods intrusted to him and to return them promptly as soon as he has done the job agreed upon, while the bailor is expected not to blame the bailee for natural wear and tear or unavoidable accidents. All day long every servant is a bailee, doing some work upon articles owned by another.

4. *Host and Boarder.* — The host must see that the rooms provided are cleanly and sanitary. The food must be in sound condition and of as good quality as the board paid will warrant. The host has no claim to know anything of the boarder's private affairs.

The boarder must behave in a courteous and quiet manner while in the house, doing nothing to make the house unattractive to the other occupants, and following the customs of the house in all essentials. The boarder has no claim upon the social or domestic life of the host.

There are two other important relations which, to be sure, mistress and maid do not hold legally toward one another, but, living under the same roof, and sharing so many of the same interests, they appear to hold these relations, and suggestions as to wise and acceptable behavior can be got by considering how things would be if

these apparent relations were legal. These relations are :—

1. *Guardian and Ward.* — A guardian must see to it that the minors under her care do not do anything to imperil their future well-being and usefulness; she must see that they are properly occupied during the hours of pleasure; and that they have sufficient work to keep them busy and useful. She must treat them without due harshness, but must make them obedient. A good guardian also will win the ward's confidence and take the place of a parent as much as possible.

A ward must be obedient and industrious, truthful and respectful to the guardian. A well-conditioned ward will also wish to enlist the guardian's friendly interest, and to get the benefit of such judicious advice as a larger experience of life and greater opportunities can usually supply.

It is fortunate when mistress and maid are both such that a relation of guardian and ward is informally established between them. But a mistress must be very careful how she assumes a guardian's rights, since legally they are not hers.

2. *Confidential Adviser and Confidential Agent.* — The confidential adviser (such as a doctor or a lawyer) must give honest, disinterested advice, and must not betray the confidence reposed in him by repeating what has been told him.

The confidential agent (such as a private secretary) must not repeat the secrets which are learned in the course of her work, and must not use the knowledge which she gains in any way to the disadvantage of her employer or of any one else.

Although the law does not recognize these confidential relations as involved in domestic service, as a matter of fact they always are, and a girl should scru-

pulously refrain from repeating outside what she hears in the home, if she knows that the repetition will work injustice.

So unavoidably complex are the legal and semi-legal relations between mistress and maid! In fulfilling them successfully special personal relations

have to be established and maintained. These vary with every case according to the size and elaborateness of family and home, the skill and temperament of mistress and maid. They involve all questions of work, hours, pay, health, and pleasure on both sides. For instance:—

OBVERSE

It is right that

1. The character of the work should be definitely understood in the beginning on both sides.

2. The work should be carefully arranged according to hours and days; but the mistress should be willing to alter it on occasion to suit the preference or health or pleasure of the maid, provided that this alteration does not seriously interfere with the well-being of the family.

3. When the usual number of servants is lessened for a considerable time, those upon whom the additional work comes should receive extra pay according to the amount of extra work that they do.

4. Extra services not in the line of work agreed upon should not be expected, nor heavier work than was specified in the beginning.

5. A mistress who is not pinched for money should not on that account allow waste and carelessness among her servants. It is very bad for anyone, and very bad for the community, to acquire a disrespect for values.

6. A mistress should be careful about

REVERSE

It is right that

1. A girl should do willingly any work of the sort for which she was engaged which will be of benefit to the family, whether or not it was specifically mentioned in the beginning. The only reason for refusing to do such work should be either that it is too heavy for her strength, or that it constantly overruns her hours of recreation.

2. A girl should be interested to alter her usual routine to suit unusual circumstances in the family. Especially in regard to guests, she should remember that one of the blessings of a home is that friends may come there freely.

3. A girl should be ready to do work other than her own for a day or two without being annoyed or asking for more pay. She should never be willing to take pay from guests, as if she were a bootblack.

4. A girl should not shirk her work. She should work as hard and as well as she can without injury to her health. Otherwise she is docking the amount of work for which she is paid, and her employer would be justified in docking the amount of pay in proportion.

5. A girl should keep things in good condition, in order to preserve the property. She tacitly agrees when she takes the place to practice economy and care in her mistress's interest. She uses things in trust for her.

6. Because she gets a certain privi-

suddenly removing privileges to which girls have grown accustomed. She must always keep clear which are privileges, even very common ones.

7. There should be about nine hours of work a day; that is, approximately sixty-three hours a week; or, better yet, one hundred and twenty-six hours in a fortnight.

8. The work each day should begin not more than fifteen hours from the time when it is to end; thus giving time for eight hours sleep and half an hour apiece for dressing and undressing.

9. The distribution of work-hours through the day should be as nearly as possible the same every day.

10. The pay offered for domestic work should correspond approximately to that which the girl could probably get in some commercial occupation, (minus the current price of board and lodging). She should not be paid more than the worth of the grade of work which she actually does.

11. The board and lodging which she gets at her place of service should be reckoned as part of her pay, at the rate which she herself would have to pay, if she were working by the day, and not living at home.

lege frequently she must not fall into the habit of thinking that it is a right.

7. A girl should recognize the uncertain character of the work, and be cheerfully willing to work over-time some days, in an emergency, remembering that she often works under-time on other days.

8. A girl should begin her day as early as is best for the good of the family, and end at the time that is best for them. She must get her necessary respite during the afternoon or at some other time when the family does not need her.

9. A girl should use good sense, and not expect any family life to go on with the regularity of a factory.

10. A girl should not expect much higher pay than she knows she can get in some productive occupation.

11. A girl should not expect the food which she receives to be better than what she would be able to pay for if she were working by the day, nor should she take food between meals any more than she would if she were at a real boarding-house. Nor should she eat at meals more or differently than she would be allowed to at a boarding-house. If the food which she receives is of better quality than she would otherwise get, she should count that as just so much added to her wages in pleasure and health, and subtracted from her doctor's bill, sick-leave, and so forth.

So one may go on through all the minutiae of work, hours, pay, health, and pleasure, balancing items on both sides. But the showing is already

sufficient to illuminate the causes of the discontent and grumbling that are so frequently heard on both sides of the domestic service question.

IV

The fact is that, both mistress and maid occupy a sphere where honor and trust and disinterested hard work must be present, or discontent will abound. But honor and trust do not rule in most

people, and overcoming difficulties is not now in fashion. This is the season of our discontent. Our shield of discussion is not golden on one side and silver on the other, but dull lead here and rusty iron there; on both sides dissatisfaction.

Mistresses say :

Housekeeping is wearisome and disheartening. There are many maids ready to draw good pay, and few ready to do good work. Many do not know how to work well, and most do not want to work well. They all want to get much and give little.

Maids say :

Housework is tiresome and discouraging. There are lots of mistresses ready to ask for good work, and very few ready to give good conditions. Lots of them do not know how to manage well, and most of them do not want to deal fairly. They all want to get much and give little.

We are used to pitying the mistresses — if we are mistresses ourselves; but if we are maids, we consider sadly the plight of the maids. Getting a new mistress is a very uncertain venture.

First, there is the mistress who has been bred from childhood in a home where there was plenty of service, but who is entirely without any experience of the work itself and employs her servants to rid herself of what she considers mere undesirable activities. Such a mistress is frequently unreasonable and unsympathetic.

Second, there are the houses where the mistress is unaccustomed to the control and direction of others: she was not brought up in a household where servants were employed, and she, too, employs them in order that she herself may be rid of the household work which she dislikes. These housewives who are just waking to the possibility of assistance also frequently make very poor mistresses, for their attitude is likewise apt to be selfish. They are unaccustomed to being in authority, and are too often either timid or exacting.

The increasing probability of coming under the control of such mistresses is

helping to keep many of the most desirable girls out of domestic service. On the other hand, the increased number of good incomes, and the decreased willingness to work long hours, has added enormously to the number of families employing servants, and to the number of servants employed in each family. Thus, circumstance is working at both ends, increasing the demand and decreasing the supply, at one blow.

In a third sort of house, however, the mistress, whether or not she has been accustomed from childhood to see servants about, understands the work herself, and is capable of doing any part of it as well as need be. She employs servants in order that she may have free time for other occupations which she cannot delegate, but which she considers of great importance to the best development and usefulness of her husband and her children. It is these women who can help gradually to make domestic service more desired; but perhaps they are relatively few, and certainly the tug of the times is against them. Modern women have not a mind to it, because modern girls are not bred to a knowledge of it.

In fact, as we are all weary of remarking, the growing prosperity, independence, and democracy of the last thirty years, have, along with their many blessings, brought disquiet. They have cast a definite slur in our minds upon obedience, hard work, drudgery, stability, domestic life, and personal service. Easy independence has become a stock idea with us. The gospel of sorrow and suffering, labor and difficulty, has fallen into disfavor. It is replaced by the gospel of pleasantness. Working, even to grow rich, is unpopular. 'The Almighty Dollar!' said an observant German, full twenty years ago. 'No! the Americans no longer worship the Almighty Dollar. They worship the God of Good Times.' If any one doubts the hold which this exaggerated stock idea has upon even the least lazy of us, let him count the number of times during the coming week that he himself accepts an inferior grade of work from himself or from another, because he does not like to make things disagreeable; or decides not to ask a simple favor of a friend for fear of giving trouble. We are the first generation which has said of a woman in our employ, 'Yes, she is idle, slovenly, and dishonorable, she does not give me a fair return for my money. *But I don't blame her*: the work is disagreeable. I should not like to do it myself.'

Besides this easy temper of the times, another stock idea disturbs the peace of our households. This is the notion of doing something a little beyond one's capacity. We call it ambition. Ninety-nine men you meet are ambitious, to one who is thorough. The born clerk wants to be a lawyer, and the born lawyer wants to be a railroad president. But one of these days innumerable persons of good mental training will have to go into occupations which they now think not worth considering. Then they will discover

that, in a democracy, all occupations are equally honorable. In a true democracy everybody works, each one at whatever he can do best, and he takes pride in it. Not every one can do the unusual things, or they would not be unusual. Every five persons need a sixth to help in the household, but only every five hundred need a doctor. And a doctor cannot support himself on less than five hundred patients: no one of them needs him often enough. It is the same with trained nurses. So some day more of the right sort of girls who are welcome in domestic service will take it up. The right kind of girls are those who want to work steadily and well, at work suited to their strength and ability, for eight or nine hours a day. And since to do housework satisfactorily demands refinement and good sense, they are also girls who have nice feelings and a fair education.

Already, to-day, many steady, refined, sensible girls appreciate the advantage of working in other people's homes, but they make four definite objections to the occupation as it is now arranged. These are: (1) The difficulty of securing a pleasant, quiet place in which to enjoy leisure and to receive their callers; that is, its discomforts. (2) The difficulty of finding out beforehand how the mistress of any particular house is going to treat you; that is, its uncertainty. (3) The difficulty of being sure of pleasant fellow-workers; that is, its intimacy. (4) A dislike of helping without sharing in a private home life; that is, its aloofness. Of course, also, the social 'stigma' is urged as the chief reason why it is hard to secure good help in the household. This is the reason which many girls believe they have for not entering domestic service. But a general sentiment of this kind follows the conditions which create it. A feeling is always a consequence before it is a

cause. If the conditions were altered, the sentiment would disappear. In the eighteenth century there was a social stigma on artists; the social stigma on doctors has scarcely yet disappeared in England; and that on retail trade has been heard of in this country. Some say there is still a social stigma on dentists, while others look upon dentists as high in the social scale. These are matters of sentiment. We cannot work to efface sentiment, but only to efface what causes the sentiment.

This sentiment, among those who feel it, is clearly caused by the combined pressure of the four conditions that I have enumerated. But we may each of us work to efface from our own household gradually, so far as possible, its discomfort and its uncertainty. Its intimacy with the other workers must always continue, but just so far as girls learn how to be agreeable without being familiar, its unpleasantness will abate.

Its aloofness from the family must always continue, too, in most households, but this can be turned to advantage by the girl. In talking of the advantages of domestic service for young girls, it is very usually said to secure them a good home. This is palpably not so. In the first place, many of the households in which they can find service are not in themselves good homes; and, in the second place, however good the home may be, the girl never wholly shares it. The actual situation is that by going into domestic service a girl gets a more or less good and homelike boarding-place, possibly more comfortable than what she could probably provide for herself if she were working at any other occupation, and probably more elaborate than the home from which she comes. No matter how homelike it may be, it is not her own home, it is some one else's home. If the fam-

ily lives well into the country in a simple way, with almost no interests outside the domestic happenings, then the girl feels, and is, very much like one of the family. But the more outside interests the family has, and the more they use their home for entertaining their acquaintances, the less can she be a part of their life. It is too complicated to admit of receiving any outsider on a family footing; the housekeeper, the governess, or the trained nurse, feels this quite as keenly as the maid. If those employed in the home were part of the family it would defeat the very purpose for which they are employed. They are employed in order to free the family for outside interests. The aloofness may be small disadvantage if a girl knows how to use her unoccupied time, and has a just amount of it.

In fact, on both sides, we may make domestic service acceptable if we have a mind to. The long and the short of it is that minds must be changed as well as methods. Since domestic service is merely the delegating of her own duties to a trustworthy aide, the house-mother must look upon it with interest and respect; and the house-worker, since it is merely the prophecy of her own duties to come, must look upon it with respect and interest. And since it is the centre of human life and the source of all human happiness, both must look upon it as indispensable, inevitable, honorable, and desirable. Wherever both mistress and maid realize this, harmony exists; and the spread of this understanding will separate the desirable from the undesirable on both sides, drawing the desirable together in mutual satisfaction (of our mitigated human sort), and leaving the undesirable to wrestle with each other and come to their proper end, like the Kilkenny cats. A consummation much to be desired on both sides!

Much remains to be said as to meth-
od, but she, on either side, — mistress
or maid, — who believes and lives up
to what is here set down, is not, even
now, dwelling in the Cave of Adullam

— which is so big and crowded. She
has a little private cave of her own,
where the prospect is pleasant and the
air is not ‘polluted by corruption and
groans.’

THE CENSURED SAINTS

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE saints have always lived in peril
of excommunication. Even canonized
saints have been acquainted with the
formal censures of ecclesiastical au-
thority.

Saint Athanasius was condemned by
several councils, and being deposed
from his place as Pope of Alexandria,
spent years in exile. Saint Benedict
had hardly begun to work as Abbot of
Vico varro, when the monks tried to
poison him. Saint Chrysostom was ex-
communicated, and driven out of Con-
stantinople. Saint Damasus was so
energetically opposed by his brethren
that, upon the adjournment of the
meeting at which he was elected Pope
of Rome, a hundred and thirty-seven
bodies of dead electors were found on
the church floor. Saint Epiphanius,
preaching in Jerusalem, was interrupt-
ed by the bishop in the middle of his
sermon, and told to leave the pulpit. It
is true that the saint was engaged at
that moment in denouncing the bishop;
but the fact remains that even saints
were unable to do that with impunity.
They had to suffer for it.

It would be easy to go down the long
alphabet of censured saints, and find
plenty of like cases. The new *Dictio-*
nary of Christian Biography and Litera-

*ture*¹ covers only six centuries, but it
suffices to show the saints in the endur-
ance of all manner of tribulation. Of
course, they were hated by their pagan
neighbors; that was a part of the day’s
work. And if, in addition, they were
reviled and persecuted by their breth-
ren in religion, even that was plainly
promised in the last beatitude. The
Dictionary begins at the end of the
New Testament. If it had gone further
back, it would have included the
stoning of Saint Stephen. The five
hundred and ninety-six Johns who ap-
peared in the former four-volume edi-
tion are here a much more select com-
pany; but even the present list retains
the John who was expelled from Alex-
andria by the zeal of the Patriarch of
Constantinople, and the John of An-
tioch who was excommunicated by the
Council of Ephesus, and the John of
Constantinople who was rebuked by
Gregory the Great for seizing a priest
accused of heresy and beating him with
ropes in the cathedral.

It is interesting to see how remote
this is from such a book as Mrs. Lang’s

¹ *Dictionary of Christian Biography and Lit-
erature*. Edited by HENRY WACE and WIL-
LIAM C. PIERCY. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
1911.

Stories of Saints and Heroes.¹ The saints in these pages have their various troubles: Saint Francis has an unsympathetic father, and Saint Elizabeth an unsympathetic mother-in-law, and there are pagan persecutors, and dragons, and temptations of the devil; but the brethren, for the most part, are kind and true, and the Church follows the saint with benedictions. We perceive, however, that the stories which Mrs. Lang has so pleasantly retold are like the accounts of King David which are given in the Books of Chronicles. The Chroniclers make no record of the domestic unhappiness of David. They omit the chapters which centre about Bathsheba and about Absalom. They are preparing a history that will be profitable reading for the Young Men's Hebrew Association. In their pages, the kings are rarely seen without their crowns. So, in the conventional lives of the worthies, the saints are rarely seen without their halos. Even in Professor Egan's delightful life of Saint Francis,² only a passing reference is made to Brother Elias, 'the prudent man who tried to make the Franciscans worldly.' The reader is not told how Brother Elias succeeded; how, in his own lifetime, Francis saw his ideals changed against his will, and himself set aside; and how, after his death, the group of his first disciples, whose stories are told in the *Little Flowers*, were persecuted by the secularizing brethren, and Brother Leo was scourged, and Brother Bernard was hunted over the hills like a wild beast, for their loyalty to the saint.

These narratives of failure and tragedy are not pleasant reading, and there is no reason why Mrs. Lang and Dr.

Egan should have included them in their books. They bear witness, however, to the fact that the censure of the saints was not confined to the first six centuries. The situation is a psychological one, and is bound to recur in all lands and religions. It is the everlasting contention between the institution and the individual. The institution has its established rules of order, its prudent and practical procedure, its adaptation to the ordinary man, and its conservative convictions. And the saint is different. He has a new vision of truth or of duty. Sometimes he is a prophet, declaring like Isaiah that God hates and despises the feast-days, the services, and the sacraments of the Church. Or he is a mystic, who has no use for the rites and ceremonies; or a reformer, who proposes to change them; or, being a saint, he irritates his neighbors by the silent criticism of his example; or, being a scholar, he alarms them by his new readings of old sentences. Often his difference from his brethren sends him into dissent; and then he is doubly obnoxious, adding to the sin of heresy the sin of schism. Under these conditions, the words may be fulfilled which say, 'Whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.'

The name 'saint' is here extended considerably beyond its ecclesiastical significance, and is used to indicate the individualist in religion. The saint, in this sense, is the good man, devout and honest, and tremendously in earnest, who differs notably from his brethren, either in his manner of life or in his theological opinions. Looking through the religious books of the past twelve months, to find, if possible, some common note, it is interesting to see how many of them deal with the censure of such saints.

Thus the Abbé Duchesne's *Early History of the Church*, now in its second

¹ *Stories of Saints and Heroes*. By MRS. ANDREW LANG. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

² *Everybody's Saint Francis*. By MAURICE EGAN. New York: The Century Co. 1912.

volume,¹ describes the schism of the Donatists, and gives great space to the heresy of the Arians. It is a careful, learned, and entirely fair account of the days when good men were in perplexity. Pagan persecution had frightened even bishops into apostasy. It was commonly believed in Rome that Pope Marcellinus had offered incense on pagan altars, to save his life. Then, when peace came, it was maintained by the more strict that the ministry of those who had done such things was by that fact invalidated. If they were bishops, other bishops must be chosen in their places. This was the contention of the Donatists, and the result was the setting-up of bishop against bishop, and church against church, with mutual excommunications, and honest, devout, and conscientious men on each side. Under these conditions, the puzzled saints fared ill.

While these matters agitated the practical West, other and profounder problems troubled the metaphysical East. Pagan philosophy asked questions which Christian tradition found hard to answer, especially regarding the relation of Christ to the supreme God: Is the divinity of Christ absolute or relative? Then it was that Bishop Leontius of Antioch, passing his hand over his white hair, was heard to say, 'When this snow has melted, there will be mud in Antioch.' The saints pelted one another with the mud.

The difficulties which were involved in these questions were hopelessly complicated by the purpose of the ecclesiastical authorities to preserve uniformity. It was maintained against the Donatists that there is only one true church, and against the Arians that there is only one true creed. The

idea of freedom of debate, the hope of coming to conclusions gradually, the virtue of patience, had no place in these controversies. Whoever advanced an opinion contrary to the official mind was promptly put out. The possibility that the opinion might have truth at the heart of it was rarely considered. Indeed, the adverse opinions were commonly expressed in so militant a manner that they invited a dispute rather than a debate. What could be done with the defiant saints except to excommunicate them?

A like situation appears in the history of dissent in England. Dissent is grounded in the everlasting fact of difference. It is made inevitable by human nature. There are always conservatives and progressives, always men of the old learning and men of the new, always those who believe in the authority of the institution, and those who believe in the liberty of the individual. Some are aristocrats, some are democrats, in religion as well as in society. Some would have the service of worship simple, some would have it ornate. Some are 'high church' by nature, by temperament; some are 'low church.' The problem of keeping these various persons in one communion and fellowship was frankly given up on the continent of Europe; Luther and Calvin and their companion saints were expelled from the Church, with anathemas, and founded churches of their own.

In England, an attempt was made to solve the problem, — an attempt which is not yet abandoned, in spite of tragic failures. Principal Selbie, in his history of the *English Sects*,² tells the long story. This little book, which sustains the high merit of that exceedingly useful series, the Home University Li-

¹ *The Early History of the Church: From its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century*. Vol. II. By MONSIGNOR LOUIS DUCHESNE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

² *English Sects: A History of Nonconformity*. By W. B. SELBIE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1912.

brary, begins with Wycliffe and comes down to General Booth of the Salvation Army. It is written in admirable spirit, never unfair or partisan, though sympathetic, of course, with Nonconformity; and presents the whole case, without encumbering details, in remarkable perspective. A notable collection of original documents bearing upon these matters, from 1550 to 1641, is contained in Mr. Burrage's *Early English Dissenters*,¹ together with a learned discussion of these rare and interesting papers. Also, Canon Henson has published a candid consideration of the Puritan movement, under the title, *Puritanism in England*,² in connection with the two-hundred-and-fifth anniversary of the ejection of the Nonconformists from the Church of England. 'I trust,' he says in his preface, 'that nothing has been said in the course of this book which can be fairly regarded as lacking in sympathy or appreciation for the victims of what I must needs consider the meanest persecution which Christian History records.' 'Nevertheless,' he continues, 'I cannot think that the tradition of their sufferings ought to be allowed to raise the temperature of modern discussions.'

This deprecation of a heightened temperature, referring, of course, to the current discussion of disestablishment in England, suggests an error in addition which has interfered all along with the solution of the problem: to the difficulties arising from human nature have been added the difficulties arising from politics. The situation was already sufficiently embittered by a general agreement concerning the essential importance of uniformity.

¹ *The Early English Dissenters, in the Light of Recent Research.* By CHAMPLAIN BURRAGE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912.

² *Puritanism in England.* By H. HENSON. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1912.

We must do all alike, they said, and think alike; there must be but one form of worship and of administration, one church and one creed in the realm. A willingness to tolerate difference was held to be a disclosure of indifference. Nobody who really cared could be content till the truth and right, as he understood them, had entire control. Thus all ecclesiastical discussion was a duel from which no honest man could properly retreat till he had silenced his opponent. And when first one side and then the other got possession of the sword of state, and did his best to run his adversary through with it, the temperature of the debate was considerably heightened.

How the political factor complicated the psychological factor appears in many illuminating pages of these three books. For example, the ejection of the Nonconformists, which seems to Canon Henson the meanest of all persecutions, and whose meanness is abundantly shown in the Five-Mile Act, which forbade the ejected ministers to continue to live in the towns where they had preached, and in the Conventicle Acts, which forbade the ejected people to meet together more than five in number, on penalty of fine or transportation, is shown by Principal Selbie to have been caused by political fear, as well as by ecclesiastical hostility. The churchmen were honestly afraid that the dissenters would again overturn not only Church but State. They did not dare to do other than eject the saints.

Richard Hooker said, indeed, 'There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.' But that was the counsel of a singularly serene mind. Hugh Peters, at Rotterdam, in the covenant which he proposed to the

congregation there, proposed for his ninth article, 'To Labor to gett A great meassuer of humillitie and meekness and to banish pride and highnes of spirit'; and for his twelfth, 'To Deal with all kynd of wisdome and genttellenes towards those that are without.' But Peters declared that anybody who would not sign this covenant should immediately be excommunicated; and some refused to sign because he was so peremptory about it.

That has been the trouble all along. The endeavor has been to change opinions by abuse or compulsion. Thus John Penry, having printed a paper, 'In behalf of the country of Wales, that some order may be taken for the preaching of the Gospel among those people,' was answered by Archbishop Whitgift with a month's imprisonment. This had so little persuasive effect upon Penry that he said of the Prayer-book, 'That it is an unperfect book culled and picked out of that Popish dunghill the masse book, full of abhomynations.' This was so far from convincing that prelate that, when Penry was sentenced to be hanged, the archbishop was the first to sign the warrant.

Henry Jacob published a work entitled, *Reasons taken out of God's Word and the best human Testimonies proving a necessity of reforming our churches in England*. Mr. Burrage says that 'the Bishop of London, on hearing of the publication of this book, sent a messenger requesting Jacob to come to speak with him.' This is precisely what a bishop of London ought to do under such circumstances. Here was opportunity for profitable discussion. But this is what followed: 'A servant reported the message to Jacob, and he, not knowing, but possibly suspecting, the object of this invitation, called upon the Bishop, and was immediately made a prisoner, and committed to the

Clink,' to the great and increasing distress of Jacob's wife and four small children.

These readings in church history may put us in a proper frame of mind to appreciate the three most notable religious biographies of the past year: *The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman*, the *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*, and the *Life of William Robertson Smith*.

Before proceeding to a consideration of these books, it may be noticed, by the way, that each of them contains a little touch of local interest for New England readers. Newman was brought under suspicion at the very moment of his entrance into the Church of Rome by the cordial acceptance given to his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* by the Unitarians of Boston. They took it up at once and 'quoted it as evidence that the Trinitarian doctrine was not primitive, but was a development of the third century.' The report came to Rome that Newman's book had given the Unitarians 'big and effective guns.' Meanwhile, no theologian in Rome was able to read English with any facility, and there was at that moment no French or Italian translation, so misunderstanding and prejudice had time to grow. An immediate result was to destroy Newman's hope of founding a theological college. This was a work for which both his genius and his experience eminently fitted him. He might have widened and deepened indefinitely the channel of passage from England to Rome. A continuing result was to give an impression, which never wholly disappeared from the Roman mind, that Newman, while a very distinguished convert, was a person of whom to be afraid. Nobody knew what dangerous doctrine he might suggest next.

The local note in the life of Father Tyrrell is the fact that almost the last

paper he wrote was for the *Harvard Theological Review*. As for Robertson Smith, in the midst of his trials for heresy, he received a letter from Mr. James Bryce, inclosing a proposal from the President of Harvard University that he should accept the chair of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages. This invitation, after much consideration, Smith declined, and Mr. Eliot wrote him that the University had thereupon appointed 'an American heretic, whose views on Isaiah had offended the Baptist communion to which he had belonged.' (Mr. Smith's most obnoxious views at that time concerned the authorship of Deuteronomy.) The 'American heretic' thus appointed was Professor Toy. A few months later, Mr. Eliot wrote to Mr. Bryce to ask if Mr. Smith would accept a chair of Ecclesiastical History, but again he was kept in England.

Mr. Ward's *Life of Newman*¹ begins where the *Apologia* ends. Two chapters have to do with his ministry in the Church of England; the rest of the biography, which is in two large volumes, is a record of his ministry in the Church of Rome. Newman passed from one church to the other, and the door was shut behind him. His popularity in Oxford had been 'so extraordinary that the tradition of it is now no longer realized and only half believed.' Then he retired to Littlemore and after a decent interval of consideration, went to Rome. In the England of that day, such a step involved a separation from almost all his friends. The break was almost as sharp as if he had entered into another religion. 'Alas,' he said, 'can you point out any one who has lost more in the way of friendship than I have?' And again, 'Of my friends of a dozen years ago, whom have I now?'

¹ *The Life of John Henry, Cardinal Newman*. By WILFRID WARD. Two vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

As the years passed there came to him 'some of the special bitterness which falls to the lot of a discrowned king or a forsaken prophet. He thought himself an old man. His health was bad, and he made ready for death. His books had already ceased to sell, and now he ceased to write. His very name was hardly known to the rising generation.' Then Kingsley's attack provoked the *Apologia*, and the old splendid memories were revived. Even so, it was the Anglican Newman rather than the Roman Newman who was thus restored to the affection of the English people. At last, at the very end of his long life, when he was seventy-eight years old, the church of his adoption gave him a tardy recognition and he was made a cardinal. Beyond these two events, — the *Apologia* and the cardinalate, — little was known about him. He lived in the Oratory at Birmingham, writing his letters and saying his prayers. So far as most people are concerned, Newman practically died in 1845, when he left the Church of England. He is thought of as the author of 'Lead, Kindly Light,' who wrote his autobiography in exquisite English, and went into the Church of Rome. What did he do in the Church of Rome?

This question his biographer answers. In brief, he did nothing, because the ecclesiastical authorities would not allow him to do anything. His life was a series of bitter disappointments. Believing, with all confidence, that his mission was to commend the Catholic Church to the English people, he found himself deprived of every opportunity. His first purpose, to establish a theological college, was prevented by the suspicions which were aroused by his *Essay on Development*. Then he was asked to form a Catholic university in Ireland. This, he felt, would be the 'renewal of his work at Oxford,

but with the world-wide church to back him, and the Rock of Peter to support him.' But the Irish Primate hindered him, and the Irish people were indifferent, and the plan failed. He was asked to edit a translation of the Bible into English; but that was stopped by Cardinal Wiseman. He became editor of the *Rambler*, a review which was to give a voice to the intellectual Catholics; but 'he was asked to resign after his first number, and delated to Rome for heresy after his second.' He planned an Oratory for Oxford, where he hoped to exert an influence on the Catholic undergraduates; that was defeated by Manning. In 1863, he wrote in his journal, 'Till my going to Littlemore, I had my mouth half open, and commonly a smile on my face, — and from that time onwards my mouth has been closed and contracted, and the muscles are so set now, that I cannot but look grave and forbidding.' And he recalled a visit to the Vatican with a friend who stopped before 'a statue of Fate which was very striking and stern and melancholy,' and said, 'Who can it be like? I know the face so well.' Then he turned to Newman and added, 'Why, it is you!'

In all this, there was no disloyalty to the Roman Church, no regretful retrospect, no doubt but that he was in the true Church of Christ at last; the difficulty was that the Church seemed to have no use for him, thwarted all his endeavors to serve the Catholic cause, put him to silence, and subjected him, as he said, to 'unintermittent mortification.' At the heart of it all was the persistent refusal of the Church to allow of any freedom of debate. Intent as he was on so explaining the Catholic faith as to bring it to the acceptance of the educated classes, he saw the necessity of a certain 'provisional freedom in the discussion of new problems.' He desired that liberty

of discussion which was current in the mediæval schools, and which brought the genius of philosophy to the assistance of the faith. 'Truth is wrought out,' he said, 'by many minds working freely together. As far as I can make out,' he added, 'this has ever been the rule of the Church till now.' But the Holy See was in contention with Continental liberalism. It was in no mind to encourage 'the provisional toleration of freedom of opinion and of free debate among experts.' Not at all. Newman found himself shut up behind stone walls of dogmas and decrees.

The question concerning the spiritual relationships between Newman and Tyrrell is discussed several times in Tyrrell's *Life*,¹ and it is made plain that the younger man was quite independent of the older. He certainly made his way out of the Church of England into the Church of Rome without Newman's guidance; in fact, without anybody's guidance. In his frank, amusing, and pathetic autobiography, he traces the steps by which, as a lad without religion, he found his way first to a 'high' church, and then on to Rome. 'My fundamental assumption,' he says, 'was that the religion I was brought up in was the only authorized and tenable form of Christianity; that popery was utterly indefensible except as a paradox, and for the sake of shocking Protestant propriety. But here was something piquant: popery in a Protestant Church and using the Book of Common Prayer. I cannot doubt that it was the wrongness, the *soupçon* of wickedness or at least of paradox, that faintly fascinated me; the birettas and cassock made the fibres of one's Protestantism quiver. I had almost discovered a new sin, and found the sensation novel and agreeable.' Tyrrell

¹ *Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell*. By M. D. PETRE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

himself remarks upon the entire difference between his course and Newman's: Newman, beginning with the presence of God in the voice of conscience in a soul naturally religious, and coming on through study into the Roman obedience; Tyrrell, beginning with the outside of religion, with its mere ritual fringes, believing first in the Church, and gradually coming to believe in God.

The two men differed intellectually and temperamentally. Newman, in spite of a perpetually recurring skepticism, was instinctively submissive to authority, and devoutly desired to think as the Church bade him think. Taking a divinely communicated body of theology and divinely developed rites and customs as the premises of his arguments, he directed the energies of his singularly subtle mind toward the justification of these things. Accepting creed and custom without inquiry, he endeavored to commend them to his doubting neighbors. Tyrrell, on the other hand, was intent on absolute reality, and questioned all assertions. His mind was of the kind called 'scientific,' and demanded sufficient proof. And this was accentuated by a certain natural audacity, and by a keen perception of the ridiculous.

Thus Newman writes characteristically from Rome: 'We saw the blood of St. Patrizia half liquid, *i.e.*, liquefying, on her feast day. St. John Baptist's blood sometimes liquefies on the 29th of August, and did when we were at Naples, but we had not time to go to the church. We saw the liquid blood of an Oratorian Father, a good man, but not a saint, who died two centuries ago, I think; and we saw the liquid blood of Da Ponte, the great and holy Jesuit, who, I suppose, was almost a saint. But the most strange phenomenon is what happens at Ravello, a village or town above Amalfi. There

is the blood of St. Pantaleon. It is in a vessel amid the stone work of the altar, — it is not touched, — but on his feast in June it liquefies. And more, there is an excommunication against those who bring portions of the True Cross into the church. Why? because the blood liquefies, whenever it is brought. I tell you what was told me by a grave and religious man.'

Tyrrell was in a way as conservative about these matters as Newman, but his conservatism was based on the possibility that at the heart of much that was foolish there might be some spark of truth. 'The Church's mythology and magic,' he said, 'stand for tracts of experience wholly discounted' by scientific minds. 'I will not throw away the husks till I am cocksure that they are empty.' But concerning the teachings of 'grave and religious' men, Tyrrell's account of his Jesuit novitiate shows how unawed he was in the presence of these reverend persons. At the English College of the Jesuits at Malta, the Rector 'thought it would be good for me to attend the "points" which he gave the lay-brothers over-night for their morning meditation. It was an irresistibly funny performance. In we four trooped every evening, and no sooner had the brothers reached their chairs than they closed their eyes, then nodded, and finally snored aloud. And who could blame them? The Rector would read through the pointless points of Father Lancicius, and then, in a few stumbling words of his own, rob them of whatever little gleam of interest or intelligence they possessed. How I used to stare and wonder!'

Nevertheless, Newman and Tyrrell had the same sense of mission, and encountered the same hindrances. Each of them desired 'to pour Catholic truth out of the scholastic into the modern world.' Each of them perceived that there were new problems which must

be studied and solved, and that the answers to them could not be found in the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas. And each of them was held back by the hand of authority. At the moment when it was plain to Tyrrell that truth must be presented to educated men, not on a basis of decrees, but on a basis of reason, the Church was wholly occupied in setting forth the impossible claims of authority, and making up for lack of argument by loudness of voice. He says, 'The best policy, I half think, would be not to oppose but to fan the flame of this "Authority-fever," and to get them to declare the infallibility of every congregation, of the General of the Jesuits, of every Monsignore in Rome, to define the earth to be a plate supported on pillars, and the sky a dish-cover; in short, to let them run their heads against a stone wall, in hopes it may wake them up to sober realities.' Meanwhile, all his writing had to run the gauntlet of two censorships, Jesuit and diocesan. 'I could get nothing through two iron walls,' he said, 'not even the *Pater Noster* if it were in my own handwriting.'

At first, he published under other names, then, in defiance of authority, under his own name. He was officially silenced, then excommunicated. In the midst of this contention between the institution and the individual, Tyrrell, who was never very well, died, after a brief illness. The biographer, who tells the dramatic story with great fairness and restraint, permits herself a single bitter sentence. Speaking of Cardinal Mercier, she says, 'The one whom he had first befriended and then condemned was carried to his grave in a Protestant cemetery; while no Prince of the Church was there to speak over him such words of Christian hope and joy and exaltation in the death of the just as the Cardinal Archbishop himself had the happiness of uttering later,

in his panegyric of King Leopold of Belgium.'

What the Roman authorities really feared was that Father Tyrrell, if they left him to himself, might presently write such a history as Professor Johnston's *Holy Christian Church*;¹ or such interpretation as Dr. Gilbert's *Jesus*,² which divests the life of Christ of all supernatural elements; or such theology as Professor Leuba's *Psychological Study of Religion*,³ which maintains that God has only a subjective existence. They felt themselves unfitted by their training to meet such books with satisfactory answers. They did not perhaps sufficiently consider that most people, like themselves, are providentially endowed with a certain imperviousness of mind. They were really alarmed lest the advocates of prose should overcome the advocates of poetry, and prove that flowers and colored clouds do not exist, and that there is no life in the trees, no soul in man. They did not perceive that 'common, flat, and impoverishing' theories of religion, to use Tyrrell's adjectives, have something obviously the matter with them by virtue of their very reasonableness. The elemental fact of mystery is too pervasive to be long left out of account. Everybody remembers how Romanes, after invincibly proving from his premises that God does not exist, found that he had left out one or two very important premises, and going over the problem again, got quite a different answer. Thus John Fiske, after some years of reflection, became an expounder of the Christian creed, like Professor Royce. Sometimes the destructive critic falls into the errors

¹ *The Holy Christian Church*. By R. M. JOHNSTON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1912.

² *Jesus*. By GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1912.

³ *A Psychological Study of Religion*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1912.

of ignorance: like Professor Johnston, whose church history is such an essay as a very busy geologist might write on the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. It is the opinion of the best historians, says the geologist, that Napoleon was born in North Carolina. It is the opinion of the best critics, says Mr. Johnston, that the earliest gospel was written by Luke. And so on. More commonly, however, the destructive critic lacks what Professor Royce¹ calls 'religious insight,' which is related to religion as appreciation is related to art or music.

It was never seriously doubted that Robertson Smith² possessed religious insight, although it was complained of him that he had an irreverent voice; as for his knowledge, he had to account for it himself on the ground that he was one of the few persons who had read the entire ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which he was chief editor. When, however, his article on the Bible appeared in the course of that work, it was felt in Scotland that something must be done. And when, soon after, the alphabet brought into view his article on Deuteronomy, the minds of the orthodox were made up. The fact that Smith, as the chief scholar of his nation, might

properly be expected to know more than many of his brethren, was not considered; nor the further fact that his opinions were those which had for a long time been held in Germany.

In Scotland, as in Rome, the institution withstood the individual. The Holy Scriptures were felt to be in danger. Smith said that Deuteronomy was written long after the days of Moses. 'The book of inspired Scripture called Deuteronomy, which is properly an historical record, does not possess that character, but was made to assume it by a writer of a much later age.' So he was ejected from his professorship. This took place after several trials, and as the conclusion of many free debates, whose extended publication in the newspapers contributed to the education of the people. In all this there is no note of sadness, no such depression as weighed upon the souls of Newman and Tyrrell. The heretic had hosts of friends, — eminent scholars, and uncommonly interesting persons; between the terms of his trials, he traveled in the East; he wrote books which were advertised by his opponents, and he enjoyed the fray. Newman would not have listed him among the saints; he delighted in the world too much for that. But he had the true saint's combination of faith with reason, and the true saint's devotion to the truth as the supreme good; and he had, as a friend said, 'the heart of a little child,' without which nobody can be a saint at all.

¹ *Sources of Religious Insight*. By JOSIAH ROYCE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

² *William Robertson Smith*. By J. S. BLACK and G. W. CHRYSTAL. New York: The MacMillan Co. 1912.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH WE CONCENTRATE AT TAMPA

ON a hot, wet, stifling day of June — it was the twenty-fourth or toward that date — a train from the North got into the station at Tampa, Florida, some six or seven hours late, as was not unusual, and discharged its passengers upon the cinder esplanade which was already crowded with men in uniform, men out of uniform, dogs, boys, crates, barrels, mules, colored women, drays, boxes labeled '6th Regmt. U. S. Inf. *Rush.*' — 'Lieut. W. W. Branscombe, 3d Penn. Vol. Cav. *Personal.*' and so on.

The train discharged into the middle of all this, and of the proportionate uproar and bewilderment, a little party of travelers, some of whom we ought to be able to recognize by this time. The girl in the gray coat-and-skirt suit, with the pretty face, rather tired and pale just now, and with an anxious look in her brown eyes, which roam about as if there were somebody whom she half expects and half dreads to see — that is, of a surety, Miss Lorrie Gilbert. And there is an active, alert, well-built woman a head taller and five years older than Lorrie, who must be the trained nurse, Miss Rodgers, from Christ's Hospital, sent down here to the kindred military establishment at Tampa, or Key West, she herself is uncertain which. But for her, I suppose, the presence of that tall, raw-boned, ungainly young man (V. C. Kendrick: you may

read the initials on the end of his suitcase), I say, but for Miss Rodgers, his presence in company with Miss Gilbert, at this distance from home, would undoubtedly be a scandal; however, let Mrs. Grundy possess her soul in peace, Lorrie and Van are not eloping, and they are sufficiently chaperoned. There is even another trained nurse along, some subordinate of Miss Rodgers's, the stout young woman with the fine complexion — Van Cleve never can remember her name.

Mr. Kendrick displays great promptness and efficiency in getting his ladies off the car, in accumulating their belongings, and marooning the party safely upon a reef of luggage, out of the crowd and the torrid sunshine, while he starts off to find a conveyance, and incidentally whatever information about the town he can pick up.

'Say, Jim, git on to Brigham Young in the blue sack-suit!' a lounging khaki-clad gentleman, with a toothpick in one corner of his mouth and '52d Mich. V. I.' on the front of his slouch hat, observes to another facetiously, noting Van's activities; by good luck, the latter does not hear him.

'They say the train goes on somewhere across the river and backs right up into the grounds of the Tampa Bay Hotel,' says Miss Rodgers, staring about her; 'is n't that the limit for you, though? I never heard of a train running around hunting up hotels before. Look, that must be a Cuban! No, I don't mean him — I mean *him* — the one that looks like a mulatto,

only he is n't. *That's* what we're fighting for!

The other nurse remarks, in a strain of cheerful fatalism fostered by three days and nights of travel, beset with surprises and uncertainties, that you can't tell what you may have to go up against down here; you've got just to take it as it comes. And, 'Was your brother going to meet you here, Miss Gilbert?' she asks with interest.

'No. I — I don't even know where he is, you see. I could n't send him word. I'll have to look for him,' says Lorrie, nervously, plucking at the edge of her veil.

The two nurses exchange a glance behind her back. I believe they are not less sympathetic for being devoured with curiosity. They know all about her engagement; trained nurses always know Who is Who in Society and what is being done; they study the "Jottings" column as devoutly as the Testament. These two think that Lorrie is as sweet as she can be, and no wonder she's frightened to death about her *feconsay* going off to the army; they have offered freely to bet each other that she's ten times more upset about *him* than about her brother. But what is it that's wrong about the brother, anyhow? They can't make it out, but (again they bet) there's *something* behind it. Was n't there some talk about his being a dope-fiend, or something? The question has agitated them for all these three days; nothing to be got out of Mr. Kendrick; he said he just thought he'd spend his vacation taking a look at the army, but pooh! you couldn't fool them that easy! 'I'm glad he's along, anyhow,' Miss Rodgers confided to her associate. 'I tell you, it certainly is nice sometimes to have a man around to look out for you and kind of *run* you. I've been my own boss so long, I did n't realize how nice it was.

And Mr. Kendrick never gets fresh and talky — *you* know, he never gets that way. That's what I like about him.'

'Yes, but he's kind of stiff and — and *distant*, more than anybody needs to be,' said the stout girl, not without resentment; 'do you suppose there's ever been anything between him and Miss Gilbert?'

'Well, if there ever was, he's good and got over it now. You'd think they were married, he pays so little attention to her,' said Miss Rodgers, with a half-laugh; and her companion's face cleared.

Lorrie Gilbert will never to her final breath forget those hideous days; sometimes even now, years afterwards, she will live over in dreams the frenzied hurry of her departure, the grief and suspense and, worst of all, the intolerable need of deception that drove and harried her. Paula's secret, Bob's secret, laid them all under its shameful bondage; honorable men and women, they had to sit down together ignobly and concert falsehoods wholesale. All the story must hold together, and they must take care not to contradict one another. She must pretend that she was going as a nurse, and, of course, incidentally, to see Bob — oh, yes, she would see Bob! Her father and mother must pretend that they approved of it. Van Cleve (since he *would* insist on accompanying her party) must pretend that he wanted a vacation trip! She could not meet a girl friend, she could not answer the telephone, or write a note, without an adjusting of her mask and a renewed conning of her rôle. It was the same with her mother, with her father. I doubt if Paula Jameson ever felt a tenth part so guilty as any one of the upright, blameless people caught in the meshes of her wretched intrigue.

Lorrie had gone to see the girl, find-

ing her silent and strangely self-possessed or self-contained now. She did not complain, and she made no excuses for either herself or Bob; in fact, she would not speak of the young man at all, out of some perverse notion of loyalty or self-sacrifice, Lorrie guessed. 'You'll see she won't say right out it was him — you can't make her say it right out,' Mrs. Jameson explained to Lorrie in a voluble whisper outside the door. 'She just cries if you ask her about him. It took me *hours* to find out who it was the other day. My, I can understand that, can't you? *Any* woman can understand *that*! I believe she's sorry now she told me — or let me find out, rather. But you just go on in and talk to her, anyhow; don't mind the way she acts. She — it's the way she is — she ain't well — and — and she ain't going to be well for a while yet, you know, Miss Gilbert,' said Mrs. Jameson, shamefacedly. 'I'm going to take her away — I've found a place down in the country. There's a good doctor there, and I can telegraph for a nurse any time. I'll give you the address, in case — but we don't want to bother you or your folks any more than we can help, Miss Gilbert. You've been just as kind as can be. And I know you're going to do everything you can to get your brother back —' Her voice failed.

It went to Lorrie's heart to see the poor woman so humble and grateful. Mrs. Jameson had aged a lifetime in the last few days; her red hair was twisted up in a loose knot, regardless of its accustomed puffs and braids and carefully set undulations, and of the gray streaks that were beginning to show in it here and there; her corsets were relaxed for the first time in twenty years; she was puzzling over a Butterick pattern with the scissors in one hand and yards of incalculably fine lawn spread upon the bed before her,

when Lorrie was ushered in. 'It's queer, the things are so little, but they're just as much trouble to make as if they were big. I used to sew pretty well, too, once,' she sighed, looking at Lorrie with wholly maternal eyes.

She kept out of Paula's room, during this visit, with a delicacy nobody would have expected of her; it was better for the two young women to be alone. Lorrie told the other what they were doing; she assured Paula with strong emotion that *everything would be all right*; that Bob would come back to her; that when he realized the wrong that he had done, how foolish and selfish he had been, he would be the most anxious of them all to make it right. 'He's not bad — he's not a bad man — and of course he — he cares for you, Paula,' said Lorrie, shrinking from the word, even the thought, love, in such a connection. Of course Bob and Paula must be in love, after their fashion, the girl had concluded; but she recoiled from what seemed to her the animal ugliness of it. Try as she would, the sympathy she wanted to feel and show for Paula was forced and unreal, and perhaps the other girl felt it to be so. She sat unresponsive to all Lorrie's feverish earnestness.

'That Mr. Kendrick knows. I don't see why Momma had to let *him* know. I think it was real *dumb* of her,' she said sulkily; 'she'll go telling somebody else, if she don't look out.'

'Why, it just happened so — your mother could n't help his knowing — and, anyway, he's just like a brother to Bob, you know, Paula. He'll never say anything,' protested Lorrie, quickly, repelled. Paula's mother was doing the best she could for her, poor thing!

'I don't like him. I don't see why she had to tell it before *him*,' Paula repeated, shrugging peevishly; and she let Lorrie kiss her and go away with hardly another word.

It is likely that Van Cleve, who, as he would have frankly owned, cared nothing for the Jameson women, mother or daughter, was as much disturbed over his unfortunate knowledge as Paula herself; he would have been thankful to be out of the whole miserable business. But having become involved against his will, he meant to see it through. What made the situation serious for the young man was the way it affected Lorrie. Van exhausted every argument, he suggested half a dozen other plans, he lost his temper and fumed, to no avail: nothing he could say or do would persuade her out of going on what he considered about as wild and foolhardy a quest as any woman could undertake. She might be able to manage Bob when she got hold of him, but *first get hold of him!* In what unspeakable state, and in what unspeakable camp, troopship, slum of Tampa or Key West or even Cuba, if she got that far (which Heaven forbid!) might she not find him, after a search among hundreds of men in scores of such places! And when he had painted the prospect in as lively colors as he could muster and announced that she should not go without his protection, Mrs. Gilbert added the last straw to his burden of impatience by looking alarmed and dropping various carefully worded hints about impropriety! 'If Lorrie can stand the things she's going to see and hear, alone, in a place full of all kinds of men, she can very well stand one man going down on the train with her, even if she does unfortunately know him,' he said severely; and Mrs. Gilbert had no answer.

He who had never asked for a rest or favor before, had no difficulty in getting this; Mr. Gebhardt, indeed, dismissed him heartily, with many exhortations to have a good time, and burlesque warnings against enlistment. In fact, Van Cleve, heartless as it may

seem, did have a fairly good time; he could not keep Bob's misdoing and the nature of their errand before his mind constantly. He enjoyed the change and bustle and the humors of the road; and he thought Miss Rodgers and the other nurse, the pudgy one, — he *could* not remember her name, — were nice women, even if they did ask too many questions. Innumerable were the cigars he smoked, the games of cards he took a hand in, the stories he heard and told, in the 'smoker,' while the train screeched and rattled across the sweltering Southern countryside. At Montgomery he got a cinder in his eye, and Miss — the fat girl, whatever her name was — got it out for him with signal gentleness and dexterity. 'The fellow that gets you will be lucky,' said Van, and wondered at the way she blushed and giggled; 'I mean gets you for a nurse, you know,' he added. She turned redder still and flounced off, and would hardly speak to him the rest of the day, as he vaguely noticed; and decided with regret that he must have made himself offensively familiar. As the young women had remarked, he kept himself rather aloof from Lorrie, while doing everything he could think of for her comfort in his awkward way, heaping her seat with magazines and books and baskets of fruit, opening and shutting windows, fetching and carrying her wraps and bags, eagerly, and diffidently, kind.

Miss Gilbert, I am bound to say, received all of this from him without effusive gratitude, quite coolly and as a matter of course. She was used to Van Cleve, whose attentions always took a practical form; and between her brother and her lover poor Lorrie's mind was too filled with anxiety and unhappy forebodings to spare Van any thought. The young man knew it; he accepted his portion with his habitual iron philosophy.

The town of Tampa is of sufficiently ancient foundation to have figured in our history a good while before the year '98; and General Shafter's men and his ordnance and his mules and his wagons and everything else that was his, even the transports that lay off Port Tampa, were not by any means the first that this unmartial-looking burg had seen. It knew at first-hand all our bloody struggles with the Seminole and other savages of the peninsula; there is, indeed, an old fort, or the site of one, hereabouts, and many of the streets bear the name of some stout Indian fighter of those old years.

The place was full of an exhilarating noise and color that day when Lorrie reached it: the wide streets, unpaved and ankle-deep in sand, wherein the army wagons had worn all manner of holes and trenches, were jammed with people; it seemed as if there were flags and groups of white tents at the end of every vista, and bugle-calls sounding every hour; across the river there were pennants streaming from the minarets of the great hotel; exotic trees and flowers bloomed with fantastic exaggeration in all the door-yards; and a band somewhere in the offing was playing vigorously. 'My gal is a high-bo'n lady,' it proclaimed in splendid time and tune. Something of the sanguine excitement communicated itself even to Lorrie's troubled spirit; and Van Cleve, after he had got them all safely installed in a boarding-house (on Florida Street, a common-looking little frame building which is still there, or I saw it the other day when I was in the town) that had been recommended to Miss Rodgers by some Red Cross authority, had all he could do to persuade the girl to stay there quietly while he himself went out and made inquiry for her brother. 'I'll find Bob if he's in Tampa, and I'll bring him to you, Lorrie, but you've got to stay

here so I'll know where to find *you*. This is no place for women to be tagging, around after a man,' he said at last, shortly, quite unconscious of the harshness of his manner.

'Yes, Van, I'll — I'll do whatever you say,' said Lorrie, meekly. All at once she began to feel unnecessary and troublesome; and, after he had gone, crept off to the cramped, little, stuffy, boarding-house bedroom, and cried miserably to herself, with her face in the pillows. Van meant well, she knew that; about everything that *mattered*, he was as good and kind as could be, and thoughtful, too, but — but Philip would not have spoken to her that way!

CHAPTER XIII

IN WHICH A CERTAIN KIND OF NEWS TRAVELS FAST

The efficient Mr. Kendrick, starting out to explore Tampa in search of his friend, had no very clear idea where to go or whom to ask, for all his efficiency. Upon applying to the heads of Bob's paper, which he had had the forethought to do before leaving home, he had been told that they did not know where the young man was, and furthermore they added with some strong qualifying adjectives that they did not care; so far as the *Record* was concerned, there was one war correspondent less in Tampa or at the front, the management having dismissed (they said 'fired') Gilbert a few days previously.

'Why, was n't he doing all right?' Van Cleve asked, and was immediately conscious, with a kind of angry sinking of the heart, of the needlessness of the question.

'Doing all right?' repeated the authority whom he addressed — and whether this was the editor-in-chief or some other editor, or what position he occupied, Van, who had never been

inside a newspaper office before, was entirely ignorant; but the other man spoke like one of the powers. '*Doing all right?* Say, you *know* Gilbert, don't you? Well, then —!' He made a gesture. 'What's the use?'

What was the use, indeed? Van Cleve came away in a very gloomy mood; he had not the courage to tell Lorrie; the family had enough on their minds already, and they would learn this only too soon, anyhow. He felt an unhappy certainty that Robert would not come home because of being thus deposed; on the contrary, he was much more likely to stay with the army, loafing and drinking till his money gave out, and then getting somebody to stake him until that resource was exhausted, too; after which he might possibly beat his way home, or write for help — thus thought Van Cleve, out of temper and out of heart.

He went out now through the crowds and around to the corner of Tampa and Twiggs Streets, where was the home of that journal to whose care Bob's mail had been directed. The place was in a prodigious rush of business, — messenger-boys and reporters tearing back and forth, and bulletins tacked up outside, about which people were standing three and four deep in the glare of the sun, with the thermometer at ninety. There was a little entry on the ground floor, with offices opening on either hand. Van Cleve pushed his way in, and, feeling himself a nuisance, began on the first person he could reach, a shirt-sleeved lad pounding away on a typewriter in the corner, with his collar and tie undone, and the moisture beading off his chin. He did not even look up when Van spoke.

'Gilbert? Ump!' He made a negative motion with his head and at the same time contrived to twitch it in the direction of the other side of the room. 'Ask the boss.'

The boss was a stout man, chewing the butt of a cold cigar, and dictating to a young woman stenographer, with his foot cocked or braced up on the rung of her chair. He stared and considered. 'Gilbert? R. D. Gilbert? No, I don't remember him. How is that, anyhow?' he said to the stenographer vaguely. 'Do you know anything about any Gilbert?'

She did not; and they both eyed Van Cleve with a sort of fatigued hostility, the man gnawing at his cigar, the girl with her hand poised above the writing-pad.

'The man I mean is a war correspondent for a Cincinnati paper —' Van Cleve began again; 'he had his mail —'

'Sa-ay, how many correspondents d'ye think we've had here, son?' said the fat man, in benevolent irony; 'one or two? You've got another think coming. Anyway, they're all gone now. They went with Shafter two weeks ago. Don't you get to see the papers in Podunk?'

'I was going to say he had his mail sent here, so I thought possibly you'd know something about him,' Van explained. 'Don't you have the rural free delivery in Tampa?'

'Oh! Well now, Mr. Soyer attended to that, did n't he, Jennie? I can have somebody look that up, if you'll wait — we're kind of busy —'

It appeared, however, upon inquiry, that Mr. Soyer had gone out to the encampment at Tampa Heights; he had gone down to St. Petersburg; he had gone over to the hotel to interview somebody; in fine, Mr. Soyer was not to be found. Anyway, the probabilities were that the man the gentleman was looking for was in Cuba — that's where he ought to be if he was on his job. What paper did Van represent?

'I'm not representing any paper. I'm only trying to hunt this fellow up.'

because he's wanted at his home. 'Sickness,' said Van Cleve, truthfully enough. It had occurred to him that he did not want to be taken for a private detective in search of a criminal — an aspect which the inquiry gave signs of assuming!

'Sickness, eh? Too bad! Because you're not going to have one easy time finding him,' said the other, perfunctorily, and resumed his dictation.

Van Cleve walked out again, baffled. He went up to the other newspaper office. There nobody had ever heard of Bob, either; but they suggested that he go down to Key West and wait until one of the Associated Press boats, which were constantly 'on the jump' between Cuba and the mainland, came in. His friend might be on any one of them. 'What regiment was he with? You might trace him that way. Most of them asked to be assigned to some particular regiment, you know,' somebody told him. 'They were all going and getting permits or credentials, you might call 'em, from the staff officer that had it in charge — Lieutenant Miley, I believe it was.'

'All right. Where'll I find Miley? He might know, or have it listed somewhere,' said Van, promptly.

But the others began to laugh.

'Lord love you, man, Miley's gone to Cuba! Now the thing for you to do is to go on down to Key West, and just scout around for those dispatch-boats, like I'm telling you,' they advised him earnestly, with a good-natured interest.

Van Cleve gratefully shared among them the three cigars he happened to have on hand, and lingered awhile listening and asking questions, and hearing mostly that pleasingly free criticism of war proceedings at which civilians and onlookers are invariably so apt. As he left, they repeated their assurances. 'There'll sure be a battle before

long; our fellows have landed, you know. And the minute anything happens, the press boats will be coming in, thick as flies. All you've got to do is to wait —' and so on.

He was not aware of having been any more communicative about himself and his business than was necessary, and later received a shock at reading under the caption, 'Personals. Arrivals in Tampa,' that Mr. and Mrs. Kendrick of Cincinnati, and party, were stopping at the Holt House!

Our friend had consumed most of the afternoon in this fruitless business, and now faced homeward, or boarding-houseward, in a disagreeably puzzled and undecided frame of mind. 'Nice time Lorrie would have had down here by herself!' he remarked inwardly; and then reflected with chagrin that her efforts could scarcely have been more futile and ill-directed than his own. He did not know whether to go to Key West or not; if the discharge had arrived in time, Bob might not have left with the army after all; he might be right here in Tampa; the plain truth was, Bob's whereabouts was a matter of pure guess-work. Van found himself exasperated by the inability to take some kind of definite action; never before in the whole of his narrow, resolutely ordered, undeviating career had he hesitated over his course or waited upon another person's pleasure. By and by he fell in with Miss Rodgers and the other nurse, who had gone out to discover what they might about their own assignment and were returning in a state of irritation similar to his own.

'It's the worst mix-up you ever saw!' Miss Rodgers complained volubly; 'nobody can tell us who the surgeon is, or where he is, that we're to report to. They don't seem to know anything about their own business, so I suppose it's not to be wondered at

that they don't know anything about ours. We've asked about forty dozen adjutants and captains and brigadier-generals and quartermasters, and not one of 'em can even give us a steer in the right direction. They keep telling us that the hospital ship was the Olivette, or that Miss Barton has gone to Cuba with *her* ship, and, anyway, we're too late to be of any use! "I know all that," s'd I to the last one; "if you'd just listen to what I'm telling you a minute," s'd I; and then I said it all over again: "I'm going to the military hospital *here* or wherever you need nurses." And he just looked wild-eyed, and said in that case we'd better see Major Thingummy or Colonel What's-his-name!

The stout young woman chimed in: 'It made me so tired having 'em say they did n't know where the hospital was, I just said to one, "Well, for mercy's sake, why don't you get a pain in your toe or a case of appendicitis and *find out!*" He looked just as *mad* for a minute, and then he kind of laughed.'

'Well, it's all very nice to laugh — but I'm here to nurse sick men, I'm not here to chase around tra-la-ing with well ones,' said her superior, impatiently. 'If I could n't run an army better than this, I'd take a back seat and let somebody do it that could!'

'They're pretty nearly all volunteer troops, you know. The regulars are better managed, I guess,' Van reminded her.

'The Lord help 'em if they aren't!' retorted Miss Rodgers, fervently.

It gave Van Cleve a queer sense of comfort to hear the two hearty, capable women; and that they should be knocking about the camp among all the crowds and sights and sounds which he had so peremptorily forbade Lorrie's essaying, nowise offended him. Lorrie was different; these nurses

could stand anything. For that matter, they themselves expected little or nothing of her. 'These society girls —!' the fat little nurse had remarked to Van Cleve privately, with a knowing smile; she did not finish, but it was amazing with what a world of tolerance, of patient and good-natured superiority, she charged the three words. Van Cleve understood; he was somewhat surprised to note how confidential Miss — er — no use, he could *not* get her name! — had become with him in the few days of their acquaintance. And now, studying his face, she said quickly, 'You did n't find your friend — Miss Gilbert's brother — you could n't find him, Mr. Kendrick? I'm so sorry.'

'Better luck to-morrow, perhaps,' said Van, trying to speak carelessly. As usual, when the name of Miss Gilbert's brother came up, the nurses asked no questions, sending each other a brief, warning glance. Something was wrong about that brother, they *knew* it!

They went back to Lorrie at the Holt House and had their supper, during which meal Van Cleve performed what was for him a prodigy of dissimulation by referring to his bootless search in a casual, off-hand manner, with no hint of any difficulties and with a matter-of-course air of expecting success at any moment. And he further gave it, as the result of his observations, that this war was going to turn out a picayune business after all — a deal of cry and no wool. The Spanish were notoriously much better at running away than fighting. They might do a little bushwhacking, perhaps, but stand against the advance of our army? Never! The minute our troops landed, every Spaniard in the neighborhood probably beat it for the tall timber, and left his gun behind — these were Mr. Kendrick's graphic

and humorous words. According to him there would be no danger, no wounds, no fever, no anything of any consequence. He gave a burlesque rendition of his interviews with the newspaper-men that sent Miss Rodgers and her colleague into fits of laughter, and even succeeded in brightening up Lorrie; he made amiable jokes about the eating, which, indeed, was very poor; he entered into affable converse with the darky waiter at their table; in short, never was there so light-hearted and care-free a person as he.

The nurses were immoderately entertained; they had not known that Mr. Kendrick was so *lively* and *easy* — easy as an old shoe! As for Lorrie, for whose sole benefit Van Cleve was painfully going through this exhibition, the girl ended by being at least half-convinced by it, and her spirits rose proportionately. Knowing Van as she did, she could not have believed him equal to so much humane hypocrisy; the young man, when he had time to think, listened to himself with astonishment. ‘By Jove, I’m doing as well as Uncle Stan! I come by it rightly, I guess!’ he thought mirthlessly.

After this they all went together to the Tampa Bay Hotel, upon the motion of that indefatigable entertainer, Van Kendrick, who seemed determined that nobody, including himself, perhaps, should be alone for any length of time, or have a moment for thought. ‘Never mind letters, Lorrie; you have n’t got anything to write about, and you’ll have plenty of time after a while,’ he ordered her. ‘You want to get out and see all this. It’s a very remarkable thing, really, and it won’t happen again in our time. Come along now.’ In fact, there was something very exhilarating in the lights and noise and movement, and the curious sense of nearness to all the other people, so many thousands of them. To feel one’s

self alone in a crowd is a dreadful experience, but nobody could feel alone in this crowd, not even in the bedecked corridors of the hotel, which the newspapers said were ‘thronged with celebrities.’ Van Cleve got his party four rocking-chairs around a teakwood stand in a corner encompassed by the bronze jardinières, and Chinese cabinets and ormolu mirrors and marble statuary and astounding tapestries and oil paintings with which the establishment is well known to be profusely furnished; and there they were all sitting when, for a final dramatic touch, an old acquaintance happened upon them, among all the aliens.

This was Mr. J. B. B. Taylor, of all men in the world, and he has since described the meeting with a good deal of interest. ‘I was n’t much surprised,’ he says; ‘you were n’t surprised to meet anybody in Tampa those days. The ends of the earth came together there. And then, you know, I’m eternally on the move and running into people, anyhow. Just a minute before I had come across a man I knew, a Japanese, some kind of an attaché at their legation in Washington that his government had sent down to follow our army around, I believe — a little Mr. Takuhira — a nice little fellow. He’d been educated over here, and that’s how I came to know him, meeting him at the Harvard Society banquets, — Class of ’90 he was, a very pleasant fellow, — I think he’s back in Japan now, in some big position over there. He knew a great many of the newspaper-men — of course he spoke English perfectly — and they called him Take-your-hair-off! But I was going to tell you about Kendrick. I was standing talking to Takuhira when I caught sight of him; there he was with Miss Gilbert, whom at that time I did n’t know at all, and two other ladies that I’d never seen before

either, with some lemonades in front of them, listening to the music and watching the crowds and the epaulets and uniforms and all the rest of it, just as if it were the most natural thing in the world for them to be there. Van Cleve looked a good deal older than the last time I saw him, and, do you know, my first thought was, "Why, those are n't his own people! I'd know the Van Cleve ladies anywhere, and those are n't any of *them*, and what's become of the Major? Can Van possibly have got married and annexed another family to take care of?" Then he saw me, and got up and spoke right away.'

So J. B. was introduced to the assemblage, and Mr. Takuhira, too; and if the little Oriental gentleman was confounded at the spectacle of a single young man in company with three single young women voyaging about the country a thousand miles from home, unquestioned, and evidently entirely respectable, he was by far too mannerly to show it. 'Take-your-hair-off was used to American ways,' J. B. said; 'and of course the Red Cross explained everything, anyhow. You saw dozens of nice girls going around by themselves. I think Van Cleve was glad to see us; he looked fagged out, and, after we joined them, sat back and let us do the talking as if he wanted a rest. Miss Gilbert and Takuhira got on together wonderfully; it turned out that they had some mutual friends, — people they both knew, that is, — anybody's a friend when you meet away from home, — Boston and Washington people, and I believe some army and navy men. The two nurses talked mainly to me; they looked at Takuhira as if he were some kind of educated chimpanzee, and I'm sure that's how they classed him. That youngest nurse was rather making eyes at Van Cleve, I thought, but he did n't seem to be conscious of it at all; it was rather

funny. He told me he was down on business, and then caught himself, and said, "That is — well, I'm taking a vacation — I'm making a vacation of it, you know." I thought he did n't look much like a man taking a vacation, but, of course, it was no affair of mine.'

They sat there talking, J. B. said, until quite late; and it was after they had all said their good-nights, and the others had been gone some time, and he himself was upstairs in his room getting ready for bed, that, on a sudden, a tremendous racket broke out in the streets of the town across the river, quickly spreading to the hotel side: bells ringing, whistles tooting, people running and yelling, and by and by guns or fire-crackers beginning to go off deafeningly. He hustled himself into some clothes again and ran out, meeting in the halls other half-dressed men, none of whom knew what was happening; they were guessing everything, from a fire-alarm to Spanish gunboats coming up to shell Port Tampa! Takuhira joined them. 'He was the least interested man present, you might have thought,' J. B. said afterwards, with a laugh; 'but, by George, he was the first to suggest that the telegraph office was the place to inquire. And he added, as calm as Buddha, that "very possible the boats *might* have come outt.'" He meant Cervera's fleet, of course. It sounded so queer in his precise, grammatical way of talking, and with no more expression on his face than if he had been carved out of old ivory, with jet eyes. All the rest of us gesticulating and shouting like lunatics!'

As they were hurrying over the bridge, they ran into some men and boys who wildly reported that there had been a battle; there had been fighting at Santiago, and our boys had whipped, of course. In the town the

streets were full of hurrahing people, and all the bells and sirens were going madly; it was just before the Fourth, so there was a plentiful supply of cannon-crackers and bonfire material besides.

J. B. and the Japanese attaché made for a newspaper office; the crowd was so wedged together outside that it was impossible to get through, and on the skirts of it they fell in again with Van Cleve Kendrick. Van had taken his ladies to their hotel and was on his way to the cot he had secured in a rooming-house when the excitement began. Nobody seemed to know whence the information came, but everybody was sure it was correct. Victory! Hurrah! 'There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night' —!

'I suppose it's true?' Van Cleve asked the man next him. 'How did they get the news?'

'Why, it was telegraphed from Jacksonville, I believe —'

'*Jacksonville!*' ejaculated J. B. 'They could make up pretty nearly any story and send it here from Jacksonville!'

'No, no, it's a wire from Key West,' somebody else volunteered. Mr. Takuhira, however, told Van Cleve, in his neat English, that he understood most of the news was always sent by dispatch-boat from Kingston, or by the cable off Cienfuegos, which we had picked up after bombarding and destroying the Spanish station there.

Presently the crowd, in its constant shifting, allowed them to press farther in; bulletins were already posted, but the heads and hats were so thick in front of them that only the topmost lines could be seen from the edge of the sidewalk by a tall man like Van Cleve or J. B. Taylor. Those nearest the boards began obligingly to pass back bits of information. The first fight of the land forces had occurred at a place

called Las Guasimas; the Rough Riders and Tenth Cavalry (all of them dismounted) had been engaged; they had driven the Spaniards back after a stubborn resistance; it was not possible at the moment of writing to estimate the loss on either side, but the Spaniards' had been the most severe; of the United States troops engaged, the following were known to have been killed: —

'Captain Allen Capron — it says Captain Allen Capron,' repeated the man in front of Van Cleve, turning; 'd'ye know any of 'em?' he asked, parenthetically.

'I know one man,' said Van, outwardly calm at least. 'Much obliged. Can you read any more?'

'Can't read any. It's this fellow in front of me that's telling me; I can't see a thing. — Sergeant Hamilton Fish. Know him?'

Van Cleve shook his head. The man went on. 'He says there's a war correspondent killed — don't see what a war correspondent was doing up in front on the firing-line, do you?'

Van Cleve heard his own voice saying, 'What was that man's name?'

'I did n't catch it — wait a minute. — Say, say that over again, will you? Hey? It was a fellow by the name of Marshall. Friend of yours?'

'No,' Van said, with almost as much effort as before; he was trembling with relief, and at the same time adjuring himself impatiently not to be a fool; there must be a hundred correspondents in the field besides Bob.

'Here, now you can get in and read 'em for yourself, if you're quick about it,' said the other, good-naturedly, squeezing aside, as the crowd swayed open momentarily.

Van Cleve edged forward, and the aisle closed up on the instant. The two men immediately in front of him were stooping to read the last items at the bottom of the manila-paper

sheet, one of them copying rapidly into a notebook. Van craned over their shoulders. The list of the dead came first. He read, '—— Cortwright, shot through the heart.'

CHAPTER XIV

KEY WEST

The triumphant din went on more or less exuberantly until the small hours of that night at Tampa. The news flashed to the four corners of the country, and thousands read it next morning at their comfortable breakfast-tables, with unbounded martial pride and satisfaction; and numbers of honest, good-tempered citizens who had never quarreled with a neighbor in their lives, and who sang lustily in church every Sunday great words about Peace and Mercy and Patience and Brotherly Love, gave the children a quarter to buy fire-crackers with which to celebrate, and went out to their fields or factories or offices, telling one another it was just what they had expected and predicted from the start; that our men were the best all-round fighters in the world, invincible in open battle; and as for this guerilla style, why, they could fairly eat the other side up at *that*! That had been our natural way of fighting ever since the pioneers went into business against the Indians! And it was a pity about the poor fellows that were killed, but war was n't any picnic, we all knew that, and so did they when they went into it.

These, too, were the sort of reflections that would undoubtedly have occurred to Van Kendrick, if he had been at his normal occupations, under normal circumstances; and it is conceivable that he would have learned of the other man's death, had it been an ordinary one in bed after an ordinary illness, with no shock or regret. But,

as it was, he presented a face of such ghastly consternation to the two gentlemen, his acquaintances, who were still hovering on the edge of the mob when he pushed his way out to them, that they both observed it, even by the artificial light, and exclaimed aloud with concern. Moreover, when Van Cleve told them, they were almost as much shocked as he.

'Good Lord, you say it's the man Miss Gilbert's engaged to? The poor girl! Why, that's — that's a dreadful thing!' J. B. said in horror and compassion. He shook his head solemnly. 'It's the women that bear the brunt of it after all,' he said, in a lowered voice, thinking of his father who had fallen gallantly at Shiloh, of the grave in the little old Kentucky churchyard, and his mother's face when she went to lay flowers there. 'Poor girl! Poor thing! Do you have to go and tell her? Do you think you'd better?'

'It may not be the same man. It is written "Blank Cortwright," I think you said?' the Japanese gentleman pointed out practically.

'Yes, I know — I thought about that. This man's name is Philip, so there's a chance still. There might easily be some other Cortwright in the regiment. But do you suppose there's any way of finding out?' said Van Cleve, in a haggard anxiety. 'The uncertainty only makes it worse for her, you know,' he added out of his not inconsiderable experience with woman-kind.

They all three looked at one another blankly. 'All you can do is to wait, I'm afraid,' said J. B. at last. As they walked away, a sudden recollection prompted him. 'Cortwright? Why, I've met him, have n't I? Oh, yes, I remember perfectly now. I remember hearing about that engagement. I never had —' had any use for that young man, Mr. Taylor was on the

point of saying, but checked himself. Cortwright might be dead. The same feeling restrained Van Cleve even from admitting to himself that the fate of Lorrie's lover was, personally, a matter of entire indifference to him; he knew that at heart he did not care what became of Cortwright, one way or the other; but he was desperately sorry for Lorrie. She thought Cortwright was a hero, poor girl! Probably he did not lack the physical courage which is the least and commonest of man's gifts; and if he had borne himself well and died doing his duty, why, the best of us could achieve no more and make no finer end.

Van Cleve's own endowment did not include anything like tactfulness or capacity for expressing sympathy, — a fact of which he was ruefully conscious; and he carried this heavy news to Lorrie without the dimmest idea of how to 'break it gently,' as people say, to her. Van thought — and I am not sure, on the whole, that he was not right — that bluntness might be the best mercy. As it happened, however, she had already heard; the plump nurse came out of the room with a gravely warning and important carriage, and stopped Van Cleve on the threshold.

'No, she did n't faint, and she has n't been crying or anything,' she whispered, in answer to his questions; 'but she gave up right away that it was true. She says she does n't believe there was another Cortwright. Oh, Mr. Kendrick, is n't it awful?' she wound up, not without some enjoyment, in spite of her real kindness of heart and desire to help.

'Ask her if she'll see me, will you, Miss — er —,' Van said. He was wondering whether to tell Lorrie what he intended to do next; whether, indeed, she would be in a fit state to hear or consider his plans.

'My name is n't Miss Urr — urr —, Mr. Kendrick, I'm *Miss Crow*,' said the nurse, bridling a little and mimicking him roguishly; 'I do believe you've been forgetting it right along. *Miss Crow*; now do try and fix me in your mind.'

'All right — that is, I mean, I beg your pardon — much obliged,' said Van Cleve, clumsily, in his preoccupation; at his best, he would have been a mortally unpromising subject for a flirtation, and now he scarcely looked at the young woman, scarcely heard her. 'If you'll just ask Miss Gilbert if she minds speaking to me a minute —?'

Lorrie herself came to the door, and stood before the young man with eyes that seemed very large and bright and of soundless depth, in her white face. 'Have you found Bob, Van Cleve?' she said quite steadily. 'That is what we must do, whatever comes, you know that.'

Van Cleve felt something bravely self-forgotten in her speech and manner that touched him more than all the tears she could have shed. He took her hand. 'I'm sorry about this — this other thing — this report, Lorrie. But don't forget it may not be he. It may be some other man. I hope to Heaven it is!' he said, and meant the words. It made no difference who and what and how unworthy Cortwright might be, all Van Cleve's dislike and jealousy of him were swept away by an unselfish tenderness, to see the woman he loved so stricken.

She looked at him, tensely composed, with a kind of distance in her gaze, as from some far height; it almost frightened Van Cleve, this spectacle which he had never before witnessed, of the essential loneliness of sorrow. 'I think it is Phil. I think he is dead,' she said.

'Oh, you ought n't to make up your mind to it that way, Lorrie — it's only a report — they're all the time

making mistakes,' Van Cleve began, awkwardly trying to reassure her.

Lorrie made a little nervous gesture as of renunciation, with her two shaking hands. 'If it is so, it's for the best — I thought of that last night when I heard — it would be a noble way to die, Van Cleve — it would be the way of his choice,' she said in a pathetic exaltation, before which the young man stood silent and somehow shamed.

Van Cleve, having by dint of persistent inquiry made reasonably sure that Bob had at any rate left Tampa, now planned to go on down to Key West, as he had been repeatedly advised; he had made up his mind to go to Cuba, too, if need be, and, through the good offices of Mr. Takuhira, who was supplied with credentials or some unknown instruments of power everywhere, and who showed himself very active and useful, the trip might be arranged. The *attaché* himself had received orders from his chiefs to reach the army or fleet before Santiago without delay; everybody was expecting news of a big engagement on land or sea, perhaps both, at any moment. Lorrie must stay in Tampa, Van decided, until she heard from him; the two nurses who had finally got themselves officially recognized, would look after her, as far as their duties allowed; at least she would not be without a soul she knew in the place. They had ceased to expect her to act the part of volunteer nurse with which she had begun, and Van himself had ceased to play his own. It would have been better never to have attempted that petty farce, he thought; of necessity it would sort ill with the tragedies of these days, and, soon or late, they must abandon it. Lorrie acquiesced in everything he said; for the time all the spirit had gone out of the girl.

'Do you believe she'll ever get over

it?' the younger nurse questioned; and prophesied that Miss Gilbert never would, recalling many instances of brokenhearted spinsters who had remained angelically faithful to an early love to the end of their days. She was in a fever of romantic interest, and felt as if they were 'living in one of Marie Corelli's works,' as she confided to her senior, adding that she 'would n't have missed it for anything!'

'Oh, yes, she'll get over it. Person has to, you know,' returned Miss Rodgers, who was of an eminently prosaic temperament. 'I've seen a raft of widows and widowers that were all broken-up right at first, but mercy me, they all got over it! — except some of the real old widows, that is. The men are generally pretty chipper inside of a year. It's not so awful when you come to think about it. Nobody can keep on grieving right along, day in and day out, forever. If they do, you can take it from me, something's the matter with 'em!'

'Well, I think Miss Gilbert's the kind that would be loyal to the grave. I think it's lovely,' said the other with a sigh. She was at hand, accidentally, of course, when Van Cleve came, the next day, to say good-bye to Lorrie; and assured him earnestly that they would take good care of Miss Gilbert. 'She is the *sweetest* thing! And I hope we'll hear from you soon, Mr. Kendrick,' said the girl, wistfully.

'Why, I hope so myself. And I want to thank you very much for everything you're doing — you've been most kind, Miss — er — Miss Sparrow,' said Van, warmly, shaking her hand. He was off without another thought of her, as she dismally knew; and I believe they have never met since; when Van Cleve got back to Tampa, Miss Rodgers had been sent down to Egmont Key to the army hospital there, and he had not leisure to look up the other young woman.

So now Mr. Kendrick embarked for Key West, and he did not know how much farther. The vessel on which he and Takuhira secured passage put to sea in the august company of the troopship Niagara, now known as Transport No. 16, with seven hundred men aboard to reinforce Shafter before Santiago. And to Van's surprise, this large body of heroes left their native shores without any patriotic or sentimental to-do whatever, no flags, no salutes, no crowds of weeping women, no band playing 'The girl I left behind me,' — nothing that even Van Cleve's work-a-day spirit would have regarded as reasonable and appropriate. A fellow passenger going down on business connected with furnishing canned corned-beef to the government, enlightened him.

'The good-bye-sweetheart business is about played out,' he explained. 'You see when the order first came for the army to start, everybody went piling down to Port Tampa and gave the boys the biggest send-off they knew how. Well then, the last of the transports had hardly got past the bell-buoys when there came an order for 'em to come back home! Day or so after that, they tried it again. That time they only got about three hundred yards down the bay — same old song-and-dance! They just settled right down where they were and waited. It was two or three days after that, I think, before they finally did get off. Looked like starting and stopping was a kind of habit with 'em — "Farewell forever — forever farewell!" as the song says. Only people get tired farewelling, you know; they can't keep it up that long. Once is enough, it don't seem to have any point the second time. You can't get a rise out of anybody nowadays.'

It was a fact that Van Cleve himself began to feel, as it were, callous to further excitement; he had had enough

of the alarums and excursions, the sight of fighting men and armaments. Transport No. 16, which had no time to spare, shortly left them behind, but the waters were full of other shipping, which Van barely noticed. There were moments when the whole adventure seemed to the young man's naturally slow and cool judgment absolutely insane. What was he, Van Cleve Kendrick, doing in this outlandish environment? Why, he was going a knight-erranting, to be sure — knight-erranting at the end of the nineteenth century, on a little steamer with a ridiculous comic opera name, crowded with men, tumbling about under the red-hot sky, with the gulls squeaking in their rear, and the low coasts of Florida simmering there ten miles off! And here, for a final incongruity, was a polite Oriental (in a straw hat and beautifully polished shoes!) at his elbow, proffering him a cigar! He took the cigar; he smoked and talked with the other men sitting in the narrow shade of the deck-house with their feet propped on the extra chairs. He might have been traveling down to see about tobacco contracts or canned corned-beef for the army like the rest of them, for all the excitement he showed or, indeed, felt; the commonplace attitude of his mind sometimes puzzled him.

Twenty-four hours brought them to Key West, on a hot, noisy morning; and in the paper Van Cleve bought on the dock he found a final report of the fight at Las Guasimas, much enlarged, with a complete and verified list of killed and wounded. Among the former, 'Troop X, Lieut. Philip Cortwright' appeared half-way down the page. So poor Lorrie was right in her sad presentiment; and she too must have seen this last dispatch by now. Van read the account of the battle. It did not seem to have been very spectacular; no charging up to breastworks, or hand-

to-hand struggle. Our advance had been through a practically pathless jungle; the Spanish used smokeless powder so that it was almost impossible to locate them — this statement was repeated continually with a child-like surprise and indignation; also their sharpshooting was very good; they had men posted in the trees; it had been no such slight skirmish as at first reported.

The United States troops had behaved with the greatest firmness and daring, as indeed the tale of losses showed; owing to the scattering nature of the fighting, it was not until after some time and search that it had been possible to get an accurate list of the casualties. Lieutenant Cortwright had

pressed forward very eagerly, and was one of the first to fall with a bullet through the lungs (not the heart as previously stated); he died while being carried to the rear. Mr. Marshall, the correspondent, had not been killed, but so severely wounded that his recovery was improbable. In another column was the statement that all the bodies found had been buried on the field and could not be removed until after the close of the war — if even then. The graves were marked, and whatever small possessions of the dead men seemed worth while, had been taken charge of, in most cases, by some friend or 'bunkie.'

'Poor Lorrie!' said Van to himself again.

(To be continued.)

TO A MOTOR

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

To mark old hamlets, primrose-kirtled, where simple folk seem glad to dwell;
To mark in door and window hurtled the smudge and stench of chosen hell;
To mark his holiest necromancies befouled so never man can read them; —
You Thing! Suppose we part? My fancy's to throttle hatreds, not to feed them.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE OR WAR

BY EVERETT P. WHEELER

THE strikes that destroyed the peace of England during 1911, the coal strike in this country, which lasted from May 12 to October 23, 1902, and its threatened renewal during 1912, the threatened strike of locomotive engineers and firemen, the Lawrence strike, the hotel-waiters' strike in New York, the strike on the Boston Elevated Railroad, and the garment-makers' strikes, have led thoughtful men to realize the danger to American prosperity and liberty from the unsettled relation between capital and labor.

The old conception that the laboring man was weak and needed protection, that he could not stand out and higgledy for terms, and must therefore receive special consideration from philanthropic people, still lingers, but is no longer true. Laboring men in many vocations have organized. They have energetic leaders whose counsels in the main they follow loyally. These labor organizations confront organizations of capital. In many parts of the country the two face each other with mutual distrust and animosity, like hostile camps. When the skirmishers give the alarm the armies are ready for battle, and enter upon the fray with no consideration for the suffering caused thereby to the great majority who take no part in the particular industry threatened by the war, but who are in various ways dependent upon the results. Of course, in one sense, everybody is a capitalist and almost everybody is a laborer. But in this article I use the words in the ordinary sense.

The capitalist, in our usual parlance, is the man who controls large accumulated capital, much of it his own, much of it that of stockholders who intrust their share to his care. The laborer is he who earns wages in some business carried on by the capitalist.

Let us consider what can be done to prevent these disastrous wars. The fundamental American principle is 'Liberty, protected by law.' Edward Everett said that the love of this 'gave to Lafayette his spotless fame.' It is the principle embodied in the American Constitution. The latter undertook to insure to each man liberty to use his talents and opportunities in the way that seemed wisest to him, provided he did not infringe upon the equal right of his neighbor. The whole machinery of government described in the Constitution has for its principal object the protection of the individual in the exercise of this right. The right of the capitalists to combine for any lawful purpose, and that of the laborers to combine for any lawful purpose, are equally sacred. But each combination should be subject to laws made for the general welfare.

How then shall the enjoyment of the rights of each be secured without infringing upon the rights of the other? In an uncivilized country men fight for their rights. Civilization should provide tribunals before which individuals must appear who cannot agree, and who claim rights that conflict with each other. It enforces the judgment of these tribunals by the sheriff or marshal, by

the *posse comitatus*, and, if necessary, by the military. For it is an essential characteristic of a government really civilized, that the decision of the tribunal previously established, rendered after a full and fair hearing of both sides, must be obeyed.

One of the most familiar and accessible illustrations of the application of this principle is to be found in what is perhaps the earliest recorded account of a trade-union riot.¹

'A Silversmith named Demetrius, who made silver models of the shrine of Artemis, and so gave a great deal of work to the artisans, got these men together as well as the workmen engaged in similar occupations [a sympathetic strike] and said: "Men, you know that our prosperity depends upon this work, and you see and hear that, not only at Ephesus, but in almost the whole of Roman Asia, this Paul has convinced and won over great numbers of people, by his assertion that those Gods which are made by hands are not Gods at all, so that not only is this business of ours likely to fall into discredit, but there is the further danger that the Temple of the great Goddess Artemis will be thought nothing of, and that she herself will be deprived of her splendor, though all Roman Asia and the whole world worship her." When they heard this, the men were greatly enraged, and began shouting, "Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!" The commotion spread through the whole city, and the people rushed together, dragging with them Gaius and Aristarchus, . . . who were Paul's traveling companions. . . .

'When the Recorder had succeeded in quieting the crowd, he said: "Men of Ephesus, who is there, I ask you, who needs to be told that this city of Ephesus is Warden of the Temple of the great Artemis and of the statue that fell

down from Zeus? As these are undeniable facts you ought to keep calm and do nothing rash; for you have brought these men here, though they are neither robbers of Temples nor blasphemers of our Goddess. If, however, Demetrius and the artisans who are acting with him have a charge to make against any one, there are Court Days and there are Magistrates; let both parties take legal proceedings. But if you want anything more, it will have to be settled in the regular Assembly.'"

In short, there was, under the Roman law, in effect, a court of arbitration, and an assembly to which matters justiciable before this court could be referred. Violence and riot were unlawful, and were promptly suppressed.

How comes it, then, that in this twentieth century we have not machinery adequate to accomplish this result? Our method is that of Sangrado: 'Warm water and bleeding—the warm water of our mawkish policy, and the lancets of our military.'

The old English law dealt with this subject in a different way. On the one hand, it allowed a borough to prohibit the exercise of a particular craft except by those who belonged to the guild of that craft. This was the closed shop, and in fact it existed in many English boroughs. This exclusive privilege was abolished by one of the reform laws of 1835. This law was considered, and was in fact, an act of emancipation. The legalized closed shop had caused such grievous abuses that it was no longer tolerable.

On the other hand, by the old English law, strikes were unlawful, and heavy penalties were imposed upon workmen who refused to work for the rate of wages fixed by local law. This combination act was repealed in 1825. Since then, in England and America, we have been trying experiments. Capitalists have formed their combinations.

¹ Acts XIX, 24–29, 35–39; Twentieth-Century Testament Version.

Laborers have formed theirs. The power and wealth of each have increased. The wars between them have become more bitter and more injurious to the public.

Finally, came the great strike in the year 1894. This grew out of a controversy between the Pullman Company and the workmen in the model town of Pullman — a town that had the most perfect system of drainage and the most comfortable tenements in the world. Nevertheless, owners and tenants could not agree. The tenants procured a sympathetic strike. Railway trains on all the railways leading into Chicago were held up by force. The United States mails could not be transported. Governor Altgeld refused to interfere, and had it not been for the courage and determination of Grover Cleveland and of Richard Olney, we should have had chaos in Illinois. The Federal troops were ordered out. General Miles took command. He replied significantly to the threats of Altgeld: If you persist in defying the laws of your country we will give you another Appomattox. And the insurrection was suppressed.

In this case the judicial power was appealed to. The judges of the Federal Circuit Court granted an injunction against the rioters. This was sustained by the United States Supreme Court in the Debs Case.¹ That injunction is sometimes cited as an instance of the hostility of the courts to organized labor. It was no more than that was the indictment of the McNamaras or of Darrow. It was hostility to murder and violence, and that hostility the judicial branch of the government should always manifest.

But this decision of the Court was not, and under our present system could not be, rendered until violence was threatened. In fact, neither that

decision, nor its enforcement by the army, could have been obtained unless there had been actual riot and bloodshed. That is the defect of the present American system.

The suffering and loss of life caused by this strike led to the passage of the Erdman Act, June 1, 1898. This relates to carriers engaged in interstate commerce and their employees. It provides that when a dispute arises between them, either party may appeal to a tribunal of mediation consisting of the Commissioner of Labor and a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Since the organization of the United States Commerce Court, a judge of that Court may be called in. If this tribunal fails to secure an agreement it endeavors to induce the parties to submit the controversy to arbitration. If arbitration is agreed upon, each party selects one arbitrator, and these two choose an umpire. If they do not agree, the mediators name the umpire. The act provides 'that the respective parties to the award will each faithfully execute the same.' During the pendency of the arbitration, both lockouts and strikes are unlawful. Discrimination against members of labor organizations and blacklisting are prohibited by the act.

This act has been invoked in nearly sixty controversies during the last five years, and in every instance both parties have executed the award. It does not, in terms, provide for compulsory arbitration. It is like a law which should enact that if two neighbors cannot agree as to the boundary-line between their property, they may submit the question to arbitration in a certain prescribed manner. Failing this, they may fight it out. That certainly would not be considered a civilized way of settling such a controversy. Unfortunately there is such a lack of mutual confidence between labor and

¹ Reported 158, U. S. Rep., 564.

capital that nothing better has yet obtained their joint approval. And the majority, the general public, have been so busy about their own affairs that they have let the thing alone.

Inadequate, however, as the Erdman Act is, it is better than nothing. When, in 1902, the great coal strike broke out in Pennsylvania, there was no machinery for voluntary arbitration provided for the coal trade. The cruelty of the strikers to all who did not coöperate with them, the absolute barbarity with which they persecuted even the wives and children of all in the anthracite district who would not join them, justified Wayne MacVeagh's description: 'The strike of 1902 was a foretaste of hell. Each workman feels it is his personal quarrel; in each breast there are kindled feelings of enmity against all arrayed on the side of the capitalists.'

The effect of this strike, as usual, was most grievous to the innocent poor. Hundreds of thousands of poor people in Eastern cities suffered from cold and hunger during that evil winter of 1902-03, because they had to pay double for their pailfuls of coal. It often happens that the organized strikers and the organized employers care as little for the sufferings of those outside their organizations as did the Genius of War and Famine in Coleridge's famous poem: —

The baby beat his dying mother,
I had starved the one, and was starving the
other.

They do not see these sufferings, and they ignore what is not under their eyes. All the more, therefore, is it the duty of the public to intervene and prevent the wars which cause the sufferings.

President Roosevelt never did a wiser thing than when he appointed a commission to 'inquire into, consider, and pass upon the questions in contro-

versy in connection with the strike in the anthracite region, and the causes out of which the controversy arose.' A commission of seven was appointed, of which George Gray, presiding judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Third Circuit, was chairman. The mine owners and the 'striking anthracite-mine workers' appeared before the commission. The latter were represented by John Mitchell, who was also President of the United Mine Workers of America; but he did not appear officially in this capacity, because that organization included bituminous-mine workers, and it was claimed with some justice by the owners of anthracite mines, that the interests of the two groups were diverse.

The commission made its award March 18, 1903. This was observed by both parties, has been modified from time to time, but in its essential features has proved the basis of mutual agreement ever since it was made.

This award contains recommendations to which I now ask attention. They have been ignored for nine years. It is time to brush the dust from their leaves.

'The Commission is led to the conviction, that the question of the recognition of the union and of dealing with the mine workers through their union, was considered by both operators and miners to be one of the most important involved in the controversy which culminated in the strike. . . .

'The men employed in a certain line of work or branch of industry have similar feelings, aspirations, and convictions, the natural outgrowth of their common work and common trend or application of mind. The union, representing their community of interests, is the logical result of their community thought. It encourages calm and intelligent consideration of matters of common interest. In the absence of a

union, the extremist gets a ready hearing for incendiary appeals to prejudice or passion, when a grievance, real or fancied, of a general nature, presents itself for consideration. . . .

'Trade unionism is rapidly becoming a matter of business, and that employer who fails to give the same careful attention to the question of his relation to his labor or his employees, which he gives to the other factors which enter into the conduct of his business, makes a mistake, which sooner or later he will be obliged to correct. . . . Experience shows that the more full the recognition given to a trades union, the more businesslike and responsible it becomes. . . . If the energy of the employer is directed to discouragement and repression of the union, he need not be surprised if the more radically inclined members are the ones most frequently heard. . . .

'In order to be entitled to such recognition, the labor organization or union must give the same recognition to the rights of the employer and of others, which it demands for itself and for its members. The worker has the right to quit or to strike in conjunction with his fellows, when by so doing he does not violate a contract made by or for him. He has neither right nor license to destroy or to damage the property of the employer; neither has he any right or license to intimidate or to use violence against the man who chooses to exercise his right to work, nor to interfere with those who do not feel that the union offers the best method for adjusting grievances. . . .

'The non-union man assumes the whole responsibility which results from his being such, but his right and privilege of being a non-union man are sanctioned in law and morals. . . . The contention that a majority of the employees in an industry, by voluntarily associating themselves in a union, ac-

quire authority over those who do not so associate themselves, is untenable. . . .

'It, accordingly, hereby adjudges and awards: That any difficulty or disagreement arising under this award, either as to its interpretation or application, or in any way growing out of the relations of the employers and the employed, which cannot be settled or adjusted by consultation between the superintendent or manager of the mine or mines, and the miner or miners directly interested, or is of a scope too large to be so settled and adjusted, shall be referred to a permanent joint committee, to be called a board of conciliation, to consist of six persons, appointed as hereinafter provided. That is to say, if there shall be a division of the whole region into three districts, in each of which there shall exist an organization representing a majority of the mine workers of such district, one of said board of conciliation shall be appointed by the operators, the operators in each of said districts appointing one person. . . .

'The right to remain at work where others have ceased to work, or to engage anew in work which others have abandoned, is part of the personal liberty of a citizen, that can never be surrendered, and every infringement thereof merits, and should receive, the stern denouncement of the law. . . . Approval of the subject of a strike, or persuasion that its purpose is high and noble, can not sanction an attempt to destroy the right of others to a different opinion in this respect, or to interfere with their conduct in choosing to work upon what terms and at what time and for whom it may please them so to do. . . .

'It also becomes our duty to condemn another less violent, but not less reprehensible, form of attack upon those rights and liberties of the citizen, which the public opinion of civilized

countries recognizes and protects. . . . What is popularly known as the boycott (a word of evil omen and unhappy origin) is a form of coercion by which a combination of many persons seek to work their will upon a single person, or upon a few persons, by compelling others to abstain from social or beneficial business intercourse with such person or persons. Carried to the extent sometimes practiced in aid of a strike, and as was in some instances practiced in connection with the late anthracite strike, it is a cruel weapon of aggression, and its use immoral and anti-social. . . .

'The practices, which we are condemning, would be outside the pale of civilized war. In civilized warfare, women and children and the defenseless are safe from attack, and a code of honor controls the parties to such warfare, which cries out against the boycott we have in view. Cruel and cowardly are terms not too severe by which to characterize it.

'Closely allied to the boycott is the blacklist, by which employers of labor sometimes prevent the employment by others, of men whom they have discharged. In other words, it is a combination among employers not to employ workmen discharged by any of the members of said combination. This system is as reprehensible and as cruel as the boycott, and should be frowned down by all humane men.'

The Commission finally recommended the substantial adoption of an act which was drawn by Charles Francis Adams. This is printed in the Appendix. It is entitled, 'An Act to provide for the Investigation of Controversies affecting Interstate Commerce and for other Purposes.'

'Section 1. Whenever within any State or States, Territory or Territories of the United States, a controversy concerning wages, hours of labor, or

conditions of employment shall arise between an employer, being an individual, partnership, association, corporation or other combination, and the employees or association or combination of employees of such employer, by reason of which controversy the transportation of the United States mails, the operations, civil or military, of the Government of the United States, or the free and regular movement of commerce among the several States and with foreign nations is in the judgment of the President interrupted or directly affected, or threatened with being so interrupted or so directly affected, the President shall in his discretion inquire into the same and investigate the causes thereof.

'Section 2. To this end the President may appoint a special Commission, not exceeding seven in number, of persons in his judgment specially qualified to conduct such an investigation.'

It then proceeds to provide for the organization of the Commission, for a full hearing of the parties to the controversy, authorizes the Commission to administer oaths, to compel the attendance of witnesses and the production of books and papers. To this end the Commission may invoke the aid of the courts of the United States, and is vested with all the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the courts of the United States are required to render it aid to the same extent as aid is rendered to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It authorizes the Commission to 'enter and inspect any public institution, factory, workshop, or mine.' After the investigation of the controversy, the Commission shall formulate its report thereon, setting forth the causes of the same, locating, as far as may be, the responsibilities thereof, and making such specifications and recommendations as shall in its judgment put an end to such contro-

versy or disturbance, and prevent a recurrence thereof.

Unfortunately, this bill was not introduced in Congress. No state gave sufficient attention to the recommendation of the Commission to modify this bill so as to adapt its provisions to controversies within the state. It is true that some states have some legislation on the subject. But the best is insufficient because it fails to provide an adequate tribunal with adequate powers for the decision of these labor controversies. Apparently the American people prefer an occasional war to a continual peace. Is it not time to revise this conclusion and follow deliberately the things that make for peace? And how can there be peace without an arbitral tribunal, which is adequate to decide controversies without resort to war?

A bill to extend the provisions of the Erdman Act to the owners and lessees of coal mines, the produce of which enters into interstate or foreign commerce, and their employees, was introduced in the Sixty-second Congress by Mr. R. E. Lee of Pennsylvania,¹ was amended and reported by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, but unfortunately did not become a law. It is a step in advance, and will, we hope, be pressed in the next Congress. It may lead to enactment of a more comprehensive measure, not only by Congress, but in every state. The need for this has never been better stated than by Governor Stone of Pennsylvania in 1902:—

‘A law that would settle labor disputes between employer and employed must of necessity be a compulsory arbitration law, and the award must be final and conclusive. The law must be drafted for the protection of society, and must not be drawn in the interest of employer or employee. Experience

¹ H. R. 22,012; in amended form, H. R. 25,109.

teaches that strikes endanger life and property. When life and property are in jeopardy, society is menaced. The right of the public, the right of society, is greater than the rights of the participants on both sides in any strike.’

The objections to compulsory arbitration might be urged with equal force against our whole judicial system. This has jurisdiction over the most sacred of human relations. If a man and his wife cannot agree as to the custody of their children, either may compel the other to submit the controversy to the arbitrament of a judge. The court decides disputes between partners. It compels the specific performance of contracts. Why, then, should not the majority of our people provide by law a tribunal with powers adequate to decide controversies between capital and labor, and with power if necessary to enforce its decision?

But forcible enforcement would be unnecessary. Not once in a thousand times is the power of sheriff or marshal invoked to enforce the judgment of a court. The awards of the arbitral committees of the various exchanges are obeyed without formal compulsion.

In labor controversies the most effectual compulsion is the indirect method of prohibiting strikes and lock-outs pending the arbitration. This prohibition obviates controversy as to whether picketing is peaceful and as to whether persuasion has developed into physical violence. In short, it provides for peace and prohibits war, and substitutes for war a tribunal with powers to decide conflicting claims upon their merits.

This system of conciliation and arbitration has been tried by several of the governments which are federated in Australasia, and on the whole with success. That does not of itself prove that it would work well in America. But we should be foolish, indeed, if we did not

profit by the experience of others. No better plan has been suggested. The present situation is intolerable. Let us then give heed to the report of the State Labor Bureau of New South Wales, for the year ending June 30, 1909:—

‘The Act has already lived down the bitter hostility of a section of the trade unions, the majority of them having already applied for the appointment of Wages Boards to determine rates of wages and conditions of labor in their particular industries. The opinion is fast gaining ground in industrial circles that greater benefits are likely to accrue from the operations of the Act than could be expected from the methods of a strike.’

The award of the Board of Arbitration, which a few months ago considered and decided the controversy as to

wages between the locomotive engineers and the railroads of this country, had under consideration also the subject of arbitration. The facts presented to this board showed very clearly the great danger to the whole community incident to the possibility of a general railroad strike. It recommends a system of compulsory arbitration. The only dissent by one of the members of the board was on the ground that such a system would be impracticable. The answer to that is that it is competent for the legislature to declare that either a strike or a lockout is illegal until after a hearing before, and an award by, an arbitration tribunal. Such a system has succeeded in Canada and other countries where it has been tried. There seems to be no reason to doubt that it would be successful in the United States.

THE TELE-VICTORIAN AGE

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

IN violation of one of the etymologist's rules, I have made two languages conspire to give name to the age in which we live — the age of the victory over the remote in space and time, the age of the conquest of the Far, the ‘*Tele-Victorian Age*.’

The ancient Hellenic age might fitly be called by contrast the *Perinikian Age* (to conform for the moment to the etymologist's requirements), the age of the conquest of the Near. The very language of that ancient age would intimate to us this characteristic even if we had no other testimony. In a

standard Greek lexicon there are sixty-seven columns of words with the prefix ‘*peri*’ (though in some of these words the prefix has not the significance of nearness, but the derived sense of completeness), and there are less than five columns of words with the prefix ‘*tele*.’ And even these latter words, when they are defined in what is now known to be their geographical reach, are also but *peri* words — words that tell of what we should now call the Near. The striking afar of *telebolos* was not beyond the reach of the sling, the *telemachos* of the arrow. The *teleplanos*, far-wandering,

traveler had never journeyed farther on the earth's surface than one would now go in a day or two of twentieth-century locomotion. The *telekleitos*, far-famed, hero would be thought in this age to have but provincial reputation. The *teleskopos*, far-seeing, wise man could actually see no greater distance than his naked eye could distinguish objects from the tallest peaks of Greece. The *teleboas*, far-shouting, orator could make himself heard no farther than his stentorian voice could carry. The *telegonos*, far-born, foreigner came from a place probably no more distant than Chicago from Boston. And *telothi*, the far, far, far-away, was no more remote than San Francisco.

The brilliant author of *The World Machine*¹ has recently written of that age: 'Means of communication were then slow; no "liners" then raced straight and swiftly from port to port. Men did not venture far. Though there were records of the compass in use in China nine centuries back of this, it was unknown to the Greek and Tyrian mariners, who crept along the coast of the sea in Media-Terra, the known *terra*, and out through the Pillars of Hercules to the Ultima Thule. From the ports of Tyre to the Gateway of Night was scarce two thousand miles. The Hellespont and the Euxine carried the map-maker's stylus scarce another thousand eastward. Half this combined distance reached from the mythical borders of Hyperborea to the fabulous regions of the Upper Nile. The known earth was a rectangle of about the present size of the United States.'

The perimeter of the *telouros*, the distant-boundaried, territory was indeed but the circumference of the Near. Environment — adaptation to which has been defined by high authority as education — was within range of the

¹ *The World Machine*. By Carl Snyder.

eye, the ear, the foot, or the sail; and a much simpler matter adaptation, and so education, were, than they are in these days, when the adaptations have to be made to environments beyond all reach of these. Think of one man who was 'abreast if not in advance of the astronomy of his day,' who had, as he himself said, of all his countrymen, 'traversed the greatest part of the earth,' who wrote a treatise on navigation, who was learned in physics, discoursing on the Magnet, the Rays of Light, and the Water Clock; who was 'fond of music and poetry,' leaving works on Rhythm and Harmony and on the beauty of epic poems; who was a critic in matters of art; who must 'have been a physician' since he left a book on Fever, another on Prognostics, another on Pestilences, another on the Right Way of Living; who assumed to write authoritatively on such varied knowledges as Agriculture, Tactics, the Principles of Laws, the Calendar and Colors, Ethics, and finally on Cheerfulness; besides being a zoölogist, anatomist, and psychologist. But with all this reputed wisdom, his science was the science of the Near, the Visible, the Palpable, the Audible, even though his speculation was of the Afar.

Nor was it the age of the Near in space alone. The Greek chronology did not stretch backward beyond that which was accepted as the age of the world in my own youth. I remember distinctly that in my college days the chronology of Ussher was followed in fixing the date of the creation of man as the year 4004 B.C. Since then the earth has grown a million years or more older; and the age of man has been increased to at least two hundred thousand years.

And a few months ago I heard the great astronomer-physicist Arrhenius, speaking of the propagation of life through the universe, express the view

that spores of life caught or propelled beyond one planet or star atmosphere, wandered in space until, brought within the force of another gravitation, they entered as immigrant star-dust the atmospheric shores of another planet or star, beginning a new life that was to evolve into the vegetable, and the animal, and the human, under new conditions, — and so led the imagination on from star to star and from eon to eon, till infinity of space and eternity of time became conceivable.

Not long after, I chanced to hear another Nobel Prize scientist who went in the other direction, as far as the microscope could go, to the fields farthest back toward the genetic eternity, to the land of the phagocytes, to the infinitesimal, to the atom, crying as the ancient poet who but dreamed of what his eyes could not see, '*considera opera atomorum.*'

Together have these and such men, astronomers, biologists, chemists, carried the boundaries of man's environment from one eternity to another.

Moreover, to consciousness of distance and time has been added mobility of human life.

One widely cherished recovery from that ancient age, the wonderfully beautiful statue of the Niké, the Winged Victory, of Samothrace, which Mr. H. G. Wells, after his visit to Boston a few years ago, referred to as the symbol of the 'terrifying unanimity of æsthetic discrimination,' was a few months ago reproduced by a cartoonist in intimation of the achievement of that pioneer of aviation, the first of the bird-men. But the Niké of Samothrace was, after all, perhaps but the figure-head of the prow of a boat. Her feet were fastened to a keel. The epinikian odes — the songs of victory — were of races whose distances were measured in stadia. The higher freedom, the mobility of wings, was but a

possession of the gods, an aspiration of rash men, who, like Icarus, fell back to earth for their venturing.

Those who are familiar with the poet Maeterlinck's botany are aware that his story of the evolution of animal life from the vegetable is the story of the struggle of life to escape from a state of immobility into one of mobility, of auto-mobility; from a static slavery to roots into the joyous freedom of feet; for, as Maeterlinck says, it is its rôle 'to escape above from the fatality below, to evade, transgress the heavy, sombre law, to set itself free, to shatter the narrow sphere, to invent or invoke wings, to escape as far as it can, to conquer the space in which destiny encloses it, to approach another kingdom.'

And when we read on into the history of the development of the highest animal, man, we find that we are following the story of the same kind of evolution, the story of the struggle from a lower toward a higher and higher state of mobility. Primitive patriarchs walked. Abraham was commanded to walk through the land he was to possess. But, from the very first, man longed for a greater mobility than his feet permitted. The ideal, happy, perfect creature was one equipped with wings; one who had 'the wings of the morning,' who could travel afar, one who could see to the ends of the earth, one who had knowledge of all things that are in the earth, one who knew the beginning and end of time.

It is in this our age that this aspiration is being realized; this age, in which the man has indeed become the *ἄγγελος*, at any rate, in respect of locomotion; in which he has, in a sense, approached another kingdom. He is able to speak and to hear and to write around the world. He is able to see not only to the ends of the earth, but millions of miles into space. He can talk with the stars in a very literal sense,

for he has made a new alphabet of varicolored lines (spectra they are called instead of letters), in which the stars are able to reveal to him what is burning in their hearts or what is glowing in their skies. Greater space, longer time, higher mobility, and the flying of the images of all things to his senses! Day unto day utters a speech never heard in the days of the Psalmist, and night unto night shows a knowledge beyond the wisdom of the wisest of the elder age.

Lucretius, the ancient Epicurean poet and philosopher, in trying to explain perception of the nearer phenomena of life, assumed that all bodies were constantly giving off filmy images or idols of themselves, and that the air was crowded with millions of these images, along with less definite emanations — images ever passing and crossing each other, in every direction, some swifter, some slower, in infinite complexity, yet in no confusion, very substantial, yet keeping their forms as they sped on their way to the senses, and traversed by mind-images, infinitely finer and more subtle, and by those subtlest and swiftest of all, the majestic images of the gods who came flying from the unknown afar through all the rest, in never-ceasing flow. His only Afar was the dwelling of the gods. Thence their images came flying, majestically.

But now, — according to the most widely accepted view, — everything comes through the medium of waves; a scientific theory which will some day be poetically translated, so that every aroma will have its wave-image, even as the flower that sent it forth had its idol or image under the Lucretian theory. All light, sound, perfume even, are but different forms of motion, we are assured, revealing themselves in waves of varying length or frequency. Everything that comes to us from the outer world comes through the beating, the ceaseless beating, of these

waves upon our bodies, our minds, which are as receivers of some sensitive, invisible, wireless system. When God said, 'Let there be light,' so science would now express it, He but caused the waves to vibrate at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand a second, and when He wished to diversify color, He but made waves of varying length.

The whole history of the human race, since the first cry of the first paleolithic infant and the first onomatopoetic verb of the paleolithic man, has been written in indestructible ether.

But most of the waves reach no human shores, except through other waves to which they give their impulses. I have often recalled hearing Justin Winsor of Harvard University say, 'If we only had instruments delicate, sensitive enough to record these unspent waves, what might we not hear? The prayer of Columbus out upon the ocean; the splash of the oars of Joliet and Marquette out upon the Mississippi; the footfall of Plato in the Academe.'

I once expressed the hope, in the presence of Mr. Thomas A. Edison, that he would some day become an ethereal archæologist and invent such an instrument: one that would bring to our eyes, ears, and nostrils the submerged waves of the long past, even as men dig up buried cities; that we might, for example, hear again the voice of Beatrice; that we might know the color of Helen's eyes, and enjoy the fragrance even of the flowers that once grew in the Garden of Eden.

For all that record is there, in imperishable ether, either in still persistent waves which carry their treasure and refuse to be dissipated, or in yet other waves to which they have given their dying impulses. What I am at this moment saying, what you are at this moment thinking, 'has come to us,'

says Carlyle, 'from the beginning of time, and will go on to an endless future.'

But whether the waves of the past are individually recoverable or not, or collectively distinctive, more and more are the waves of the present transmutable into human experience.

Not long ago I had an impressive illustration of this. I went one day to the laboratory of a physicist to witness an experiment. I was asked to stand in front of a rough detached frame in the corridor, where I could hear only the noise of students speaking or passing to and fro. But the moment I put to my ears a receiver, I heard exquisite music coming from some distant instrument, I knew not where. So full is the ether of harmonies and melodies, although there seem to be in our near environment only substantial walls and the commonplace noises of the day. I had but finished writing this line when, taking up a daily paper, I read that a bit of the 'Marseillaise' played on the shores of Algeria was heard across the Mediterranean in southern France. It is as if one side of the ancient world were singing to the other, Alexandria to Athens, across the sea in the middle of the earth.

But what of this age in which the perimeter has become as the centre, this age in which eternity of time has become conceivable, this age of angelic mobility, this age of instantaneous transmissibility of images, idols, and ideas?

The most obvious fact is, not that the Almighty has made of one clay all nations, but that this mobility and transmissibility are making of all nations one clay. One of our greatest jurists, in a letter which I was permitted to see a few days ago, quoted Tarde in the statement that while the former sanction was immemorial practice, now a

new hat goes around the world in six months and is forgotten in a year; and he raised the question whether, instead of immortality, we should not now find our glory in 'illocality.'

I find a most pathetic support of this thesis of the great jurist in a letter from a missionary out upon the edge of the Orient who, writing to a friend here to thank her for sending a hat, inquired whether hats were at present worn with dents in the crown or whether those dents were made in transit. And another from a masculine source. Attending a high service in the Cathedral in Havana (where it is claimed the bones of Columbus were at that time reposing), a service celebrating the inauguration of the Republic, I saw walking in the recessional before the new President and the Archbishop, a tall priest carrying a salver, and on it the silk hat of the President of the Republic. The immemorial custom of bearing the crown or the sword as symbol of office was modified by a sense of democratic illocality.

Human experience is being put at the command of the whole earth, not only in images, in ideas, but in the substance of things wherever they can be carried afar, and where ships and trains offer, and tariffs do not interfere. Every great department store is an epinikian ode, and every jeweler's shop is a telenikian sonnet. Walt Whitman could have written a poem on democracy from a railroad time-table, and on the federation of the world from a metropolitan grocery catalogue. And I know a newspaper man who could make an Iliad from the weekly cotton bulletin, beginning with the reports from Bombay, or an Odyssey from Lloyds' reports on ships and shipping. Mistral might have added a notable poem to his *Poèmes du Rhone* if he had but put into verse the import of my seeing, on entering the gates of

Avignon, that city of the Palace of the Popes, a sign advertising the McCormick agricultural implements; and Daudet's Tartarin, who really lived in Nîmes, I am told, instead of Tarascon, had no more world-significant experience than I, who, when trying to get a good view of the historic Amphitheatre, all but fell over an Oliver chilled plough, from Syracuse (N. Y.), standing on the sidewalk to invite custom.

Mobility of person and transmissibility of ideas, one or both, are the prerequisite of a wide democracy. This republic of ours could not have become one, or remained one, except by means of both; the railroad, the telegraph, the newspaper, and the library, were necessary to 'union, one and inseparable,' unless there were in lieu of these a mighty standing army. And the more democratic form of government, which is now so vigorously advocated, and exemplified in the direct primary, the initiative and the referendum, and the like, is possible only by reason of this heightened mobility and transmissibility.

These are, also, it need hardly be remarked, a condition of planetary consciousness. Until this new day, as the author of *The Great Analysis* well says, 'we have not really inhabited an isolated sphere. Civilization has always been in contact with the Unknown.' 'But now there is no Unknown this side of the moon.' There are no new invaders to be feared, — not even the 'Hunnish bacteria.' We are prepared to think 'planetarily,' to act without fear of ambush in unexplored spots. Mr. Marconi said to me not long ago that the speed of wireless messages was retarded when the ocean was part dark and part light; and there will be retardation of ideas still as they pass into certain dark spots of earth from the light. Nevertheless, the waves do

carry through them, as the conditions in China have demonstrated. And the speed of progress is likely to be quite as great in the next cycle of Cathay as in any now well-lighted tract of earth.

But with the passing of the unknown, with the coming of this complete 'planetary consciousness,' with this constant calling to our senses from the ends of the earth, what time the Near is not more demanding, with this increasing appeal of the road, the water and the air, is man to lose the old culture of the local, is he to throw away his inheritance of the immediate environments? It was the prodigal who, in the parable, went into the far country. And it was when he 'came to himself' that he went back to his family heritage. Is it now the wanderer, the mobile one, who is to find himself, and the immobile, jealous elder brother who is to miss again the greatest gifts? Is man to go out and buy his experience of the race instead of trying to raise it in his own little valley or street? And the neighborliness of the valley and the street, with all its homely virtues, — is the superseding neighborliness of the Afar to give something better? It is, indeed, to bring something better if it quickens our spirits to do for the impersonal and the illocal what our sympathies in narrower circles have driven us to attempt for the very personal anguish or pain. Simon Patten in his *New Basis of Civilization* has said in the same thought, 'Civilization,' that is, this far-seeing and far-calling and far-helping civilization, 'spares us more and more the sight of anguish, and our imaginations must be correspondingly sharpened to see in the check-book an agent as spiritual and poetic as the grime and blood-stain of ministering hands.' Such an education must come with the Tele-Victorian Age if it is to carry to a higher virtue the

old neighborliness of the isolated, the provincial.

And I think of the exquisite joy of neighborliness that comes from Afar. With the aid of the waves of ether, transmuted or translated into waves of sound for those who have not eyes, or into light for those who have not ears, we may find neighbors where there is greatest need, or where our noblest need is best fulfilled. Mobility, transmissibility, are they not to bring mankind nearer, if not into, the higher kingdom, even as they brought the vegetable to be an animal, to approach, and then to enter its next kingdom? Arthur O'Shaughnessy, in that poem on John the Baptist which has for many months possessed my memory, wrote of him, —

I think he had not heard of the far towns,
Nor of the deeds of men, nor of kings' crowns,
Before the thought of God took hold of him,
As he was sitting dreaming in the calm
Of one first noon upon the desert's rim.

And I have been asking myself often, are the noises of the far towns, these daily reports of the deeds of men, this gossip about kings' crowns, are these to take away all thought of the supernatural even from those who dwell in wildernesses, penetrated as they are by telephones and newspapers? The majestic images of the gods, as we have observed, walked through every assemblage of the Lucretian, the *perinikian*, world; they inhabited every atmosphere. And in the indistinct light of the Middle Age, they were the supreme images. Even Dante employed angels to move the crystal spheres about in his universe. But it is the great problem of this day in which there are no longer secret places for the residence of

the supernatural on the globe, in which there is nothing 'unknown this side of the moon,' in which the great mystery of creation has been pushed back millions of years, and beyond the sight of the strongest microscope, and the other great mystery of death forward into conceivable immortality, it is the great problem to keep the thought which took hold of John in the Wilderness, or even give it a chance to take hold of us. The victories of the physical Afar are, after all, of no value unless the spirits of men become more valorous, more independent of passion or prejudice, by reason of them; unless the mobile creature grows in its higher characteristics toward the perfect being, whom the Christian world has, in its imagery, endowed with wings.

It took the Almighty ages upon ages to evolve an animal that could fly, a bird, and it has taken ages and ages longer to evolve a human being that can fly; but if we, learning at last to fly, have not learned, also, more nobly to aspire and to live, the birds who have taken the short cut to aviation have the advantage over us.

I believe, however, that this conquest of the earth, water, air, which has given us planetary, if not cosmic, consciousness, is but preface to the lessening of racial, national, and provincial hatreds, antipathies, and jealousies, preface to the planning through local enlightenment for the good of humanity as a whole, and not for a selfish part of it, preface to the defining in ever higher spiritual terms of the ideals of mankind, and to the speaking of man to man, as through centuries each has spoken, in his own tongue, to his all-understanding deity.

THE BREATH OF LIFE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

WHEN for the third or fourth time during the spring or summer I take my hoe and go out and cut off the heads of the lusty burdocks that send out their broad leaves along the edge of my garden or lawn, I often ask myself, 'What is this thing that is so hard to scotch here in the grass?' I decapitate it time after time and yet it forthwith gets itself another head. We call it burdock, but what is burdock, and why does it not change into yellow dock, or into a cabbage? What is it that is so constant and so irrepressible, and before the summer is ended will be lying in wait here with its ten thousand little hooks to attach itself to every skirt or bushy tail or furry and woolly coat that comes along, in order to get free transportation to other lawns and gardens, to fresh woods and pastures new?

It is some living thing; but what is a living thing, and how does it differ from a mechanical and non-living thing? If I smash or overturn the sundial with my hoe, or break the hoe itself, these things stay smashed and broken, but the burdock mends itself, renews itself, and, if I do not watch out, will surreptitiously mature some of the burs before the season is passed.

Evidently a living thing is radically different from a mechanical thing; yet modern physical science tells me that the burdock is only another kind of machine, and manifests nothing but the activity of the mechanical and chemical

principles that we see in operation all about us in dead matter; and that a little different mechanical arrangement of its ultimate atoms would turn it into a yellow dock or into a cabbage, into an oak or into a pine, into an ox or into a man.

I see that it is a machine in this respect, that it is set going by a force exterior to itself — the warmth of the sun acting upon it, and upon the moisture in the soil; but it is unmechanical in that it repairs itself and grows and reproduces itself, and after it has ceased running can never be made to run again. After I have reduced all its activities to mechanical and chemical principles, my mind seems to see something that chemistry and mechanics do not explain — something that avails itself of these forces, but is not of them. This may be only my anthropomorphic way of looking at things, but are not all our ways of looking at things anthropomorphic? How can they be any other? They cannot be deific since we are not gods. They may be scientific. But what is science but a kind of anthropomorphism? Kant wisely said, 'It sounds at first singular, but is none the less certain, that the understanding does not derive its laws from nature, but prescribes them to nature.' This is the anthropomorphism of science.

If I attribute the phenomenon of life to a vital force or principle, am I any more unscientific than I am when I give a local habitation and a name to any other causal force, as gravity, chemical affinity, cohesion, osmosis,

or electricity? These terms stand for certain special activities in nature, and are as much the inventions of our own minds as are any of the rest of our ideas.

We can help ourselves out as Haeckel does, by calling the physical forces—such as the magnet that attracts the iron filings, the powder that explodes, the steam that drives the locomotive, and the like—‘living inorganics,’ and looking upon them as acting by ‘living force as much as the sensitive mimosa does when it contracts its leaves at touch.’ But living force is what we are trying to differentiate from mechanical force, and what do we gain by confounding the two? We can only look upon a living body as a machine by forming new conceptions of a machine—a machine utterly unmechanical, which is a contradiction of terms.

A man may expend the same kind of force in thinking that he expends in chopping his wood, but that fact does not put the two kinds of activity on the same level. There is no question that the food consumed is the source of the energy in both cases, but in the one the energy is muscular, and in the other it is nervous. When we speak of mental or spiritual force, we have as distinct a conception as when we speak of physical force. It requires physical force to produce the effect that we call mental force, though how the one can result in the other is past understanding. The law of the correlation and conservation of energy requires that what goes into the body as physical force must come out in some form of physical force—heat, light, electricity, and so forth.

Science cannot trace force into the mental realm and connect it with our states of consciousness. It loses track of it so completely that men like Tyn-dall and Huxley and Spencer pause before it as an inscrutable mystery, while

John Fiske helps himself out with the conception of the soul as quite independent of the body, standing related to it as the musician is related to his instrument. This idea is the key to Fiske’s proof of the immortality of the soul. Finding himself face to face with an insoluble mystery, he cuts the knot, or rather, clears the chasm, by this extra-scientific leap. Since the soul, as we know it, is inseparably bound up with physical conditions, it seems to me that a more rational explanation of the phenomenon of mentality is the conception that the physical force and substance that we use up in a mental effort or emotional experience, gives rise, through some unknown kind of molecular activity, to something which is analogous to the electric current in a live wire, and which traverses the nerves and results in our changing states of consciousness. This is the mechanistic explanation of mind, consciousness, etcetera; but it is the only one, or kind of one, that lends itself to scientific interpretation. Life, spirit, consciousness, may be a mode of motion as distinct from all other modes of motion, such as heat, light, electricity, as these are distinct from each other.

When we speak of force of mind, force of character, we of course speak in parables, since the force here alluded to is an experience of our own minds entirely and would not suffice to move the finest dust-particle in the air.

There could be no vegetable or animal life without the sunbeam, yet when we have explained or accounted for the growth of a tree in terms of the chemistry and physics of the sunbeam, do we not have to figure to ourselves something in the tree that avails itself of this chemistry, that uses it and profits by it? After this mysterious something has ceased to operate, or play its part, the chemistry of the sunbeam

is no longer effective, and the tree is dead.

Without the vibrations that we call light, there would have been no eye. But, as Bergson happily says, it is not light passively received that makes the eye, — it is light meeting an indwelling need in the organism, which amounts to an active creative principle, that begets the eye. With fish in underground waters this need does not arise; hence they have no sight. Fins and wings and legs are developed to meet some end of the organism, but if the organism were not charged with an expansive or developing force or impulse, would those needs arise?

Why should the vertebrate series have risen through the fish, the reptile, the mammal, to man, unless the manward impulse was inherent in the first vertebrate; something that struggled, that pushed on and up from the more simple to the more complex forms? Why did not unicellular life always remain unicellular? Could not the environment have acted upon it endlessly without causing it to change toward higher and more complex forms, had there not been some indwelling aboriginal tendency toward these forms? How could natural selection, or any other process of selection, work upon species to modify them, if there were not something in species pushing out and on, seeking new ways, new forms, in fact, some active principle that is modifiable?

Life has risen by stepping-stones of its dead self to higher things. Why has it risen? Why did it not keep on the same level, and go through the cycle of change, as the inorganic does, without attaining to higher forms? Because, it may be replied, it was life, and not mere matter and motion — something that lifts matter and motion to a new plane.

Under the influence of the life im-

pulse, the old routine of matter — from compound to compound, from solid to fluid, from fluid to gaseous, from rock to soil, the cycle always ending where it began — is broken into, and cycles of a new order are instituted. From the stable equilibrium which dead matter is always seeking, the same matter in the vital circuit is always seeking the state of unstable equilibrium, or rather is forever passing between the two, and evolving the myriad forms of life in the passage. It is hard to think of the process as the work of the physical and chemical forces of inorganic nature, without supplementing them with a new and different force.

The forces of life are constructive forces, and they are operative in a world of destructive or disintegrating forces which oppose them and which they overcome. The physical and chemical forces of dead matter are at war with the forces of life, till life overcomes and uses them.

The mechanical forces go on repeating or dividing through the same cycles forever and ever, seeking a stable condition, but the vital force is inventive and creative and constantly breaks the repose that organic nature seeks to impose upon it.

External forces may modify a body, but they cannot develop it unless there is something in the body waiting to be developed, craving development, as it were. The warmth and moisture in the soil act alike upon the grains of sand and upon the seed-germs; the germ changes into something else, the sand does not. These agents liberate a force in the germ that is not in the grain of sand. The warmth of the brooding fowl does not spend itself upon mere passive, inert matter (unless there is a china egg in the nest), but upon matter straining at its leash, and in a state of expectancy. We do not know how the activity of the molecules of the egg

differs from the activity of the molecules of the pebble, under the influence of warmth, but we know there must be a difference between the interior movements of organized and unorganized matter.

Life lifts inert matter up into a thousand varied and beautiful forms and holds it there for a season, — holds it against gravity and chemical affinity, though you may say, if you please, not without their aid, — and then in due course lets go of it, or abandons it, and lets it fall back into the great sea of the inorganic. Its constant tendency is to fall back; indeed, in animal life it does fall back every moment; it rises on the one hand, serves its purpose of life, and falls back on the other. In going through the cycle of life the mineral elements experience some change that chemical analysis does not disclose — they are the more readily absorbed again by life. It is as if the elements had profited in some way under the tutelage of life. Their experience has been a unique and exceptional one. Only a small fraction of the sum total of the inert matter of the globe can have this experience. It must first go through the vegetable cycle before it can be taken up by the animal. The only things we can take directly from the inorganic world are water and air; and the function of water is largely a mechanical one, and the function of air a chemical one.

I think of the vital as flowing out of the physical, just as the psychical flows out of the vital, and just as the higher forms of animal life flow out of the lower. It is a far cry from man to the dumb brutes, and from the brutes to the vegetable world, and from the vegetable to inert matter; but the germ and start of each is in the series below it. The living came out of the not-living. If life is of physico-chemical origin, it is so by transformations and translations that physics cannot explain.

The butterfly comes out of the grub, man came out of the brute, but, as Darwin says, 'not by his own efforts,' any more than the child becomes the man by its own efforts.

The push of life, of the evolutionary process, is back of all and in all. We can account for it all by saying the Creative Energy is immanent in matter, and this gives the mind something to take hold of.

II

According to the latest scientific views on the question held by such men as Professor Loeb, the appearance of life on the globe was a purely accidental circumstance. The proper elements just happened to come together at the right time in the right proportions and under the right conditions, and life was the result. It was an accident in the thermal history of the globe. Professor Loeb has lately published a volume of essays and addresses called *The Mechanistic Conception of Life*, enforcing and illustrating this view. He makes war on what he terms the metaphysical conception of a 'life-principle' as the key to the problem, and urges the scientific conception of the adequacy of mechanico-chemical forces. In his view, we are only chemical mechanisms; and all our activities, mental and physical alike, are only automatic responses to the play of the blind, material forces of external nature. All forms of life, with all their wonderful adaptations, are only the chance happenings of the blind gropings and clashings of dead matter: 'We eat, drink, and reproduce [and, of course, think and speculate and write books on the problems of life], not because mankind has reached an agreement that this is desirable, but because, machine-like, we are compelled to do so!'

He reaches the conclusion that all

our inner subjective life is amenable to physico-chemical analysis, because many cases of simple animal instinct and will can be explained on this basis — the basis of animal tropism. Certain animals creep or fly to the light, others to the dark, because they cannot help it. This is tropism. He believes that the origin of life can be traced to the same physico-chemical activities, because, in his laboratory experiments, he has been able to dispense with the male principle, and to fertilize the eggs of certain low forms of marine life by chemical compounds alone. 'The problem of the beginning and end of individual life is physico-chemically clear' — much clearer than the first beginnings of life. All individual life begins with the egg, but where did we get the egg? When chemical synthesis will give us this, the problem is solved. We can analyze the material elements of an organism, but we cannot synthesize them and produce the least spark of living matter. That all forms of life have a mechanical and chemical basis is beyond question, but when we apply our analysis to them, life evaporates, vanishes, the vital processes cease. But apply the same analysis to inert matter, and only the form is changed.

Professor Loeb's artificially fathered embryo and star-fish and sea-urchins soon die. If his chemism could only give him the mother-principle also! But it will not. The mother-principle is at the very foundations of the organic world, and defies all attempts of chemical synthesis to reproduce it.

It would be presumptive in the extreme for me to question Professor Loeb's scientific conclusions; he is one of the most eminent of living experimental biologists. I would only dissent from some of his philosophical conclusions. I dissent from his statement that only the mechanistic conception of life can throw light on the source of ethics.

Is there any room for the moral law in a world of mechanical determinism? There is no ethics in the physical order, and if humanity is entirely in the grip of that order, where do moral obligations come in? A gun and a steam-engine know no ethics, and to the extent that we are compelled to do things, are we in the same category. Freedom of choice alone gives any validity to ethical consideration. I dissent from the idea to which he apparently holds, that biology is only applied physics and chemistry. Is not geology also applied physics and chemistry? Is it any more or any less? Yet what a world of difference between the two — between a rock and a tree, between a man and the soil he cultivates. Grant that the physical and the chemical forces are the same in both, yet they work to such different ends in each. In one case they are tending always to a deadlock, to the slumber of a static equilibrium, in the other they are ceaselessly striving to reach a state of dynamic activity — to build up a body that hangs forever between a state of integration and disintegration. What is it that determines this new mode and end of their activities?

In all his biological experimentation, Professor Loeb starts with living matter and, finding its processes capable of physico-chemical analysis, he hastens to the conclusion that its genesis is to be accounted for by the action and interaction of these principles alone.

In the inorganic world, everything is in its place through the operation of blind physical forces; because the place of a dead thing, its relation to the whole, is a matter of indifference. But in the organic world, we strike another order, an order where the relation and subordination of parts is everything, and to speak of human existence as a 'matter of chance' in the sense, let us say, that the forms and positions of inani-

mate bodies are matters of chance, is to confuse terms.

Organic evolution on the earth shows steady and regular progression, — as much so as the growth and development of a tree. If the evolutionary impulse fails on one line, it picks itself up and tries on another, it experiments endlessly like an inventor, but always improves on its last attempts. Chance would have kept things at a standstill; the principle of chance, give it time enough, must end where it began. Chance is a man lost in the woods; he never arrives; he wanders aimlessly. If evolution pursued a course equally fortuitous, would it not still be wandering in the wilderness of the chaotic nebulae?

III

A vastly different and much more stimulating view of life is given by Henri Bergson in his *Creative Evolution*. Though based upon biological science, it is a philosophical rather than a scientific view, and appeals to our intuitional and imaginative nature more than to our constructive reason. M. Bergson interprets the phenomena of life in terms of spirit, rather than in terms of matter as does Professor Loeb. The word 'creative' is the key-word to his view. Life is a creative impulse or current which arose in matter at a certain time and place, and flows through it from form to form, from generation to generation, augmenting in force as it advances. It is one with spirit, and is incessant creation; the whole organic world is filled, from bottom to top, with one tremendous effort. It is felicitously stated by Whitman, 'Urge and urge, always the procreant urge of the world.'

This conception of the nature and genesis of life is bound to be challenged by modern physical science, which, for the most part, sees in biology only

a phase of physics; but the philosophic mind and the trained literary mind will find in *Creative Evolution* a treasure-house of inspiring ideas, and engaging forms of original artistic expression. As Mr. Balfour says, 'M. Bergson's *Evolution Créatrice* is not merely a philosophical treatise: it has all the charm and all the audacities of a work of art, and as such defies adequate reproduction.'

It delivers us from the hard mechanical conception of determinism, or of a close universe which, like a huge manufacturing plant, grinds out vegetables and animals, minds and spirits, as it grinds out rocks and soils, gases and fluids, and the inorganic compounds.

With M. Bergson, life is the flowing metamorphosis of the poets, — an unceasing becoming, — and evolution is a wave of creative energy overflowing through matter 'upon which each visible organism rides during the short interval of time given it to live.' In his view, matter is held in the iron grip of necessity, but life is freedom itself. 'Before the evolution of life . . . the portals of the future remain wide open. It is a creation that goes on forever in virtue of an initial movement. This movement constitutes the unity of the organized world — a prolific unity, of an infinite richness, superior to any that the intellect could dream of, for the intellect is only one of its aspects or products.'

What a contrast to Herbert Spencer's view of life and evolution! 'Life,' says Spencer, 'consists of inner action so adjusted as to balance outer action.' True enough, no doubt, but not interesting. If the philosopher could tell us what it is that brings about the adjustment, and that profits by it, we should at once prick up our ears. Of course, it is life. But what is life? It is inner action so adjusted as to balance outer action!

A recent contemptuous critic of M. Bergson's book, Mr. Hugh S. R. Elliot, points out, as if he were triumphantly vindicating the physico-chemical theory of the nature and origin of life, what a complete machine a cabbage is for converting solar energy into chemical and vital energy — how it takes up the raw material from the soil by a chemical and mechanical process, how these are brought into contact with the light and air through the leaves, and thus the cabbage is built up. In like manner, a man is a machine for converting chemical energy derived from the food he eats into motion, and the like. As if M. Bergson, or any one else, would dispute these things. In the same way, a steam engine is a machine for converting the energy latent in coal into motion and power; but what force lies back of the engine, and was active in the construction?

The final question of the cabbage and the man still remains — Where did you get them?

You assume vitality to start with — how did you get it? Did it arise spontaneously out of dead matter? Mechanical and chemical forces do all the work of the living body, but who or what controls and directs them, so that one compounding of the elements begets a cabbage, and another compounding of the same elements begets an oak — one mixture of them and we have a frog, another and we have a man? Is there not room here for something besides blind, indifferent forces? If we make the molecules themselves creative, then we are begging the question. The creative energy by any other name remains the same.

IV

At first glance one is at a loss to know what Sir Oliver Lodge had in mind when he said in a recent essay that, in his view, 'life does not exert

force — not even the most microscopical force — and certainly does not supply energy.'

Sir Oliver is evidently speaking of life as some principle or entity apart from matter, some foreign influence or spirit using matter as its instrument. Taken in that sense, without its physical machinery, life of course cannot exert physical force, but when life enters or awakens in matter and animates it, may it not be said as literally to exert the force which living bodies show as, say, heat is the source of the expansive force of steam?

Apart from the force exerted by living animal bodies, see the force exerted by living plant bodies. I thought of the remark of Sir Oliver one day not long after reading it, while I was walking in a beech wood and noted how the sprouting beech-nuts had sent their pale radicles down through the dry leaves upon which they were lying, often piercing two or three of them, and forcing their way down into the mingled soil and leaf mould a couple of inches. Force was certainly expended in doing this, and if the life in the sprouting nut did not exert it or expend it, what did?

When I drive a peg into the ground with my axe or mallet, is the life in my arm any more strictly the source (the secondary source) of the energy expended than is the nut in this case? Of course, the sun is the primal source of the energy in both cases, and in all cases, but does not life exert the force, use it, bring it to bear, which it receives from the universal fount of energy?

Life cannot supply energy *de novo*, cannot create it out of nothing, but it can and must draw upon the store of energy in which the earth floats as in a sea. When this energy or force is manifest through a living body, we call it vital force; when it is manifest through a mechanical contrivance, we

call it mechanical force; when it is developed by the action and reaction of chemical compounds, we call it chemical force; the same force in each case, but behaving so differently in the one case from what it does in the other, that we come to think of it as a new and distinct entity. Now if Sir Oliver or any one else could tell us what force is, this difference between the vitalists and the mechanists might be reconciled.

Darwin measured the force of the downward growth of the radicles, such as I have alluded to, as one quarter of a pound, and its lateral pressure as much greater. We know that the roots of trees insert themselves into seams in the rocks, and force the parts asunder. This force is measurable and is often very great. Its seat seems to be in the soft, milky substance called the Cambrian layer, under the bark. These minute cells when their force is combined may become regular rock-splitters.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of plant force I ever saw was in a Western city where I observed a species of wild sunflower forcing its way up through the asphalt pavement; the folded and compressed leaves of the plant, like a man's fist, had pushed against the hard but flexible concrete till it had bulged up and then split, and let the irrepressible plant through. The force exerted must have been many pounds. I think it doubtful if the strongest man could have pushed his fist through such a resisting medium. If it was not life which exerted this force, what was it? Life activities are a kind of explosion, and the slow continued explosions of this growing plant rent the pavement as surely as powder would have done. It is doubtful if any cultivated plant could have overcome such odds. It required the force of the untamed hairy plant of the plains to accomplish this feat.

That life does not supply energy,

that is, is not an independent source of energy, seems to me obvious enough, but that it does not manifest energy, use energy, or 'exert force,' is far from obvious. If a growing plant or tree does not exert force by reason of its growing, or by virtue of a specific kind of activity among its particles, which we name life, and which does not take place in a stone or in a bar of iron or in dead timber, then how can we say that any mechanical device or explosive compound exerts force? The steam engine does not create force, neither does the exploding dynamite, but these things exert force. We have to think of the sum total of the force of the universe, as of matter itself, as a constant factor, that can neither be increased nor diminished. All activity, organic and inorganic, draws upon this force: the plant and tree, as well as the engine and the explosive — the winds, the tides, the animal, the vegetable alike. I can think of but one force, but of any number of manifestations of force, and of two distinct kinds of manifestations, the organic and the inorganic, or the vital and the physical, — the latter divisible into the chemical and the mechanical, the former made up of these two working in infinite complexity because drawn into new relations, and lifted to higher ends by this something we call life.

We think of something in the organic that lifts and moves and redistributes dead matter, and builds it up into the ten thousand new forms which it would never assume without this something; it lifts lime and iron and silica and potash and carbon, against gravity, up into trees and animal forms, not by a new force, but by an old force in the hands of a new agent.

The cattle move about the field, the drift boulders slowly creep down the slopes; there is no doubt that the final source of the force is in both cases the

same; what we call gravity, a name for a mystery, is the form it takes in the case of the rocks, and what we call vitality, another name for a mystery, is the form it takes in the case of the cattle; without the solar and stellar energy, could there be any motion of either rock or beast?

Force is universal, it pervades all nature, one manifestation of it we call heat, another light, another electricity, another cohesion, chemical affinity, and so on. May not another manifestation of it be called life, differing from all the rest more radically than they differ from one another; bound up with all the rest and inseparable from them and identical with them only in its ultimate source in the Creative Energy that is immanent in the universe? I have to think of the Creative Energy as immanent in all matter, and the final source of all the transformations and transmutations we see in the organic and the inorganic worlds. The very nature of our minds compels us to postulate some power, or some principle, not as lying back of, but as active in, all the changing forms of life and nature, and their final source and cause.

The mind is satisfied when it finds a word that gives it a hold of a thing or a process, or when it can picture to itself just how the thing occurs. Thus, for instance, to account for the power generated by the rushing together of hydrogen and oxygen to produce water, we have to conceive of space between the atoms of these elements, and that the force generated comes from the immense velocity with which the infinitesimal atoms rush together across this infinitesimal space. It is quite possible that this is not the true explanation at all, but it satisfies the mind because it is an explanation in terms of mechanical forces that we know.

The solar energy goes into the atoms or corpuscles one thing, and it comes

out another; it goes in as inorganic force, and it comes out as organic and psychic. The change or transformation takes place in those invisible laboratories of the infinitesimal atoms. It helps my mental processes to give that change a name — vitality — and to recognize it as a supra-mechanical force. Pasteur wanted a name for it and called it 'dissymmetric force.'

We are all made of one stuff undoubtedly, vegetable and animal, man and woman, dog and donkey, and the secret of the difference between us, and of the passing along of the difference from generation to generation with but slight variations, may be, so to speak, in the way the molecules and atoms of our bodies take hold of hands and perform their mystic dances in the inner temple of life. But one would like to know who or what pipes the tune and directs the figures of the dance.

In the case of the beech-nuts, what is it that lies dormant in the substance of the nuts and becomes alive, under the influence of the warmth and moisture of spring, and puts out a radicle that pierces the dry leaves like an awl? The pebbles, though they contain the same chemical elements, do not become active and put out a radicle.

V

Life is versatile, inventive, expansive, original. To see how one organism can work its will upon another, behold the plant-galls. Nothing in nature is more curious and suggestive than these galls — the ease with which a tiny insect can cause the growing stalk or leaf to forget its own purpose and function and cut fantastic tricks in the interests of the insect, building it a cradle or a nursery for its own young. One day, in my walk, I gathered from a small oak tree four kinds of oak-galls differing

from each other in form and texture as much as any four different kinds of forest trees differ from each other. One kind of an insect stings a bud or a leaf of the oak, and the tree forthwith grows a solid nutlike protuberance the size of a chestnut, in which the larvæ of the insect live and feed and mature. Another insect stings the same leaf and produces the common oak-apple — a smooth, round, green, shell-like body, filled with a network of radiating filaments, with the egg and then the grub of the insect at the centre. Still another kind of insect stings the oak-bud and deposits its eggs there, and the oak proceeds to grow a large white ball made up of a kind of succulent vegetable wool with red spots evenly distributed over its surface, as if it were some kind of spotted fruit or flower. In June, it is about the size of a small apple. Cut it in half and you find scores of small shell-like growths radiating from the bud-stem, like the seeds of the dandelion, each with a kind of vegetable pappus rising from it, and together making up the ball as the pappus of the dandelion seeds makes up the seed-globe of this plant. It is one of the most singular vegetable products, or vegetable perversions, that I know of. A sham fruit filled with sham seeds; each seed-like growth contains a grub, which later in the season pupates and eats its way out, a winged insect. How foreign to any thing we know as mechanical or chemical it all is! — the surprising and incalculable tricks of life!

Yet another kind of insect stings the oak-leaf and there develops a pale, smooth, solid, semi-transparent sphere, the size of a robin's egg, dense and succulent like the flesh of an apple, with the larvæ of the insect subsisting in its interior. Each of these widely different forms is evoked from the oak-leaf by the magic of an insect's ovipositor. Chemically, the constituents of all of them are undoubtedly the same.

It is one of the most curious and suggestive things in living nature. It shows how plastic and versatile life is, and how utterly unmechanical. Life plays so many and various tunes upon the same instruments; or rather, the living organism is like many instruments in one; the tones of all instruments slumber in it, to be awakened when the right performer appears. At least four different insects get four different tunes, so to speak, out of the oak-leaf.

Certain insects avail themselves of the animal organism also, and go through their cycle of development and metamorphosis within its tissues or organs in a similar manner.

The chemico-physical explanation of the universe goes but a little way. These are the tools of the creative process, but they are not that process, nor its prime cause. Start the flame of life going, and the rest may be explained in terms of chemistry; start the human body developing, and physiological processes explain its growth; but why it becomes a man and not a monkey — what explains that?

A WELL-REGULATED FAMILY

BY C. F. TUCKER BROOKE

JOHN GATESDEN's possession of the seven hundred ancestral acres of the Kingswell estate seemed to the community in which he flourished as inalienable a blessing as his possession of the straight Gatesden nose and the finest name in the county. The ownership of Kingswell, every one felt, would always be a more important factor in Gatesden's career than his profession of the law; though his choice of vocation, coming to him by heredity as naturally as his estate, had never during the thirty years he had lived been a moment in doubt.

Gatesden's law office — no unfair index to the character of its occupant — was regarded by the legal fraternity of Graysville with more of affectionate indulgence than respect. No door in the long low line of attorneys' quarters that flanks the court-house opened oftener than John's to admit a friend, and few remained less disturbed by clients. By common consent of the well-selected souls who had the entrée, Gatesden's office was the best place in town to idle away a vagrant half-hour in the discussion of books or travel, politics or balls.

Yet there was nothing flippant about either John or his office. The walls of the two rooms were lined to the ceiling with sheep-bound repositories of cases, statutes, and reports — the accretion of three earlier generations of Gatesdens, supplemented, however, in good judgment, by recent purchases. Two diplomas, hung unobtrusively low behind the desk, occasionally awoke the

visitor to surprised remembrance that John Gatesden had done notably well some ten years before at the fine college which had educated his grandfathers, showing, as an old professor had declared, a marked hereditary aptitude for legal reasoning.

No one, indeed, could have said that the slight opinion of Gatesden's professional ability had arisen from any overt error or neglect. On the contrary, though the habitués of his office generally wasted his time and their own in miscellaneous chatter, John's mind did not the less dominate the discussion when a visitor introduced shop-talk in connection with some thorny current case. Not infrequently in the past years, his struggling and rising contemporaries had even admitted, with a freedom bred of the inconceivableness of rivalry, that the decisive argument in an involved suit had been suggested by a lightly offered reference or extemporary harangue of John's.

Some of the older practitioners, friends of his father, would still ask when John Gatesden was going to stop fooling and become a lawyer; but the general public, which in such cases is wont to assume what is most agreeable to it, had long settled that John would never amount to much in his profession. How could the community afford to exchange for a self-engrossed intellectual machine, this incomparable gentleman of leisure and letters, whose fine-flavored courtesy and charming mind lay always as freely and generously open as his office-door? Had not fate

itself foreordained through two hundred years that Gatesden of Kingswell should be free from sordid cares and ambitions?

The smallest hints of impracticality were in John's case joyously exaggerated into proofs of lovable incompetence. The weekly copy of *Le Figaro* on his desk, the annotated copy of Chaucer which a too boisterous intruder once snatched from his hand with shouts of laughter, were regarded as fatal symptoms of a digressive mind, and served to discourage clients as effectually as any spring-gun on the door. And yet no visitor to Judge Thornton's untidy adjoining office was ever rash enough to draw a similar inference from the hideous pile of dime detective novels with which that legal Trojan was used to relieve his orgies of work.

As the idleness of the vacations was followed each year by the more glaring inoccupation of the terms of court, Gatesden came more and more to accept the position which circumstances and opinion seemed to have prescribed for him. Pride itself helped to cover the springs of energy. Since the universe had gratuitously adopted this delusion concerning him, was it not more seemly to accept the false estimate with an inward shrug, as he might let pass some stranger's egregious blunder concerning him, rather than make himself ridiculous in the effort to vindicate his possession of a trait which was never disputed in many of his most commonplace associates?

The inward protest which the more ardent part of his nature did make from time to time against the trend of his existence was too gentle to sour his enjoyment of life; and it was everywhere noted that the years were dealing graciously with him. Since college, his fine-featured face had grown a shade rounder, his attitudes and movements more reposeful. Though no

taint of fatness or self-indulgence had as yet begun to coarsen his refinement of look and manner, his personality now gave forth the companionable charm which comes with the knowledge how to get the fullest enjoyment out of every passing moment. No man could smoke a pipe with a more perfect balance between the nervous jerks that frustrate soporific pleasure and the apathy which grows oblivious of satisfaction. In his presence people realized for the first time how fine and rare an art it is to sit properly in one's chair.

Guests at the bachelor dinners at Kingswell used to comment on John's growing likeness to the portrait of his Revolutionary ancestor, Colonel John Gatesden, which hung behind the host's seat in the dining-room. He was in fact reverting to type, developing a more leisurely and stately manner, with smoother brow and slower movement than belongs to the gentleman of the present order. And, indeed, he was not ill-pleased to have this observed. The master of Kingswell would not be living in vain, he fancied, while he revived for the benefit of a too busy age the more charming traits of the early Gatesdens.

The Kingswell property, which was so largely responsible for John Gatesden's state of mind, was an object of pride not only to its owner, but to the entire region. Though reduced to less than a tithe of its colonial extent, it was still a very imposing tract, and almost alone of the old demesnes had been able to keep itself in the undisturbed possession of the family to which its original charter had been granted. The land had been strictly entailed from the first, and though the Revolution had annulled the legal force of the old tenure, it had in no way weakened the religious respect in which every Gatesden was taught to hold it. The duty of preserving the estate

indivisibly in the family, as their first ancestors had bequeathed it, had been instilled till it had become a racial instinct; and the land passed from eldest son to eldest son as regularly as if the law of primogeniture were still unquestionable. It was a point on which the Gatesdens were fanatic, a channel into which was turned from earliest youth the whole force of their family pride. Each will recorded in the Graysville court-house, generation after generation, continued the traditional disposal of the property.

For the younger branches of the family, no treason could seem blacker than that which might, for selfish ends, attempt the disruption of the estate. This was the doctrine in which John Gatesden had been bred up. It was a doctrine, moreover, which local feeling highly approved. Though the estates of the Washingtons and the Randolphs were falling, one by one, into the vandal hands of aliens, Virginians might expect Kingswell to stand intact against the tide of changing conditions so long as the Gatesdens were not unfaithful to the tradition of their race.

Gatesden's black caretaker, Dennis, moving with characteristic deliberation about the removal of dust and tobacco-ash, was startled one midsummer morning by an unwonted apparition. It was while Dennis, with head and shoulders bent far out of the front-office window, was wholly absorbed in the forbidden but labor-saving device of emptying a heaping dust-pan between the bars of the grating in the pavement below.

'I reckon Mister John Gatson lives here?' drawled the voice of an unseen speaker, belonging clearly to a circle of society in which Dennis and his master did not move.

Inasmuch as Dennis had cautiously scanned the pavement up and down

before venturing to display the objectionable dust-pan, the interruption was distinctly alarming to an uneasy conscience. He raised himself with a haste which brought his shoulders into sharp contact with the uplifted sash and left him pilloried uncomfortably in the window, while the dust-pan, diverted from its aim, poured an accusing heap of cigar-stumps directly beside the doorstep.

It required several startled glances to discover the speaker, seated on a weather-beaten spring-wagon beside the curbstone, where he had been waiting irresolutely for several minutes. Losing his alarm, Dennis stared in growing disapproval at this intruder, who continued to sit on the hard, unbacked wagon-seat in a characteristic attitude of mingled apathy and nervousness. Arms and legs were twisted awkwardly as if their owner sought to deprecate their superfluous length. The face, that of a man of forty, was covered with a growth of sandy hair in which moustache and beard merged indistinguishably. The only visible garments, besides the rough shoes and wide, chip hat, were a collarless shirt of brown cotton check, and overalls, originally dark-blue, but worn to a faded gray at the knees and other points of friction. The wagon, drawn by an aged mule, was laden with home-made baskets containing berries. Evidently the stranger was a 'mountain man' from the Blue Ridge beyond the Shenandoah, a member of the class which in the judgment of the Negro population ranks lowest in the social scale.

'Does Mr. Gatson live here?' repeated Dennis derisively, forgetting his embarrassment in the agreeable sense of superiority to his interlocutor. 'Everybody that knows anything knows that Mr. Gatson re-sides at Kingswell!'

'Wall,' replied the stranger, 'they

tole me at the co't-house to count five doors up the street on the right, and this here is the fift', and yonder is his name.'

He pointed to the sign, 'John Gatesden, Attorney at Law,' beside the doorway.

'Dis here is Mr. Gatson's *office*,' acknowledged the Negro grudgingly, 'whar he comes to trans-form business with his friends, but he ain't never here befo' ten.'

'Kin I see him ef I wait till ten?' persisted the other, glancing at the clock on the court-house, which now pointed to nine-forty.

'I cain't exac'ly say,' replied Dennis. 'Mister John he don't have to be so powerful on time like a 'surance agent or that kin' o' trash; and he don't see folks 'cep' an' he wants to. How come he to know you?'

'He'll be bound to know me, all right, and my father, too. Leastways he had ought to, bein' as he's the son of Colonel Bevis Gatson.'

Dennis drew in his head with ponderous dignity and set about the completion of his duties without another glance at the occupant of the wagon. The antipathy between the mountain whites, the pariahs of the district, and the old family Negroes, who regard themselves as a part of the dominant class, is as natural as that between cat and dog. Dennis resented the intrusion of this 'po' white trash' as an affront to his own dignity and his master's. He would gladly have driven him away; but his only weapons, discouragement and condescension, were clearly ineffectual. Moreover, the Negro was a little impressed by the stranger's familiar allusion to Gatesden's father, and by his correct local pronunciation of the name. 'Gatson,' he had pronounced it. Had he said 'Gates-den,' as strangers often did, Dennis would have felt justified in

turning him from the door as an arrant intruder.

Half an hour later, when John Gatesden walked into his office, after leaving his horse and buggy as usual at the livery-stable in the next street, he found Dennis abstractedly polishing the backs of his books, as if oblivious of every other concern.

'Nobody called this morning, Dennis?' he asked.

'No, Mister John,' answered the Negro; 'there ain't ben no callers — not' less you count a old mountain man with berries. He mought be out there still,' he continued, with an elaborate affectation of doubt concerning the continued presence of the stranger. 'I jes' knowed you did n't want to see the likes of him; but them folks is powerful hard to decompose when they gets set on a thing.'

A glance through the window in the direction of Dennis's scornful nod showed John the previously unnoticed mountaineer, still immobile on the wagon-seat. Gatesden returned to the door.

'I am afraid you have been kept waiting for me,' he said, with his charming smile. 'I am Mr. Gatesden.'

For answer, the mountaineer straightened out his long legs and climbed stiffly out of the wagon. From among the litter of baskets behind, he took a stained and misshapen leather receptacle about the size of a long boot. Then he followed Gatesden into the office. Simultaneously Dennis retired with stately disgust through the door into the rear room.

At the threshold the visitor stopped nervously.

'My name is Jackson,' he said; 'Bevis Jackson from Otter Crick over thar in the mountain, fifteen mile t' other side of the river. My father was Bevis Jackson too, and he was in

Colonel Gatson's regiment in the wuh.'

'Oh, I have often heard my father speak of him,' exclaimed John, real interest replacing quizzical curiosity in his face. 'When he raised a company, Bevis Jackson was one of the first to volunteer. He was his companion twice on scouting duty, and it was Bevis Jackson that dragged him to shelter when he was shot in the last charge at Malvern Hill.'

'The old Colonel allers treated Pap real handsome when he come to town. He wanted to deed him our land in Otter Crick, because he said it was down in the co't-house books that it belonged to the Gatsons. But Pap he would n't take no new deed, for we uns allers knowed that the land is ours. We ain't never been squatters and our papers is all in here,' Jackson concluded, as he laid the old leathern bag on the desk.

'Of course, you know that your possession will never be interfered with by any of us, even if we should be able to do so; but if you will accept the formal deed to your farm which your father declined, we can quickly make your title absolutely clear.'

'T ain't that that made me come to you,' answered Jackson, quickly. 'We know that you all would n't never make us no trouble, and we know the land has always been rightly ourn. But this here lumber company from Roanoke has been nosin' about, and they have drove stakes clean across our wood-lot. The engineer fellow allows as how it belongs to them. So I thought if maybe you could look through this here and tell me how things stand, I'd feel safer like when them folks comes back to begin choppin'.'

He pushed the bag farther across the desk in Gatesden's direction.

'I shall be delighted to do so,' said John. 'It will be only a small repayment of the debt we owe you. Leave

me the papers and come back, if you can, about one o'clock.'

The man nodded with an abruptness which was far from uncivil.

'I got to peddle my berries aroun', and buy some truck. I reckon I'll be back by one.'

He climbed into his wagon and after clucking several times to the irresponsible mule, lumbered down the street at an irregular trot which drove the berry baskets clattering from side to side.

John took up the bag from the desk and looked at it curiously. It weighed perhaps five or six pounds, and though much discolored and misshapen, was still so stout as to seem almost air-tight. It was clearly a saddle-bag of the type carried by gentlemen of the eighteenth century, when travel in this region was all by horseback. Evidently, too, it had belonged to a person of distinction, for the mountings were of silver and a great plate of the same metal on the flap bore the armorial badge of some family, now tarnished beyond recognition. The lock John found much stronger than he would have imagined from its small size and ornamental appearance. Though the silver key had been left within the keyhole, it refused for a long time to turn. Apparently the lock had set from long disuse.

John poured a drop of machine-oil into the keyhole, and, while waiting for the lubricant to work, occupied himself with the engraved silver plate. Taking the chamois-skin cover of his watch, he rubbed the tarnished metal several minutes, till the inscription began to grow legible.

As the letters under the arms appeared, he uttered an exclamation. It was the Gatesden motto, '*Jus suum cuique*,' that the bag bore. On the shield above could be traced, though very dimly, the outline of the scroll and balance of the Gatesden crest. Tense with interest, John turned again to

the lock. The oil had had its effect, and the key now turned.

The first glance inside the case was disappointing. It revealed only a squat little volume, mouldering with damp and age, a Greek Testament with the imprint, 'Oxonia, 1760.' Laying it aside, John examined the bag itself more particularly, and discovered, sewed against the side, a kind of oil-skin envelope designed for the carrying of papers. He unbuttoned this inner case and drew forth several documents which, though yellowed, had been preserved from decay. The largest paper was a rent-roll of the Gatesden property, drawn up in the year 1774. An official parchment beside it proclaimed the appointment of Bevis Gatesden, of the county of Frederick in Virginia, Esquire, stamp commissioner for western Virginia, and representative, under Lord Dunmore, of the authority of King George the Third.

A rough note, written as John recognized in the hand of his Revolutionary great-grandfather, was the only other paper. It ran as follows: —

Williamsburg, June 8, 1775. Honoured Brother: It seems my duty to acquaint you, as our late Father's representative and the Head of our Family, that I have this day taken an action, which, though it may not occasion you surprise, will, I doubt not, give you vexation and grief. I have bound myself with many Gentlemen of the Colony to resist the enforcement of His Majesty's late measures and the will of his Governor. Lord Dunmore hath retired in anger from the city and the burgesses no longer venture to hope for a peaceful issue. I have not the hardihood to flatter myself that you will regard my step without anger; but I beg you to reflect that, should our undertakings miscarry, you are like at least to be no more troubled by a young

half-brother who has already caused you too much displeasure. I am, Sir,

Your obedient, humble brother,

JOHN GATESDEN.

For a long time Gatesden fingered the papers. What an interesting relic of his old Tory ancestor, of whose passionate loyalty to King George many stories were still rife! By what curious accident, he mused, could this memorial of his family have lain for generations in the possession of the Jacksons? And then he suddenly remembered. Otter Creek lay deep in the heart of the Blue Ridge, visited even to-day by none but its sparse mountaineer population and a few hunters of wild turkey. Gatesden himself had never been there. It was somewhere in this inaccessible part of the county that old Bevis Gatesden had been killed, according to family history, in a desperate attempt to secrete the King's munitions from the rising colonists. Overtaken in a ravine of the mountains, the old fellow had long fought in defense of the royal stores, and finally, after the dispersal of his followers, had ridden off the field like Hampden, wounded and alone, to die, it was supposed, somewhere in the wilds. The body was never recovered; but there stood in the burying ground at Kingswell a monument to his memory with the inscription, '*Officio fortiter perfunctus pro rege et fide vitam deposuit.*'

The saddle-bag had doubtless been taken from the old man's horse by the mountaineers who witnessed his death. It was a most precious heirloom, to be recovered at all costs and treasured with the other family relics at Kingswell. John carefully replaced the papers in the pocket from which he had taken them, revolving in his mind as he did so the arguments by which he might best obtain Jackson's surrender of the curio.

As he rebuttoned the pocket, his eyes fell again upon the Testament. Holding the little volume in both hands, he carefully opened the stiffened leather and turned over the pages in search of annotations. On the fly-leaves at the back of the book he found several pages of manuscript, written in inferior ink and much more weather-stained than the papers in the pocket.

As Gatesden slowly deciphered the faded writing, the look of satisfaction died out of his face. His cheeks flushed uncomfortably, and he felt a chill settling about his heart. According to the inscription on the Kingswell cenotaph, old Bevis Gatesden had died in 1775; but the first note in the book was dated 1778. This is what John read:—

October 9, 1778. I, Bevis Gatesden, late representative of His Majesty in these parts, was this day married by a travelling parson, one Thomas Eckles, to Joan Ellerslie, a peasant wench by whom I have been nursed these three years past through wounds and fever. This I have done in sound mind, though still infirm health, being determined to pass the poor remainder of my days among these people who have sheltered and preserved me when my own have cast me off. God knows I can do naught else, for my lands, save these barren hills, are in possession of the rebels, and my fractured thigh prevents me from sitting horse again in His Majesty's service.

The next entry, written in a hand yet more wavering and illegible, ran crookedly across the middle of a page:

March 4. 1780. On this day was baptized my son Bevis, called by the name of his forefathers, though like to know naught of his heritage. Better that my unhappy strain continue in

obscurity than that it contaminate the Gatesden stock with peasant blood and enjoy its patrimony by truckling to disloyalty and rebellion!

To John Gatesden, as he pored over the last crabbed letters, the whole story became suddenly clear. He was unconscious of any course of ratiocination, however short; nor did he feel the slightest doubt concerning the overpowering conclusion to which his mind leaped. This mountaineer, Bevis Jackson, bearing like his father the unusual Christian name of the Gatesdens, was the descendant of the elder Bevis of the Revolution, the old Tory whom the family records assumed to have died without issue. It was he, not John, who represented the senior branch and to whom, according to the inviolable rule, the family estate should have descended. Even the name Jackson, which he now bore, was convincing evidence. Gatesden was in vulgar pronunciation Gatson, and Gatson would inevitably pass into Jackson among the leveling influences of the backwoods.

The hours which dragged away before the return of Jackson were for John Gatesden the most poignant of his life. Too honest to dodge realization of the new state of affairs, he was yet incapable of perceiving any tolerable course of action. What could he do which should be just and honorable at once to this uncouth stranger, to himself, and to his trust as fiduciary of the family dignity? Like all men bred to a high sense of personal responsibility, he had a horror amounting almost to physical repulsion for anything flashily melodramatic or hysterical. By heaven, if this man, whose existence shook down about him all the stately edifice of his self-satisfaction, were an equal, a gentleman, he could see his way and follow it to its logical end of personal renunciation. But to

make himself and all that his birth and position represented a butt for wide-mouthed gossip by investing this vulgar jay in the plumes which had lain so gracefully upon his ancestors and himself — to do this wantonly, without legal compulsion, for the gratification of a whimsical, squeamish honor — would be not noble, but hideously grotesque.

To John there seemed no escape from the horrible dilemma. Before his brain three ideas kept repeating themselves monotonously, as though he should never be able either to dismiss or to harmonize them. The family motto on the bag, *Jus suum cuique*, 'To every man his due'; the old law of the exclusive right of the elder branch, which seemed the holier now that it depended no longer upon legal force but upon race loyalty and devotion; — these seemed to keep hammering themselves upon his throbbing temples; while beside them kept rising in hideous discord the image of the mountaineer, himself the negation of the qualities of hereditary nobility which all this rigid machinery of succession had been framed to perpetuate.

The actual appearance of Jackson, standing in the doorway, unannounced by knock or salutation, was a relief. Something in the man's shyness appealed to John's own embarrassment. He felt that they were less rivals than comrades in the bizarre adventure which fate had suddenly let fall upon them.

'Sit down,' he said, after a glance of friendly hesitation. 'How much can you tell me about the original owner of these things?' he asked as he began again to take out the contents of the bag.

'The old squire, you mean?' answered the other. 'He was Pap's grandfather, but he died long before Pap was born, I reckon. They say he

never got over the wounds he got when he first come into Otter Crick. He'd been fighting the Injuns or Britishers, I reckon. His hoss brought him up to our cabin and after he had got a little better he was married to Pap's grandmother. He is buried in the buryin'-ground at the forks of the road. They allers said as how he was a great man at home, but we never rightly knowed jest whar he come from.'

'His name was really Bevis Gatesden. He was the owner of the Kingswell estate, which passed to my great-grandfather, because he was supposed to have died unmarried. According to the family rules, the property should have remained with your branch and descended to you, I suppose, not to me.' John went on slowly. 'Here is the evidence of your ancestor's marriage and of the birth of his son.'

He read aloud the entries in the Testament.

'And you mean that the law would take your land and give it to me, if this here was known?' asked Jackson, in supreme astonishment.

'Probably not; but we have always settled our family affairs without invoking the law, and we have settled them justly. The question is, what *is* just here?'

'It says thar in the book that the old squire did n't want Pap's father to get the land.'

'That would n't bar his title,' answered John. 'It looks to me as if the property is rightfully yours.'

'You don't mean that you would give it to me without having to?'

'I don't know. You must help me to decide. I don't see how I could keep what is morally not mine.'

The mountaineer sat for a moment downcast. The unconscious melancholy of his expression was intensified as he thought. John bit his lips as he stared at the wall, irritated with himself for

his inability to deal decisively with the situation.

After two or three minutes, Jackson looked up. The shy awkwardness of his manner, which astonishment had for a moment shaken off, was again upon him.

'If you please, Mister Gatson, do you reckon that I could see this place that was my — that was the old squire's?'

'Certainly,' answered John. 'I drive back for lunch. Come with me now.'

Gatesden's fast trotter covered the two miles to Kingswell in ten minutes. Neither man spoke during the drive. John was a prey to the keen annoyance with himself, which fills the conscientious person when he scents unpleasant duty and cannot decide upon his course of action. The stranger gazed wide-eyed at the evidences of prosperity along the road, at the handsome iron gates adorning the entrance to the estate, at the long avenue, and the low, capacious sweep of the house's façade.

Seated tête-à-tête with John in the long dining-room, under the withering scowls of the waiter, Jackson won the cordial respect of his host. To the natural dignity of the mountaineer he joined a quick power of observation which preserved his manners from rudeness even in the unfamiliar environment. John's rare gift of hospitality was called into play as he led his guest to forget his embarrassment and entertained him with family anecdotes. By the end of the meal all stiffness had disappeared.

In the spirit of congeniality which arises from the recognition of common interest, the two men passed from a survey of the portraits on the walls to the examination of the tombstones in the burying-ground outside. Still occupied with question and answer about

the family and the history of Kingswell, they returned to the town.

The old gray mule, standing disconsolate before the office door, seemed to wake Jackson from a dream. In a kind of stage fright he tumbled from the cushioned seat upon which he had been reclining in unembarrassed ease, and stood twirling his hat nervously between his fingers.

'You have given me a day, Mr. Gatson,' he stammered, 'that I won't ever forget, and — and that will maybe help me to make something of myself. And if you are still agreeable to let me have a deed for the Otter Crick land, I'll take it and thank you.'

'But, my dear fellow,' answered John in surprise, 'we can't dispose of the matter so easily. Don't you see that as the representative of the elder branch of our family, you should be the owner of all my property — not by the present law, perhaps, but morally and according to the intention of the original proprietors of the estate?'

'Me?' cried Jackson, in genuine fright. 'Do you think I could be mean enough or fool enough to take that? I'd be plain miserable, anyway, with them niggers and the other folks scoffin' at me.'

'Well, that's our problem, cousin,' said John, frankly. 'I can't fancy myself standing in another man's shoes.'

'Tell me,' asked Jackson suddenly, 'why they started this silly rule about the property.'

'Why, mainly to insure its remaining intact in the family.'

'And you feel uncomfortable about it because I am the oldest son of the oldest son all the way down?'

'Yes.'

'But if I had an older brother, or my father had had, then it would go to him, and I would n't have no claim?'

'That was the old principle.'

'Then you need n't be nowise dis-

turbed, sir,' said Jackson, looking his hearer clearly in the eye, 'for Pap had an older brother named John, who left home befo' the wah. I reckon he went out West when they was talkin' so much about gold in Californy. We ain't heard nothin' of him lately, and we ain't likely to; but even supposin' he war my own brother and the dearest kin I had, I'd throw him off clean ef he would do sech a low-down mean thing as take a penny's worth of what is yourn. You see, sir,' he went on with a flushed face, 'we uns has allers had our pride too. That's why we would n't take the old colonel's offer to deed us that land—he bein' a stranger, as we thought. And now, ef we can think of you, livin' here so fine and noble, as our kin and what you call the head of our family, it'll make us a deal happier than ten times the land would. It'll do me real good, sir, that will, and maybe help me to get over bein' so shiftless and no-count.'

He wrung John's hand hard and mounted his old wagon. The mule trotted once more down the street. The empty baskets rattled. John Gatesden looked after the man with friendly eyes. Then he turned into the office. The prim tidiness of the room smote him suddenly with sharp reproach. How amateurish and ineffectual his life was! How ready he had been to deck himself

in borrowed plumes! The rude awakening to his false position had taught him his lesson, thank God! The Kingswell heritage, falsely his, which had so long lulled him in complacent idleness, would be in future his sharpest goad.

One possible avenue of escape into the world of living activity lay before him. An election for the office of prosecuting attorney of the county was nearly due. In this region, with its large tracts of mountain wilderness, it was a post of much labor, and even danger, and of infinitesimal profit, sought usually only by desperate beginners at the law. He would be ridiculed for desiring it, but he could doubtless have it for the asking. It would give him at the least hard work and a start.

He crossed the room to the neatly folded *Figaro* on his table, tore it, and flung the fragments into the scrap-basket. The old exhilaration of his college days beat intoxicatingly about his temples; the very office air seemed wine and iron. In the flush of the new dawn his mind turned again to the image of the departed mountaineer.

'He's worthy of his stock,' he murmured. 'I suppose he was lying in what he said about his uncle? Who knows? But he is right. The trust is mine, and with God's help I will hold it as highly as I may.'

IDYLLIC

BY ROBERT M. GAY

IN a city of frame houses and brown-stone houses, each with its 'twenty-fifth of an acre of grass-plot in front and its sixth of an acre of yard in back, a high wall of gray stone inclosing whole acres of lawn and plantation was unusual enough to excite anybody's interest. As for me, I was quite sure that its blocks of granite were about as big as the sandstone blocks of the Great Pyramid. I used to walk down of an evening just to run my fingers over them and to scratch with my nails the scum of green lichen that spread over the mortar after a rain. There was a gate, too, of cyclopean planks banded with wrought iron, swung between square stone columns. On top of these were globes of granite big as prize pumpkins. When I applied my eye to the crack of the gate, my nose caught whiffs of lilac and syringa mingled with the smell of hay and stables, and my ears detected often, faintly, the stamping of horses; but, beyond the edge of a dunghill and the gray side of a shed, my eyes were unrewarded. The gate was never opened.

The street on that block was as a rule singularly quiet. Few vehicles went by, perhaps because the cobbles diverted traffic into smoother avenues. Grass and chickweed grew among the stones near the curb and between the flags of the sidewalk. The few maples that, last of their clan, carried on a losing struggle with dust and gas, were honeycombed with the tunnels of black ants; and, in August, their leaves were decimated by legions of tussock cater-

pillars which amused themselves between meals by dangling in the face of the passer-by. As for the human inhabitants, I knew 'all their tricks and their ways.' I knew them for humdrum citizens, to whom a wall was merely a wall, and a cat looking over in the dark never by any possibility an owly-headed monster. The smell of soap-suds exhaled by their front windows on a Monday morning was no less familiar than the odor of pies and cakes on a Saturday. I knew perfectly well that they all dressed up on Sunday and proceeded demurely to the Methodist church at one end of the block or the Baptist church at the other. I knew that they shot off fire-crackers on the Fourth of July with all the solemn industry of true patriots, bobbed for apples religiously on Hallowe'en, gorged themselves more or less thankfully at Thanksgiving, and scrupulously performed all the stocking, Christmas tree, and Santa Claus rites at Christmas. In short, I knew that they were just such people as I was myself in my social capacity. Whether they ever had hours such as mine between seven and eight of an evening, when I was completely unsocial, and therefore original, it never occurred to me to ask. I felt all the scorn of them that childhood can feel for steady-going age, never understanding — until later — that the smallest hall-bedroom in any one of their houses might contain more of mystery and romance than even my wilderness over the wall, however 'spacious' it might be 'in dirt,' however

peopled with rocs, unicorns, and hippogriffs.

It would sound very silly to narrate what I did there on spring evenings between seven and eight. It may be that I rode winged steeds with Astolpho, and swam Hellespontos with Leander, slew dragons on Glittering Heaths with Siegfried, and fought, knee-deep in the ford, side by side with Cuchulain against the hosts of Queen Maeve. Perhaps so, perhaps not. I luckily had a speaking acquaintance with the policeman on that beat, and he was indulgent.

It had never before been my custom thus to moon about of an evening. Dick, my chum, had been the sharer of all my adventures; but even him, during this one hour, I now assiduously avoided, picturing him as at home studying his lessons, while I was encountering gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire; but I little guessed the truth till one evening my attention was attracted by the odd deportment of a boy across the street. For three successive nights I had seen him go past, but, intent upon perilous quests, had not looked at him closely. I scanned him carefully now, however, and, to my surprise, recognized him as Dick.

Dimly to be discerned in the penumbra of the street-lamp light, with the utter gloom of a weedy vacant lot for a background, he was standing on the curb with his back to me, gazing up sidewise at a second-story window within which, behind a drawn shade of yellow holland, was burning a lone gas-jet. His position was a difficult one to maintain, but was necessitated by the cornice of the front stoop, which shut off all view of second-story windows to people on that side of the street. I reasoned that, wishing to be as near to the window as possible, he had foregone the less neck-breaking position of vantage that I held; but, unable to

guess why he was so intent upon that particular window, I withdrew into the murky corner behind one of the gate-posts and watched him as he teetered precariously. The window presented only a canary-colored rectangle innocent of shadow.

For perhaps five minutes he continued his scrutiny, and then turned and peered cautiously up and down the street and across. As the light fell on his face I was startled. He had pulled his hair down on his forehead until it hung below his cap in two long curved locks like the claws of a crab, his cap being the crab; and the solemnity of his expression and the stealthy discretion of his demeanor made my flesh creep. Evidently satisfied that he was unobserved, however, he turned again toward the window and, after another glance hither and thither, stretched out his arms toward it, 'front oblique, hands supine,' as our declamation teacher used to say; then, gallantly, with the passionate grace of a Malvolio, he wafted a kiss upward; and then, stricken with sudden bashful panic, he turned and fled up the street toward home.

I was by this time convulsed with derisive merriment. I saw it all! Now at last I understood. Many a time I had noticed, without really looking at it, silhouetted against that shade, a trim head from which stuck out stiffly an attenuated pig-tail, motionless, slightly inclining as if over a book. Many a time, toward the end of my hour, I had seen the pig-tail grow restive and bob up and down on the shade and grow longer and shorter with the turning of the head to which it was attached. Many a time I had seen the shade fly suddenly upward and the window-sash follow and the trim little head thrust itself through the aperture. All this I had observed, negligently, without emotion, docketing the head

in my mind as belonging merely to a girl.

Dick was in love! As in a flash I understood many other things, too: why, for instance, he had suddenly taken to blacking his shoes and washing his hands and going regularly to Sunday School. It was exceedingly funny. I laughed. I had at last a thorn to prick him with when he grew supercilious; material for waggish innuendos such as I had heard facetious elders use for purposes of torture. I gloated in anticipation.

When I came into his presence next day, however, I found myself suddenly bashful. Try as I would to be funny at his expense, my words were stifled. I found myself covertly looking at him with a touch of awe as at one who had drunk deep the cup of experience. His shiny shoes and face seemed the outward badge of an inward mysterious condition which I was unable to share.

I set out on my adventures that night in a thoughtful mood. The head showed very black and impudent upon the shade, but Dick did not appear. I knew why. He had refused to eat his potatoes at supper and had been condemned to sit at table until he ate them. The peculiar stubbornness of Dick's disposition can be gauged by what he sacrificed for a principle on this occasion. While he sat at home malevolently regarding two large cold potatoes, I was feasting my eyes upon the effigy in jet of his lady-love.

But this is not to be a confession of treachery. I did not scheme to supplant my friend. I did not like the tilt of the effigy's nose. Yet to be standing there in the dark quiet street watching the unconscious shadow-play on the curtain gave me a new kind of thrill.

I had planned for that evening a deed of daring far on the ringing plains of windy Troy, — some such small matter as assuming the part of Dei-

phobus and rescuing Hector from the wrath of Achilles during their famous circumambulation of the walls; but, somehow, although the stage was set and the lights suitable, I could not act with my usual absorption. I tried to pretend that the young lady at the window was Andromache, but her impertinent nose and quivering pig-tail were hopelessly out of character. I started Hector and Achilles on their rounds, and stood ready to sally forth at the proper moment. Their shadowy forms flashed by once, twice, — and disappeared. I had forgotten all about them. I was in a brown study.

The silhouette was growing restless. It flounced about, it yawned and stretched, it threw its book on the floor in a spasm of vindictiveness; and then the shade flew up and the head appeared, craning to see up the street. It seemed very nice to be in love. I decided to be in love, too.

When I came, however, to think over the eligible little girls of my acquaintance, I rejected them all in scorn. They were mere infants, given to hoops and jacks. But next Sunday in church I found that not impossible She sitting in the choir. She had just joined. She sang soprano. She was dark, — black hair and eyes and gipsy complexion. She sat very straight and never smiled. She sang easily, without making faces. As to her age, I indulged in no vain speculations about that.

The choir sat at the front of the church behind the minister. During the preliminary service they were hidden from view by a green curtain except when they were singing; but when the minister rose to preach, the curtain was pulled aside with a loud rasping of rings. I had the object of my devotion at my mercy, then, for an hour, morning and evening, to gaze at as I chose. From that day I became a confirmed church-goer. If my wor-

ship was misdirected, it was probably of as high a quality as that of many of the rest of the congregation.

I now set myself to study the gentle art of being in love, and, I must confess, put myself to a good deal of trouble. I tried to lose appetite and sleep, according to the books, but did not succeed very well. However, when it comes to pretending, it is as easy to pretend to be wasting away as anything else; and I took a sombre satisfaction in pushing aside my plate when I was not very hungry.

With considerable difficulty I learned where the fair incognita lived, — a few blocks off, — and my evening walks took a new direction. A small frame house on a quiet side-street became the shrine of my pilgrimage, and I fixed upon a second-story front window as probably hers. For several weeks, rain or shine, I went there every evening, to mope dramatically with a curious pleasurable sadness; only to discover at last that I had expended my sighs over the wrong house, because she lived next door. By this time, however, I was too far gone to see any humor in the blunder. From making believe that I was in love, I had come really to believe that I was; and when one is in that condition of mind, a difference of one street-number is a small matter. The aura of the beloved fills the whole street.

Now for the first time I began to think of my clothes and to yearn for long trousers. From rebelling against the barber, I became his best youthful customer, and the family were thrown into transports of astonishment over my neckties and my ablutions. They thought, of course, that I was ill, and I took no pains to enlighten them. I made a confidant of no one, not even of Dick, looking upon his affair as the merest calf-love.

Throughout I was fortified by the

illustrious example of Dante, whose love, I still imagine, may have begun very much as mine. I had often pored over the horrific pictures of Doré in a great flat folio of the *Inferno* which, with another of *Paradise Lost*, formed one of the ornaments of the parlor. From shuddering over the talking trees and the sinners carrying their heads under their arms, I naturally became curious to know more of the author. Johnson's *Encyclopædia* and Beeton's *Dictionary of Universal Knowledge*, tried friends and true, served only to whet a hunger which sent me off to the circulating library.

A friend of mine maintains that in a thousand of those who read the *Inferno* not one hundred read the *Purgatorio*, and that not ten of the hundred read the *Paradiso*; and probably he is right. When I told him, therefore, a while ago, that I had read all three with great relish at the age of thirteen, I could see that his politeness was having a hard struggle with his incredulity. He knew nothing of my incentive, and in such matters the incentive is everything. I once found a little cash-girl in a department-store reading Jakob Böhme. What *her* incentive was, I could not prevail upon her to say: perhaps the old theosopher had for her some of the fascination of a puzzle; perhaps she was suffering from religious doubt; at any rate, she said that she 'enjoyed him very much.' I imagine that there are some astonished immortals in Elysium if they know to what strange uses their books are put.

I read the *New Life* and the *Purgatory* and the *Paradise*, and bought a plaster bust of the Father of Tuscan song for my room, and cut from a magazine a picture of a dark beauty who, I thought, looked like my inamorata. The original painting from which that print was made I discovered recently — with what tender memories can be

imagined — in the waiting-room of a New York Hotel. I used to sit on the edge of my bed before I turned in for the night, and study the picture and the bust.

Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite, —

or in me? I used (in effect) to ask myself. Still, it was something to love even hopelessly in such company. Across the gulf of six centuries the sad old Florentine, however stern of lineament and grim, stretched a sympathetic hand to a little moon-struck boy who sat dreaming and dreaming; and from beside the shiny little yellow bust gazed down the cold dark beauty; and to me as that other to him, but with how different meaning, she said (again in effect), —

Guardami ben: ben son, ben son Beatrice!

Ah, well, as Alighieri himself has said, 'love and the gentle heart are one same thing'; and my love was so far from being fiery that I purposely neglected opportunities to meet my Beatrice. On one occasion Fate literally threw us at each other's head and I, if I may use so vulgar a figure of so fair an object, dodged.

In the silent fervor of my passion, as I have said, I haunted church and Sunday school and fed my flame by bashfully ogling. The extent of my surrender to the little blind god is shown by the fact that I permitted myself to be inveigled into participating in a Christmas entertainment merely because She was to recite a piece.

Faithfully I went to each rehearsal, bravely I mounted the platform and recited the silly stanza that fell to me, meekly I submitted to the jibes of the Philistines, and all to listen to a voice that spoke to others, to treasure up smiles that were not for me. Strange as it may seem, however, this was quite enough. I had no grudge against fate. I was content to sit and gaze.

It was at the last rehearsal, however, that She entered the chapel to find all the seats near the platform occupied except the one next to mine.

O my heart, how didst thou palpitate then! O feet and hands, how excessively large did ye suddenly become as, graceful and self-possessed, She came tripping toward ye! O ears, how did ye then incarnadine yourselves, and what a roaring was in ye louder than the

Six hundred thousand voices shout
Of Jacob camp'd in Midian put to rout!

She draws near, she pauses, she speaks. 'May I sit beside you?' she asks, with gracious condescension.

Here is my opportunity. Here at last are 'the time and the place and the loved one all together!' A thousand golden witty sayings have I coined for this juncture; but do I deliver them with all the composure that I have displayed when practicing them before her putative picture at home? I do not. I forget my cues. I fumble, I stammer, I swallow, and fall into silence. She bends her gaze upon me and inclines her ear, but in vain. I achieve no intelligible articulation.

As soon as I could escape I fled into the night and walked around the block rapidly six times. As I was passing the church for the seventh time, the others were coming out and some boys hailed me. They were going to the drug-store for soda-water; but I shook my head darkly. No fleshly enticements had power to lure me to-night. I stood in the shadow of a tree and watched the girls come out. As She passed under the light in the lobby, she was talking happily with a youth several years older than I. Together they descended the church steps and made their way slowly toward the drug-store.

The next evening I went back to the wall; but not to play at potting dragons

and unicorns. I had aged. It was time to put away childish things. I went to meditate, to school my spirit, to fortify my soul. It was very pleasant to feel so old, so sophisticated, and I practiced all the poses of dejection; but in time the quiet of the familiar street shed its balm upon me. I reflected that Dante had been true to Beatrice, even after he had married and she had died, for some thirty years. Should I grow discouraged in scarce as many days?

Suddenly I looked up. Over the wall were peering two large round yellow-green eyes.

'It's an orc!' I whispered to myself.

Now, I had long since devised a method of dealing with orcs. It consisted in whirling round and round on the pavement immediately beneath them until they became dizzy and fell off the wall, when they could be easily dispatched with a sword; and so I began whirling on my heel. So intent

was I on this exercise, looking up meanwhile into the scared eyes of the cat above, that I was unaware that some one was approaching. Any one who has ever tried spinning like a whirligig while looking upward has probably fared as I did. I turned giddy much sooner than the orc and sat suddenly down directly in front of a young lady who, vibrating above me, gave voice to a musical little shriek, half of laughter, half of terror. It was my Beatrice.

There is no more to tell. I had no precedent for any such exigency as this. Dante could not help me. My love-affair ended there and then.

A few weeks ago I saw the wall again after many years. There was a cat sitting on top in the sun. She could hardly have been the orc. I put my hands on the coping and pulled myself up and looked over. I wish I had not done so.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE CASE OF THE MINISTERS

THERE has always been to me something pathetic about clowns and jesters, but for many years I did not know why. At last I found out: it was because they were compelled to make their living by means of laughter. Now laughter is, or should be, a spontaneous, even a capricious thing. It is one of the delicious 'extras' of life, it comes with an enfranchisement, momentary perhaps, but real, from the pressure of sterner realities. That this gay, free thing should be put in harness, and made to serve these sterner realities, — therein lay the pathos that I had

always dimly felt. From such a lot might every one I loved be delivered! Let them work hard — break stone, dig ditches, what you will — but let their laughter be unenforced!

Such is still my prayer, but it has enlarged its scope. For I now see that there are other things which should be left free. Laughter, let us say, is the gleam of sunlight over life. By all means let us not try to turn it into 'power.' But there are other gleams: the moonlight of poetry, the white light of religious experience, the radiance of love. And in my prayer I include all these.

It is no needless prayer. Thousands

and thousands of men are suffering to-day, perhaps without knowing it, because the prayer has in their cases not been answered, because they are compelled, in the pursuit of their livelihood, to exploit some one of these.

I am thinking particularly of the clergy. They have come to seem to me even more to be pitied than the clowns. Laughter, indeed, is precious, but that which our ministers are required to put in harness is even more precious: it is the impulses and experiences of the religious life.

In all the discussion about the ministry and the church which is now so rife, no one seems to have a word of pity for the men who are being forced continually to do the impossible, the unthinkable thing, namely, to exploit their own spiritual nature in the earning of their daily bread. Some discipline is doubtless good for us. To be compelled to chop wood when one is weary, to keep books when one loathes accounts, to sit behind a desk or teach spelling when one longs to go fishing, these things may be good for one's moral fibre, or again they may not. But to be compelled by one's 'job' to 'make a prayer' when one does not feel prayerful, to be obliged to talk about spiritual realities which are at the moment, or perhaps usually, not felt as realities at all, — this can never be good for the moral fibre; it must be disintegrating to it. This is not discipline, but the most disastrous form of slavery. It is a slavery that demoralizes sometimes past hope of recovery, for it strikes at the foundation of character: spiritual honesty.

There is one thing to which, even more than to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, every one has a right, and that is, the possession of his own depths of selfhood. There is in all of us a hidden life, often unacknowledged, usually unexpressed, which is sacred.

With most of us it is protected from violation by all the bars of reserve. Not so with the ministry! With them the bolts are shot back at the stroke of an hour, or there are no bolts, and the latchstring is out for every passer-by to pull. Their religious life, their deepest convictions, their profoundest visions, these are, to put it most crudely, their stock in trade, their business capital. That which with most of us forms the background of life, with ministers constitutes the foreground. It is this that makes the anomaly, the preposterous anomaly, of their position. It is useless to declare that they have private rights like other men. Practically they have not. Even theoretically they scarcely have. What is the good of talking about private rights when a man is liable at any minute to such demands as these: pray with me; talk to me about God; make an emotionally satisfying address over the coffin of my dead mother.

Contrast the conditions under which men work in the other professions. The lawyer, through years of training, to which he brings some natural aptitude, makes himself master of certain branches of the law. In these he is more or less of an expert, and he earns his living by a combination of honesty, industry and skill in applying his expert knowledge. All this he can do, and still preserve that sacred something we have called selfhood.

With the physician it is the same: he has the aptitude, he equips himself with the knowledge and the skill. He offers these to society, and society gladly avails itself of them. In both professions, to be sure, the self behind the day's work is what gives the day's work its final value, but it is always *behind* the work. It is not served up as the very work itself. These men may have sympathy, inspiration, reverence, faith, love. They must have them, in

some degree, but they are forces that underlie and compel.

The case of the minister may, indeed, be stated so as to make it seem parallel. He too, starting with some natural aptitude, spends years acquiring knowledge and skill. He masters ecclesiastical history, he delves in theology, he studies church government, he practices oratory. Along these lines he too becomes to some extent an expert.

This sounds well, but it will not bear scrutiny. For, whereas the expert equipment of the lawyer or the doctor is what gives him his value and ensures his measure of success, the minister's expert equipment, except perhaps his training in oratory, and this only in a minor degree, has very little to do with his value or success. What we want in a lawyer is mastery of the law, what we want in a physician is mastery of the conditions of health, but what we want in a minister is not mastery of church history, theology, church government, or even oratory. The thing we really demand of him is the possession of a vivid religious life and the power to make 'telling' use of it so that it gets a real grip on the spiritual lives of others. Without this the rest of his equipment is useless. With this, the rest may be dispensed with.

That is, his sympathy, inspiration, reverence, faith, and love, instead of being the underlying forces of his nature, must be kept on top all the time, ready to pass out to people at a moment's notice. At certain hours of the week the minister must summon from its hiding-place the spirit of prayer, he must literally exploit it for the edification of three hundred or five hundred or a thousand listeners. At certain other hours he must call forth his most solemn convictions about life and death, and exploit them in the same way. And at uncertain times, at any and every time, week in and week out,

he must have his personality ready to deliver when called for.

Is this fair? Can we wonder that the weakness of the ministry is along the line of hypocrisy, of the over-facile in expression, of the cheaply ready in sympathy? that ministers sometimes develop a professional manner as marked as the professionally sympathetic manner of the undertaker? Is it surprising that in self-defense they should build up for themselves an armor, not of obvious reserve, but of glib expressiveness which meets the same end? If they were always really turning themselves inside out, as they are nominally supposed to do, there would be nothing left of them, they would be worn to a frazzle in three months. Some there are who really do this, and these are usually indeed worn to a frazzle. Or, to use the conventional term, they 'break down.' Most of them do not do it, and they survive, but ideals suffer.

There is something wrong. It is the wrong of professionalizing what ought to be left free. We see this quickly enough in other cases: poetry is a lovely thing, but so soon as it becomes professionalized, it is in danger. Personal charm is an adorable thing, but when the actor makes it a daily offering to an expectant public its finer bloom is too apt to vanish. Love and friendship are the greatest things in the world, but when they are habitually exploited, they lose part if not all of their greatness. The court favorite, paid for his devotion, the lover or the mistress, paid for their favors, compelled to render them without regard to the spontaneous impulse behind them, these are in danger of falling very far short of greatness. Perhaps Tolstoi was right, and every man should have some tangible work to do, not perhaps with his hands alone, but using his whole practical equipment of skill,

knowledge, and aptitude, and allowing for an overflow of energy which should follow whatever channels it found open, without being forced into pipes, to turn wheels and push pistons.

Such, indeed, was to some extent the life of the monks of old. They worked their gardens, they nursed the sick, they made medicines, they taught, they printed books; and these activities formed as large a part of their lives as their daily office, often a larger part. But back of all this, the daily round of tangible duties, lived the ardors of conviction and faith, flashing through sometimes in a radiance of inspiration, oftener perhaps smouldering unrecognized in the depths of an unchallenged and unexploited reserve.

This was a healthy life. And there are some ministers to-day whose lives are much like this. There might be more. For there is enough practical work waiting to be done to keep all the ministers busy, if they never again made a reluctant prayer or delivered an enforced sermon. There are many people who think that an institutional church and a liturgical service is the ideal for the future. But there are many also who deny this. And meanwhile, the public accepts, and demands, this living sacrifice of its ministry. It is imposing a compulsion which cannot help sapping some of the honesty, the vitality, the spontaneity, that are our most precious possessions.

A DICKENS DISCOVERY

By rights, the little man with whom I am acquainted should belong to Dickens. He must have been lost from the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and placed, by a trick of Fate, in this hustling, conventional young Southern town. I chanced to step into the printing-office one day, and paused upon the threshold with a Columbus-like thrill at my

discovery. The little old man, his plump person stuffed into a chair, was seated at what might be called a desk, though no self-respecting desk would recognize it. Newspapers in wild disorder surrounded him; letters bulged from numerous pigeon-holes; 'copy' straggled out of dusty corners; and a manuscript, folded with some pretense at neatness and no doubt awaiting a day of judgment, stuck one ear out of a half-open drawer. An editorial, overcome by the heat of its attack upon the unsanitary conditions existing in a baker's shop, reclined against an ink bottle for support. From this chaos emerged his squarish head, with a round hat distantly related to a breakfast muffin perched upon it. A high collar, in a vain effort to meet in front, and lacking two inches of accomplishing its purpose, encircled his neck. A smart white tie, realizing its superiority over the collar, met in front and formed a stiff bow. The shirt was an old friend showing signs of frequent contact with ink. Nondescript gray trousers clung tightly round his waist, but flared out generously where they touched his boots. The boots which completed this costume were square, and dented and covered with dust. Stay! Had I come unawares upon a friend of Mr. Pickwick, or a cousin of the Cheeryble Brothers? No; I was about to address the uncle of dear Tom Pinch. At my greeting he rose and clasped my hand warmly, while his blue eyes, behind a pair of large spectacles, beamed kindly into mine. From that moment our friendship is dated.

But the printing-office without the Uncle would be in a far more sorry plight than the Pecksniff household without Tom. For the strong moral tone of Tom's master proved a sufficient prop even after Tom had been dismissed, but the printing-office — what a spineless affair it would become

were the Uncle to leave! Pray, who would collect the bills or read the proof? Who would conscientiously discharge these and other duties filled as they are with a mass of petty and irritating detail? Who indeed, but the Uncle! The Editor cannot steal time for such matters. Stirring and eloquent articles glide from his pen; opinions, buttered and sugared to suit the taste of questioners, drop from his lips, Smooth and suave and sure he is—the flint-hearted fellow! For five-and-thirty years the Uncle has shouldered the responsibilities of the newspaper business, receiving small reward. What high ambitions may have been stifled beneath the weight of unavoidable duties! Yet not a breath of complaint escapes him. He always has a ready smile, a twinkle in each eye, and a hand that flashes out in welcome whenever he meets you. Everybody knows and likes the Uncle, but few detect the heart of gold beating under the ink-spotted shirt. †

And what would the weekly paper be without the Uncle's contributions? He writes under the name of the 'Rambler,' and the information gathered from his daily rambles appears in the *Mayfield News*. Readers are told that Timothy Dowdle's new barber shop will be a thing of beauty; that one of our permanent and popular places of amusement has passed to new management; that the sweetness in Mayfield is not wasted on the desert air, but put up in cans by the Syrup Factory. Or perhaps the alarm of fire was sounded about one o'clock Tuesday morning, indicating that the scene of conflagration was in the second ward; or the *News* joins in wishing the newly married couple a happy and prosperous voyage o'er the seas of life. The Uncle himself is a bachelor, yet he seems to impart an air of would-be domesticity. If he could but have found the right little woman of Dickensian style! Perhaps

there was a bright spot of romance coloring the past prosaic years.

After each meeting with him, I fall to wondering about his childhood days. Did he romp and shout and play as other boys do? No; my fancy calls for a lad with a deep love of books, who could be caught any fine summer day stretched out under a shady apple tree, *Treasure Island* with its wealth of adventure close by, and in his hand a mammoth pippin slowly passing out of sight. Or the question recurs: where does he find his clothes? For they are undoubtedly lineal descendants of Noah's wardrobe. He could not have selected them from a general stock, such clothes as he wears would suit no one but himself. They were made for him; they strike one as being an indispensable part of the man.

Just recently I saw him on the corner, a bulky umbrella hooked over his arm, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the ground, coming with great deliberation toward me. He wore a tall, square, black hat set firmly on his head, and a voluminous alpaca coat reaching to his knees. He waved his hand in a salute and moved on. Farther on he stopped a passer-by and engaged in a wordy bout. Was he lonely, I pondered? It was Sunday, and he should have been returning to a cottage with roses tumbling over it in pink confusion. There, a comfortable little lady would have the supper spread out on a round table made for two. And he would know that she shared not only the meal, but all his joys and sorrows.

During our strawberry season, he took me aside to confide, 'I thought that I would purchase several boxes of strawberries and bring them up, if you will make me a real shortcake.' Then, in a telling whisper, 'You know I've never had enough!' Of course I promptly agreed, smiling in remembrance of meagre boarding-house helps.

So he came to dinner, and when the cake was brought to the table in all its luscious glory, three layers topped with fruit, we turned to each other with a look of understanding. And let me tell you that my friend measured his appetite by the Dickens standard!

He is often a subject of affectionate discussion in our home.

'Suppose,' says one, 'that he were thin.'

'The loss of a pound would spoil him,' I declare.

'It would never do,' gravely answers great-aunt Madeline.

'Can you imagine him with a red necktie?' queries another.

'A tan shoe with a pointed toe' — suggests a third.

'Oh!' I implore, 'any such innovations — and he would no longer be the Uncle.'

It is unfortunate that Dickens never found him, but good fortune left him for me. I discovered him!

LEO TO HIS MISTRESS¹

I

DEAR Mistress, do not grieve for me
Even in such sweet poetry.
Alas! It is too late for that,
No mistress can recall her cat;
Eurydice remained a shade,
Despite the music Orpheus played;
And pleasures here outlast, I guess,
Your earthly transitoriness.

¹ Memorial verses to Leo, a yellow cat, by his Mistress, appeared in the *Atlantic* for February. — THE EDITORS.

II

You serious denizens of Earth
Know nothing of Elysian mirth.
With other shades I play or doze,
And wash, and stretch, or rub my
nose.

I hunt for mice, or take a nap
Safe in Iphigénia's lap.
At times I bite Achilles' heel
To learn if shadow heroes squeal,
And, should he turn to do me hurt,
I hide beneath Cassandra's skirt,

III

But should he smile, no creature
bolder,
I lightly bound upon his shoulder,
Then leap to fair Electra's knee,
Or scamper with Antigone.
I chase the rolling woolen ball
Penelope has just let fall,
And crouch when Meleager's cheer
Awakes the shades of trembling deer.
I grin when Stygian boys, beguiled,
Stare after Helen, Ruin's child;
Or, should these placid pastimes fail,
I play with Cerberus's tail.
At last I purr, and sip and spatter
When kind Demeter fills my platter.

IV

And yet in spite of all of this,
I sometimes yearn for earthly bliss,
To hear you calling 'Leo!' when
The glorious sun awakens men,
Or hear your 'Good-night, Pussy' sound
When starlight falls on mortal ground;
Then, in my struggles to get free,
I almost scratch Persephone.